Hogg's Works

TALES AND SKETCHES

BY

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

MORRISON AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

James Hogg

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

TALES AND SKETCHES

BY THE

ETTRICK SHEPHERD

Including several Pieces not before Printed

WITH MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

BY THE

REV. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A. SCOT., ETC.

THE BROWNIE OF BODSBECK.
THE WOOL-GATHERER, ETC.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO & CO.
1882.

PREFACE.

THE present selection of TALES AND SKETCHES BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD occupied the attention of the author for several years before his lamented decease. The publication, therefore, though posthumous, may be considered as possessing almost all the value of having received the final corrections of his pen. In selecting the pieces, and preparing them for the press, the author consulted the judgment of several of his literary friends. In particular, it may be mentioned, that a large portion of them are printed from copy which had been read by SIR WALTER SCOTT, and which had received many of his corrections and emendations. The result of this care will be found, it is hoped, in the present publication displaying all the characteristic beauties of the author, with fewer of those blemishes of thought or expression which were sometimes supposed to accompany the operations of his vigorous fancy.

To add to the value of the work, Mr Hogg wrote many original Tales and Sketches expressly for it; so that it comes recommended to the public as embracing not only a select collection, from various sources, of the best prose Tales and Sketches of the Ettrick Shepherd, but as containing also a variety of pieces, hitherto unpublished—the latest, indeed, which emanated from the pen of the author.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Life of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd	ix
The Brownie of Bodsbeck	1
The Wool-Gatherer	176
The Surpassing Adventures of Allan Gordon	241
A Tale of Pentland	317
Ewan M'Gabhar	333

LIFE OF JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BY THE REV. CHARLES ROGERS.

James Hogg was born in the bosom of the romantic vale of Ettrick, Selkirkshire, one of the most picturesque districts of Scotland. The poet's paternal ancestors possessed the lands of Fauldshope, in Ettrick Forest, and were followers of the Knights of Harden. For several generations they followed the simple occupation of shepherds. On the mother's side, the poet was descended from the respectable family of Laidlaw—one of the oldest in Tweeddale, and of which the representatives bore the reputation of excelling either in intellectual vigour or physical energy; they generally devoted themselves to the pastoral life. Robert Hogg, the poet's father, was a person of very ordinary sagacity, presenting in this respect a decided contrast to his wife, Margaret Laidlaw, a woman of superior energy and cultivated mind. Their family consisted of four sons, of whom the second was James, the subject of this Memoir. The precise date of his birth is unknown: he was baptized, according to the Baptismal Register of Ettrick, his native parish, on the 9th of December 1770.*

At the period of his marriage, Robert Hogg was in circumstances of affluence. He had saved money as a shepherd, and, taking on lease the two adjoining pastoral farms of Ettrick Hall and Ettrick House, he stocked them with sheep adapted both for the Scottish and English markets. During several years he continued

* The Shepherd entertained the belief that he was born on the 25th of January 1772.

to prosper; but a sudden depression in the market exhausted his finances, and involved him in bankruptcy. The future poet was then in his sixth year. In this destitute condition, the family experienced the friendship and assistance of Mr. Brydon, tenant of the neighbouring farm of Crosslee, who, leasing Ettrick House, employed Robert Hogg as his shepherd. But the circumstances of the family were much straitened by recent reverses; and the second son, young as he was, and though he had only been three months at school, was engaged as a cow-herd, his wages for six months being a ewe lamb and a pair of shoes. Three months' further attendance at school, on the expiry of his engagement, completed the future bard's scholastic instructions. It was his lot, with the exception of these six months' schooling, to receive his education among the solitudes of Nature. First as a cow-herd, and subsequently through the various gradations of shepherd-life, his days, till advanced manhood, were passed upon the hills. And such hills! The mountains of Ettrick and Yarrow are impressed with every feature of Highland scenery, in its wildest and most striking aspects. There are stern summits, enveloped in cloud, and stretching heavenwards; huge broad crests torn by fissures and broken by the storms; deep ravines, jagged, precipitate, and darksome; and valleys reposing amidst the sublimity of an awful solitude. There are dark mountains around the Grey-Mare's-Tail, echoing to the roar of its stupendous cataract; and green hills and inaccessible heights surrounding and towering over St. Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes. To the sublimity of that vast academy, in which he had learned to invoke the Muse, the poet has referred in the *Queen's Wake*:—

> 'The bard on Ettrick's mountain green,
> In Nature's bosom nursed had been;
> And oft had mark'd in forest lone
> The beauties on her mountain throne;

Had seen her deck the wildwood tree,
And star with snowy gems the lea;
In loveliest colours paint the plain,
And sow the moor with purple grain;
By golden mead and mountain sheer,
Had view'd the Ettrick waving clear,
When shadowy flocks of purest snow
Seem'd grazing in a world below.'

Glorious as was his academy, the genius of the poet was not precocious. Forgetting everything he had learned at school, he spent his intervals of toil in desultory amusements, or in pursuing his own shadow upon the hills. As he grew older, he discovered the possession of a musical ear; and saving five shillings of his earnings, he purchased an old violin, upon which he began to play his favourite tunes. He had now attained his fourteenth year, and in the constant hope of improving his circum stances, had served twelve masters.

The life of a cow-herd affords limited opportunities for mental improvement. And the early servitude of the Ettrick Shepherd was spent in excessive toil, which his propensities to fun and frolic served just to render tolerable. When he reached the respectable and comparatively easy position of a shepherd, he began to think of teaching himself to read. From Mrs. Laidlaw, wife of the farmer at Willinslee, he was privileged with the loan of two works, of which the reputation had been familiar to him from childhood. These were Henry the Minstrel's *Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace*, and the *Gentle Shepherd* of Allan Ramsay. On these the future poet learned to read, in his eighteenth year. He afterwards read a number of theological works; and among others of a speculative cast, *Burnet's Theory of the Conflagration of the Earth*, the perusal of which, he has written, 'nearly overturned his brain.'

At Whitsunday 1790, in his twentieth year, Hogg entered the service, as shepherd, of Mr. James Laidlaw, tenant of Blackhouse, a farm situate on the Douglas-

burn in Yarrow. This proved the most fortunate step he had yet taken. Mr. Laidlaw was a man of superior culture: he perceived his shepherd's aptitude for learning, and gave him the use of his library. But the poet's connection with Blackhouse was especially valuable in enabling him to form the intimacy of Mr. William Laidlaw, his master's son, the future factor and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott. Though ten years his junior, and consequently a mere youth at the period of his coming to Blackhouse, young Laidlaw began to sympathize with the Shepherd's predilections, and afterwards devoted a large portion of time to his society. The friendship which ensued proved useful to both. A MS. narrative of the poet's life by this unfailing friend, which has been made available in the preparation of this Memoir, enables us to supply an authentic account of this portion of his career. 'He was not long,' writes Mr. Laidlaw, 'in going through all the books belonging to my father; and learning from me that Mr. Elder, bookseller, Peebles, had a large collection of books which he used as a circulating library, he forthwith became a subscriber, and by that means read Smollett and Fielding's novels, and those voyages and travels which were published at the time, including those of Cook, Carteret, and others.'

The literary progress of the Shepherd was singularly tardy. He was familiar with the more esteemed writers in English literature ere he attempted penmanship. He acquired the art upon the hill-side by copying the Italian alphabet, using his knees as his desk, and having his ink-bottle suspended from his button. In his twenty-sixth year he first essayed to write verses — an effort attended, in the manual department, with much difficulty, for he stripped himself of his coat and vest to the undertaking, yet could record only a few lines at a sitting! But he was satisfied with the fame derived from his verses, as compensation for the toil of their production. He wrote for the amusement of the shepherd maidens,

who sang them to their favourite tunes, and bestowed on him the prized designation of 'Jamie the Poeter.' At the gatherings of lads and lasses in the different homesteads, he never failed to present himself, and had golden opportunities of winning the chaplet of applause, both for the strains of his minstrelsy, and the music of his violin. These *réunions* were not without their influence in stimulating him to more ambitious efforts.

The Shepherd's popularity while tending the flocks of Mr. Laidlaw at Blackhouse was not wholly derived from his skill as a versifier, and capabilities as a musician: among the fairer portion of the creation he was held in esteem alike for his amiable qualities and the handsomeness of his person. As a candidate for the honour of feminine approbation, he was successful alike in the hall and on the green: the rumour of his approach at any rural assemblage was the watchword for increased mirth and happiness. His personal appearance at this early period is thus described by Mr. William Laidlaw:—'About nineteen years of age, Hogg was rather above the middle height, of faultless symmetry of form; he was of almost unequalled agility and swiftness. His face was then round and full, and of a ruddy complexion, with bright blue eyes that beamed with gaiety, glee, and good humour. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light-brown hair, which he was obliged to wear coiled up under his hat. On entering church on a Sunday he used, on lifting his hat, to raise his right hand to assist a graceful shake of his head in laying back his long hair, which rolled down his back. And every female eye was upon him, as, with light step, he ascended the stair to the gallery where he sat.'

As the committing of his thoughts to paper became a less irksome occupation, Hogg began, with commendable prudence, to attempt composition in prose; and in evidence of his success, he had the satisfaction to find short essays which he sent to the *Scots Magazine*

regularly inserted in that periodical. Poetry was cultivated at the same time with unabated ardour, though the bard did not yet venture to expose his verses beyond the friendly circle of his associates in Ettrick Forest. Of these, the most judicious was young Laidlaw; who, predicting his success, urged him to greater carefulness in composition. There was another stimulus to his improvement. Along with several shepherds in the Forest, who were of studious inclinations, he formed a literary society, which proposed subjects for competition in verse, and adjudged encomiums of approbation to the successful competitors. Two spirited members of this literary conclave were Alexander Laidlaw, a shepherd, and afterwards tenant of Bowerhope, on the border of St. Mary's Lake, and the poet's elder brother, William, a man of superior talent. Both subsequently acquired distinction as intelligent contributors to the agricultural journals. For some years, William Hogg had rented the sheep-farm of Ettrick House, and afforded shelter to his aged parents. In the year 1800, he resigned his lease to the poet, having taken another farm on the occasion of his marriage. James now established himself, along with his parents, at Ettrick House, the place of his nativity, after a period of ten years' connection with Mr. Laidlaw of Blackhouse, whose conduct towards him, to use his own words, had proved 'much more like that of a father than a master.' It was during the course of a visit to Edinburgh in the same year, that an accidental circumstance gave a wider range to his poetical reputation. Spending an evening with a party of friends in the Crown Tavern, he was solicited for a song. He sang the last which he had composed: it was 'Donald Macdonald.' The reception was a roar of applause, and one of the party offered to get it set to music and published. The song was issued anonymously from the music establishment of Mr. John Hamilton of Edinburgh. Within a few months it was sung in every district of the

kingdom; and, at a period when the apprehended invasion of Napoleon filled the hearts of the nation with anxiety, it was hailed as an admirable stimulus to patriotism. In the preparation of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Scott had been largely indebted to the intelligent peasantry of the south. He was now engaged in making collections for his third volume, and had resolved to examine the pastoral inhabitants of Ettrick and Yarrow. Procuring a note of introduction from his friend Leyden to young Laidlaw, Scott arrived at Blackhouse during the summer of 1801, and in his native home formed the acquaintance of his future steward. To his visitor, Laidlaw commended Hogg as the best qualified in the Forest to assist him in his researches; and Scott, who forthwith accompanied Laidlaw to Ettrick House, was more than gratified by an interview with the shepherd-bard. 'He found,' writes his biographer, 'a brother poet, a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his powers. . . . As yet, his naturally kind and simple character had not been exposed to any of the dangerous flatteries of the world: his heart was pure; his enthusiasm buoyant as that of a happy child; and well as Scott knew that reflection, sagacity, wit, and wisdom were scattered abundantly among the humblest rangers of these pastoral solitudes, there was here a depth and a brightness that filled him with wonder, combined with a quaintness of humour, and a thousand little touches of absurdity, which afforded him more entertainment, as I have often heard him say, than the best comedy that ever set the pit in a roar.' Scott remained several days in the Forest, daily accompanied in his excursions by Hogg and Laidlaw, both of whom rapidly warmed in his regard. From the recitation of the Shepherd's mother, he obtained important and interesting accessions to his *Minstrelsy*.

With the exception of the song of 'Donald Macdonald,' Hogg had not yet published verses. His *début* as an

author was sufficiently unpropitious. Shortly after Scott's visit, he had been attending the Monday sheep-market in Edinburgh, and being unable to dispose of his entire stock, was necessitated to remain in the city till the following Wednesday. Having no acquaintances, he resolved to employ the interval in writing from recollection several of his poems for the press. Before his departure, he gave the pieces to a printer; and shortly after, he received intimation that a thousand copies were ready for delivery. On comparing the printed sheets with his MSS. at Ettrick, he had the mortification to discover that many of the stanzas were omitted, that others were misplaced, and that typographical errors abounded in every page. The little *brochure*, imperfect as it was, sold rapidly in the district; for the Shepherd had now a considerable circle of admirers, and those who had ridiculed his verse-making kept silence since Scott's visit to him. A copy of the pamphlet is preserved in the Advocates' Library: it consists of sixty-two pages octavo, and is entitled 'Scottish Pastorals, Poems, Songs, etc., mostly written in the dialect of the South. By James Hogg. Edinburgh: Printed by John Taylor, Grass-market, 1801. Price one shilling.' One of the longer ballads, 'Willie and Keatie,' supposed to be a narrative of one of his early amours, obtained a temporary popularity, and was copied into the periodicals. It is described by Allan Cunningham as a 'plain, rough-spun pastoral, with some fine touches in it, to mark that better was coming.'

The domestic circumstances of the Shepherd were meanwhile not prosperous: he was compelled to abandon the farm of Ettrick House, which had been especially valuable to him, as affording a comfortable home to his venerated parents. In the hope of procuring a situation as an overseer of some extensive sheep-farm, he made several excursions into the northern Highlands, waiting upon many influential persons to whom he had letters

of recommendation. These journeys were advantageous in rendering him acquainted with many interesting scenes, and in storing his mind with images drawn from the sublimities of nature, but were of no account as concerned the object for which they were undertaken. Without procuring employment, he returned, with reduced finances, to Ettrick Forest. He published a narrative of his travels in the *Scots Magazine;* and composed two essays on the rearing and management of sheep, for the Highland Society, which were acknowledged with premiums. Frustrated in an attempt to procure a farm from the Duke of Buccleuch, he was led to indulge in the scheme of settling in the island of Harris. It was in the expectation of being speedily separated from the loved haunts of his youth, that he composed his 'Farewell to Ettrick,' one of the most pathetic ballads in the language. The Harris enterprise was not carried out; and the poet, 'to avoid a great many disagreeable questions and explanations,' went for several months to England. Fortune still frowned, and the ambitious but unsuccessful son of genius had to return to his former subordinate occupation as a shepherd. He entered the employment of Mr. Harkness of Mitchel-Slack, in Nithsdale.

Dissatisfied with the imitations of ancient ballads in the third volume of *The Border Minstrelsy*, Hogg proceeded to embody some curious traditions in this kind of composition. He transmitted specimens to Scott, who warmly commended them, and suggested their publication. The result appeared in the *Mountain Bard*, a collection of poems and ballads, which he published in 1803, prefixed with an account of his life. From the profits of this volume, with the sum of eighty-six pounds paid him by Constable for the copyright of his two treatises on sheep, he became master of three hundred pounds. With this somewhat startling acquisition, visions of prosperity arose in his ardent

and enthusiastic mind. He hastily took in lease the pastoral farm of Corfardin, in the parish of Tynron, Dumfriesshire, to which he afterwards added the lease of another large farm in the same neighbourhood. But misfortune still pursued him: he rented one of the farms at a sum exceeding its value, and his capital was much too limited for stocking the other, while a disastrous murrain decimated his flock. Within the space of three years he was again a penniless adventurer. Removing from the farm homestead of Corfardin, he accepted the generous invitation of his hospitable neighbour, Mr. James Macturk of Stenhouse, to reside in his house till some suitable employment might occur. At Stenhouse he remained three months; and he subsequently acknowledged the generosity of his friend, by honourably celebrating him in the *Queen's Wake*. Writing to Mr. Macturk, in 1814, he remarks, in reference to his farming at Corfardin:—'It pleased God to take away all my ewes and my lambs, and my long-horned cow, and my spotted bull; for if they had lived, and if I had kept the farm of Corfardin, I had been a lost man to the world, and mankind should never have known the half that was in me. Indeed, I can never see the design of Providence in taking me to your district at all, if it was not to breed my acquaintance with you and yours, which I hope will be one source of happiness to me as long as I live. Perhaps the very circumstance of being initiated into the mysteries of your character * is of itself a sufficient compensation for all that I suffered in your country.'

Disappointed in obtaining an ensigncy in a militia regiment, and frustrated in every other attempt to repair his circumstances, he returned to Ettrick, once more to seek employment as a shepherd. But if friendship had somewhat failed him on his proving unsuccessful

* Mr. Macturk is well remembered in Dumfriesshire as a person of remarkable shrewdness and unbounded generosity.

at Ettrick House, his *prestige* was now completely gone: old friends received him coldly, and former employers declined his services. He found that, till he should redeem his reputation for business and good management, there was no home for him in Ettrick Forest. Hogg was not a man who would tamely surrender to the pressure of misfortune: amidst his losses he could claim the strictest honesty of intention, and he was not unconscious of his powers. With his plaid upon his shoulder, he reached Edinburgh in the month of February 1810, to begin, in his fortieth year, the career of a man of letters. The scheme was most adventurous, but the die was cast: he was in the position of the man on the tread-wheel, and felt that he must write or perish.

It affords no matter of surprise that the Shepherd was received coldly by the booksellers, and that his offers of contributing to their periodicals were respectfully declined. His volume, *The Mountain Bard*, had been forgotten; and though his literary fitness had been undisputed, his want of success in life conveyed a doubt as to his general steadiness. Mr. Constable, his former publisher, proved the most friendly: he consented to publish a collection of songs and ballads which he had prepared, two-thirds being his own composition, and the remainder that of his ingenious friends. This publication, known as *The Forest Minstrel*, had a slow sale, and conferred no benefit on the author. What the booksellers would not do for him, Hogg resolved to do for himself: he originated a periodical, which he designated *The Spy*, acting as his own publisher. The first number of this publication—a quarto weekly sheet, price fourpence—was issued on the first of September 1810. With varied popularity, this paper existed during the space of a year; and owing to the perseverance of the conductor, might have subsisted a longer period, but for a certain ruggedness which disfigured it. As a

whole, being chiefly the composition of a shepherd, who could only read at eighteen, and write at twenty-six, and who, to use his own words, 'knew no more of human life or manners than a child,' the work presented a remarkable record in the annals of literature. As a business concern, it did not much avail the projector, but it served indirectly towards improving his condition, by enabling him to acquire the habit of composing readily.

From his literary exertions at Edinburgh, Hogg was long in deriving any substantial emolument. In these circumstances, he was fortunate in possessing the friendship of Mr. John Grieve, and his partner, Mr. Henry Scott, hat manufacturers in the city, who, fully appreciating his genius, aided him with money as long as he required their assistance. These are his own words:—'They suffered me to want for nothing, either in money or clothes, and I did not even need to ask these.' To Mr. Grieve, Hogg was especially indebted; six months he was an inmate of his house, and afterwards he occupied comfortable lodgings, secured him by his friend's beneficence. Besides these two invaluable benefactors, the Shepherd soon acquired the regard and friendship of several respectable men of letters, both in Edinburgh and elsewhere. As contributors to *The Spy* he could record the names of James Gray of the High School, and his accomplished wife; Thomas Gillespie, afterwards Professor of Humanity at St. Andrews; J. Black, subsequently of the *Morning Chronicle;* William Gillespie, minister of Kells; and John Sym, the renowned Timothy Tickler of the *Noctes.* Of these literary friends, Mr. James Gray was the most devoted. This excellent individual, the friend of so many literary aspirants, was a native of Dunse, and had the merit of raising himself from humble circumstances to the office of a master in the High School of Edinburgh. Possessed of refined tastes, an enthusiastic admirer of

genius, and a poet himself,* Mr. Gray entertained at his table the more esteemed wits of the capital; he had extended the hand of hospitality to Burns, and he received with equal warmth the author of *The Forest Minstrel.* In the exercise of disinterested hospitality, he was aided by his second wife, formerly Miss Peacock, who sympathized in the tastes of her husband, and took delight in literary society. They together made annual pedestrian excursions into the Highlands, and the narrative of their adventures proved a source of delightful instruction to their friends. Mr. Gray, after a lengthened period of residence in Edinburgh, accepted, in the year 1821, the Professorship of Latin at Belfast. He subsequently took orders in the Church of England, and proceeded to India as a chaplain. In addition to his chaplaincy, he held the office of preceptor to one of the native princes of Hindostan. He died at Bhoog, in the kingdom of Cutch, on the 25th of September 1830; and if we add that he was a man of varied scholarship, his elegy may be transcribed from the *Queen's Wake*:—

> 'Alike to him the south and north,
> So high he held the minstrel worth;
> So high his ardent mind was wrought,
> Once of himself he never thought.'

As the circle of the poet's friends increased, a scheme was originated among them of establishing a debating society for mutual improvement. This institution became known as the *Forum;* meetings were held weekly in a public hall of the city, and on a small payment strangers were admitted to the discussions. The meetings were uniformly crowded; and the Shepherd, who held the office of secretary, made a point of taking a prominent lead in the discussions. He spoke once, and sometimes more frequently, at every meeting, making speeches, both studied and extemporaneous, on

* Mr. Gray was the author of *Cona; or the Vale of Clywyd*, *A Sabbath among the Mountains*, and other poems.

every variety of theme; and especially contributed, by his rough-spun eloquence, to the popularity of the institution. The society existed three years; and though yielding the secretary no pecuniary emolument, proved an effective mean of adding to his general knowledge.

Hogg now took an interest in theatricals, and produced two dramas, one of which, a sort of musical farce, was intended as a burlesque on the prominent members of the *Forum*, himself included. This he was induced, on account of the marked personalities, to confine to his repositories; he submitted the other to Mr. Siddons, who commended it, but it never was brought upon the stage. He was about to appear before the world in his happiest literary effort, *The Queen's Wake*,—a composition suggested by Mr. Grieve. This ingenious individual had conceived the opinion that a republication of several of the Shepherd's ballads in *The Spy*, in connection with an original narrative poem, would arrest public attention; while a narrative, having reference to the landing of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen Mary, seemed likely to induce a general interest in the poem. The proposal, submitted to Allan Cunningham and Mr. Gray, received their warm approbation; and in a few months the composition was ready for the press. Mr. Constable undertook the publication; but a more advantageous offer being made by Mr. George Goldie, a young bookseller, *The Queen's Wake* issued from his establishment in the spring of 1813. Its success was complete; two editions were speedily circulated, and the fame of the author was established. With the exception of the *Eclectic Review*, every periodical accorded a warm approbation to the performance; and vacillating friends, who began to doubt the Shepherd's power of sustaining the character he had assumed as a poet and a man of letters, ceased to entertain their misgivings, and accorded the warmest tributes to his genius. A commendatory article in the

Edinburgh Review, in November 1814, hailed the advent of a third edition.

By the unexpected insolvency of his publisher, while the third edition was in process of sale, Hogg had nearly sustained a recurrence of pecuniary loss. This was, however, fortunately prevented by the considerate beneficence of Mr. Goldie's trustees, who, on receiving payment of the printing expenses, made over the remainder of the impression to the author. One of the trustees was Mr. Blackwood, afterwards the publisher of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. Hogg had now attained the unenviable reputation of a literary prodigy, and his studies were subject to constant interruption from admirers, and the curious who visited the capital. He gave all a cordial reception, and was never less accessible amidst the most arduous literary occupation. There was one individual whose acquaintance he was especially desirous of forming; this was John Wilson, whose poem, *The Isle of Palms*, published in 1812, he warmly admired. Wilson had come to reside in Edinburgh during a portion of the year, but as yet had few acquaintances in the city. He was slightly known to Scott; but a peculiarity of his was a hesitation in granting letters of introduction. In despair of otherwise meeting him, Hogg, who had reviewed his poem in the *Scots Magazine*, sent him an invitation to dinner, which the Lake poet was pleased cordially to accept. That dinner began one of the most interesting of the Shepherd's friendships: both the poets were pleased with each other, and the closest intimacy ensued. It was on his way to visit Wilson at Elleray, his seat in Cumberland, during the autumn of 1814, that the Shepherd formed the acquaintance of the Poet-Laureate. He had notified to Southey his arrival at one of the hotels in Keswick, and begged the privilege of a visit. Southey promptly acknowledged his summons, and insisted on his remaining a couple of days at Greta Hall

to share his hospitality. Two years could not have more firmly riveted their friendship. As a mark of his regard, on returning to Edinburgh, Hogg sent the Laureate the third edition of *The Queen's Wake*, then newly published, along with a copy of *The Spy*.

In waging war with the Lake school of poetry, the *Edinburgh Review* had dealt harshly with Southey. His poems of 'Madoc' and the 'Curse of Kehama' had been rigorously censured; and very shortly before the appearance of 'Roderick,' his 'Triumphal Ode' for 1814, which was published separately, had been assailed with the same unmitigated severity. The Shepherd, who knew, notwithstanding the Laureate's professions of indifference to criticism, that his nature was sensitive, and who feared that the *Review* would treat 'Roderick' as it had done Southey's previous productions, ventured to recommend him to evince a less avowed hostility to Jeffrey, in the hope of subduing the bitterness of his censure. The letter of Southey, in answer to this counsel, will prove interesting in connection with the literary history of the period. The Bard of Keswick had hardly advanced to that happy condition which he fancied he had reached, of being 'indulgent towards others,' at least under strong provocation :—

'KESWICK, 24*th Dec.* 1814.

'DEAR HOGG,—I am truly obliged to you for the solicitude which you express concerning the treatment 'Roderick' may experience in the *Edinburgh Review*, and truly gratified by it, notwithstanding my perfect indifference as to the object in question. But you little know me, if you imagine that any thoughts of fear or favour would make me abstain from speaking publicly of Jeffrey as I think, and as he deserves. I despise his commendation, and I defy his malice. *He* crush the "Excursion"!!! * Tell him that he might as easily crush Skiddaw. For myself, *popularity* is not the mark I shoot at; if it were, I should not write such poems as "Roderick;" and

* Jeffrey reviewed Wordsworth's 'Excursion' in the *Edinburgh Review* for November 1814, and had been extremely harsh in his criticism.

Jeffrey can no more stand in my way to *fame* than Tom Thumb could stand in my way in the street. He knows that he has dealt unfairly and maliciously by me; he knows that the world knows it, that his very friends know it, and that if he attacks "Roderick" as he did "Madoc" and "Kehama," it will be universally imputed to personal ill-will. On the other hand, he cannot commend this poem without the most flagrant inconsistency. This would be confessing that he has wronged me in the former instances; for no man will pretend to say that "Madoc" does not bear marks of the same hand as "Roderick;" it has the same character of language, thought, and feeling; it is of the same ore and mint; and if the one poem be bad, the other cannot possibly be otherwise. The irritation of the *nettling* (as you term it) which he has already received [a portion of the letter is torn off and lost]. . . . Whatever part he may take, my conduct towards him will be the same. I consider him a public nuisance, and shall deal with him accordingly.

'Nettling is a gentle term for what he has to undergo. In due season he shall be *scorpioned* and *rattlesnaked*. When I take him in hand it shall be to dissect him alive, and make a preparation of him to be exhibited *in terrorem*, an example to all future pretenders to criticism. He has a forehead of native brass, and I will write upon it with aqua-fortis. I will serve him up to the public like a turkey's gizzard, sliced, scored, peppered, salted, cayenned, grilled, and bedevilled. I will bring him to justice; he shall be executed in prose, and gibbeted in verse.

. . . '"Roderick" has made good speed in the world, and ere long I shall send you the poem in a more commodious shape,* for Ballantyne is at this time reprinting it. I finished my official ode a few days ago. It is without rhyme, and as unlike other official odes in matter as in form; for its object is to recommend, as the two great objects of policy, general education and extensive colonization. At present I am chiefly occupied upon *The History of Brazil*, which is in the press—a work of great labour.

'The ladies here all desire to be kindly remembered to you. I have ordered "The Pilgrims of the Sun," and we look for it with expectation, which, I am sure, will not be disappointed. God bless you.—Yours very truly, 'ROBERT SOUTHEY.'

* The first edition of 'Roderick' was in quarto,—a shape which the Shepherd deemed unsuitable for poetry.

A review of 'Roderick' appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for June 1815, which on the whole was favourable, so that the wrath of the Laureate was appeased.

During the earlier period of his Edinburgh career, Hogg had formed the acquaintance of an estimable family in Athole, Mr. and Mrs. Izett, of Kinnaird House, and he had been in the habit of spending a portion of his time every summer at their hospitable residence. In the summer of 1814, while visiting there, he was seized with a severe cold, which compelled him to prolong his stay with his friends; and Mrs. Izett, who took a warm interest in his welfare, suggested that he might turn his illness to account, by composing a poem descriptive of the beauties of the surrounding scenery. The hint was sufficient; he commenced a descriptive poem in the Spenserian stanza, which was speedily completed, and given to the world under the title of 'Mador of the Moor.' It was well received; and the author is correct in asserting that it contains 'some of his highest and most fortunate efforts in rhyme.' 'The Pilgrims of the Sun' was his next poem; it was originally intended as one of a series, to be contained in a poetical work, which he proposed to entitle *Midsummer Night Dreams*, but which, on the advice of his friend, Mr. James Park, of Greenock, he was induced to abandon. From its peculiar strain, this poem had some difficulty in finding a publisher. It was ultimately published by Mr. John Murray of London, who liberally recompensed the author It was well received by the press.

The circle of the Shepherd's literary friends rapidly extended. Lord Byron opened a correspondence with him, and continued to address him in familiar letters, such as were likely to interest a shepherd-bard. Unfortunately, these letters have been lost. Hogg became acquainted with Wordsworth in the summer of 1815, when that poet was on his first visit to Edinburgh. They met at the house, in Queen Street, of the mother

of his friend Wilson; and the Shepherd was at once interested and gratified by the intelligent conversation and agreeable manners of the great Lake poet. They saw much of each other in the city, and afterwards journeyed together to St. Mary's Loch; and the Shepherd had the satisfaction of entertaining his distinguished brother-bard with the homely fare of cakes and milk in his father's cottage at Ettrick. Wordsworth afterwards made the journey memorable in his poem of 'Yarrow Visited.' The poets temporarily separated at Selkirk—Wordsworth having secured the promise of a visit from his friend at Mount Rydal, prior to his return to Edinburgh. The promise was fulfilled, and the Shepherd had the pleasure of meeting Lloyd, and De Quincey, and his friend Wilson. A portion of the autumn of 1815 was spent by the Shepherd at Elleray. In the letter inviting his visit (dated September 1815), the author of *The Isle of Palms* indicates his opinion of Hogg's literary influence by writing as follows:—'If you have occasion soon to write to Murray,* pray introduce something about "The City of the Plague," as I shall probably offer him that poem in about a fortnight, or sooner. Of course, I do not *wish* you to say that the poem is utterly worthless. I think that a bold eulogy from you (if immediately administered) would be of service to me; but if you do write about it, do not tell him that I have any intention of offering it to him, but you may say you hear I am going to offer it to a London bookseller.'

The Shepherd's intimacy with the poets had induced him to entertain a somewhat plausible scheme of bettering his finances. He proposed to publish, in a handsome volume, a poem by each of the living bards of Great Britain. For this purpose he had secured compositions from Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyd, Morehead, Pringle, and some others; and had received promises of contributions from Lord Byron and Samuel Rogers.

* Murray of Albemarle Street, the famous publisher.

The plan was frustrated by Scott. He was opposed to his appearing to seek fresh laurels from the labours of others, and positively refused to make a contribution. This sadly mortified the Shepherd,* and entirely altered his plans. He now had recourse to a peculiar method of realizing his original intention. In the short period of four weeks he produced imitations of the more conspicuous bards, which appeared in a volume entitled *The Poetic Mirror*. This work was eminently successful, the first edition disappearing in six weeks. The imitations of the bards were pronounced perfect, only that of Wordsworth was intentionally a caricature. The Shepherd had been provoked to it by a conceived slight of the Lake poet during his visit at Mount Rydal.†

The Poetic Mirror appeared in 1816; and in the following year the Shepherd struck out a new path, by publishing two duodecimo volumes of *Dramatic Tales*. This work was unsuccessful. In 1813 he dedicated his *Forest Minstrel* to the Countess of Dalkeith; and this excellent woman, afterwards better known as Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, had acknowledged the compliment by a gift of a hundred guineas. The Shepherd was, however, desirous of procuring the means of comfortable self-support, independently of his literary exertions, and had modestly preferred the request that he might receive a small farm in lease on the Buccleuch estates. The request was responded to. The Duchess, who took a deep interest in him, made a request to the Duke, on her death-bed, that something might be done for her *protégé*. After her decease, the late Charles Duke of

* Hogg evinced his strong displeasure with Sir Walter for his refusal by writing him a violent letter, and withdrawing from his society for several months. The kind inquiries which his old benefactor had made regarding him during a severe illness afterwards led to a complete reconciliation,—the Shepherd apologising by letter for his former rashness, and his illustrious friend telling him 'to think no more of the business, and come to breakfast next morning.'

† See Hogg's Autobiography, prefixed to the fifth volume of Blackie's 12mo edition of his poems, p. 107.

Buccleuch gave the Shepherd a life-lease of the farm of Altrive Lake, in Yarrow, at a nominal rent, no portion of which was ever exacted. The Duke subsequently honoured him with his personal friendship, and made him frequently share of his hospitality.

From the time of his abandoning *The Spy*, Hogg had contemplated the publication of a periodical on an extended scale. At length, finding a coadjutor in Mr. Thomas Pringle, he explained their united proposal to his friend, Mr. Blackwood, the publisher, who approved of the design. Preliminaries were arranged, and the afterwards celebrated *Blackwood's Magazine* took its origin. Hogg was now resident at Altrive, and the editorship was entrusted to Pringle and his literary friend Cleghorn. The vessel had scarcely been launched on the ocean of letters when storms arose; hot disputes occurred between the publisher and the editors, which terminated in the withdrawal of the latter from the concern, and their forming a connection with the *Edinburgh Magazine*, an opposition periodical established by Mr. Constable. The combating parties had referred to the Shepherd, who was led to accord his support to Mr. Blackwood. He conceived the idea of the 'Chaldee Manuscript,' as a means of ridiculing the oppositionists. Of this famous satire, the first thirty-seven verses of the first chapter were his own composition, the remaining portion being the joint fabrication of his friends Wilson and Lockhart.* This singular production produced a profound sensation; and though, from the evident personalities and the keenness of the satire, it had to be cancelled, so that a copy in the pages of the magazine is now a rarity, it sufficiently attained the purpose of directing public attention to the new periodical. The 'Chaldee Manuscript' appeared in the seventh number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, published in October

* See the works of Professor Wilson, edited by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, vol. i. p. xvi. Edinburgh, 1855. 8vo.

1817. To the magazine Hogg continued to be a regular contributor; and, among other interesting compositions, both in prose and verse, he produced in its pages his *Shepherd's Calendar*. His connection with this popular periodical is more generally known from the position assigned him in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Professor Wilson. In those interesting dialogues the *Shepherd* is represented as a character of marvellous shrewdness and sagacity, whose observations on men and manners, life and literature, uttered, as they are, in the homeliest phrases, contain a deep philosophy and most vigorous criticism. 'In wisdom,' writes Professor Ferrier, 'the Shepherd equals the Socrates of Plato; in humour, he surpasses the Falstaff of Shakespeare; clear and prompt, he might have stood up against Dr. Johnson in close and peremptory argument; fertile and copious, he might have rivalled Burke in amplitude of declamation; while his opulent imagination and powers of comical description invest all that he utters, either with a picturesque mildness or a graphic quaintness peculiarly his own.' These remarks, applicable to the Shepherd of the *Noctes*, would indeed be much overstrained if applied to their prototype; yet it is equally certain that the leading features of the ideal Shepherd were depicted from those of the living Shepherd of Ettrick, by one who knew well how to estimate and appreciate human nature.

On taking possession of his farm of Altrive Lake, which extended to about seventy acres, Hogg built a small cottage on the place, in which he sheltered his aged father, his mother having been called to her rest. In the stocking of the farm, he received very considerable assistance from the profits of a guinea edition of *The Queen's Wake*, of which the subscription list was zealously promoted by Sir Walter Scott. At Altrive he continued literary composition with unabated ardour. In 1817, he published *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, a tale

of the period of the Covenant, which attained a considerable measure of popularity, and which is here reprinted in the first volume of his prose tales. In 1819, he gave to the world the first volume of his *Jacobite Relics*, the second volume not appearing till 1821. This work, which bears evidence of extensive research, was favourably received; the notes are very copious, and many of the pieces, which are set to music, have long been popular. His *Winter Evening Tales* appeared in 1820: several of them were composed on the hills in early life.

The worldly circumstances of the Shepherd were such as rendered him abundantly justifiable in entering into the married state. On the 28th April 1820, he espoused Miss Margaret Phillips, the youngest daughter of Mr. Phillips, late of Longbridgemoor, in Annandale. By this union he became brother-in-law of his friend Mr. James Gray, whose first wife was a sister of Mrs. Hogg. At the period of his marriage, from the profits of his writings and his wife's dowry, he was master of nearly a thousand pounds and a well-stocked farm; and increasing annual gains by his writings seemed to augur future independence. But the Shepherd, not perceiving that literature was his forte, resolved to embark further in farming speculations: he took in lease the extensive farm of Mount Benger, adjoining Altrive Lake, expending his entire capital in the stocking. The adventure proved almost ruinous.

The coronation of George IV. was fixed to take place on the 19th of July 1821; and Sir Walter Scott, having resolved to be among the spectators, invited the Shepherd to accompany him to London on the occasion. Through Lord Sidmouth, the Secretary of State, he had procured accommodation for Hogg at the pageant, which his lordship had granted, with the additional favour of inviting both of them to dinner, to meet the Duke of York, on the following day. The Shepherd had, how-

ever, begun to feel enthusiastic as a farmer, and preferred to attend the sheep market at St. Boswells. For this seeming lack of loyalty, he afterwards made ample compensation: he celebrated the King's visit to Scotland, in August 1822, in *A Masque or Drama*, which was published in a separate form. A copy of this production being laid before the King by Sir Walter Scott, Sir Robert Peel, then Secretary of State, received his Majesty's gracious command suitably to acknowledge it. In his official communication, Sir Robert thanked the Shepherd, in the King's name, 'for the gratifying proof of his genius and loyalty.' It had been Scott's desire to obtain a Civil List pension for the Shepherd, to aid him in his struggles at Mount Benger; and it was with something like hope that he informed him that Sir Robert Peel had expressed himself pleased with his writings. But the pension was never obtained.

Harassed by pecuniary difficulties, Hogg wrote rapidly, with the view of relieving himself. In 1822, he published a new edition of his best poems, in four volumes, for which he received the sum of £200; and in this and the following year, he produced two works of fiction, entitled *The Three Perils of Man* and *The Three Perils of Women*, which together yielded him £300. In 1824, he published *The Confessions of a Fanatic;* and in 1826, he gave to the world his long narrative poem of *Queen Hynde*. The last proved unequal to his former poetical efforts. In 1826, Mr. J. G. Lockhart proceeded to London to edit the *Quarterly Review*, taking along with him, as his assistant, Robert Hogg, a son of the Shepherd's elder brother. The occasion afforded the poet an opportunity of renewing his correspondence with his old friend Allan Cunningham.

Allan wrote to him as follows:—

'27 Lower Belgrave Place, 16*th Feb.* 1826.

'My dear James,—It required neither present of book, nor friend, nor the recalling of old scenes, to render your letter a

most welcome one. You are often present to my heart and fancy, for your genius and your friendliness have secured you a place in both. Your nephew is a fine, modest, and intelligent young man, and is welcome to my house for his own sake as well as yours. Your *Queen Hynde*, for which I thank you, carries all the vivid marks of your own peculiar cast of genius about her. One of your very happiest little things is in the Souvenir of this season,—it is pure and graceful, warm, yet delicate; and we have nought in the language to compare to it, save everybody's "Kilmeny." In other portions of verse you have been equalled, and sometimes surpassed; but in scenes which are neither on earth, nor wholly removed from it—where fairies speak, and spiritual creatures act—you are unrivalled.

'Often do I tread back to the foot of old Queensberry,* and meet you coming down amid the sunny rain, as I did some twenty years ago. The little sodded shieling where we sought shelter rises now on my sight—your two dogs (old Hector was one) lie at my feet—the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* is in my hand, for the first time, to be twice read over after sermon, as it really was—poetry, nothing but poetry, is our talk, and we are supremely happy. Or, I shift the scene to Thornhill, and there, whilst the glass goes round, and lads sing and lasses laugh, we turn our discourse on verse, and still our speech is song. Poetry had then a charm for us, which has since been sobered down. I can now meditate without the fever of enthusiasm upon me; yet age to youth owes all or most of its happiest aspirations, and contents itself with purifying and completing the conceptions of early years.

'We are both a little older and a little graver than we were some twenty years ago, when we walked in glory and joy on the side of old Queensberry. My wife is much the same in look as when you saw her in Edinburgh—at least so she seems to me, though five boys and a girl might admonish me of change, of loss of bloom, and abatement of activity. My oldest boy resolves to be a soldier; he is a clever scholar, and his head has been turned by Cæsar. My second and third boys are in Christ's School, and are distinguished in their classes;

* When the Shepherd was tending the flocks of Mr. Harkness of Mitchelslack, on the great hill of Queensberry, in Nithsdale, he was visited by Allan Cunningham, then a lad of eighteen, who came to see him, moved with admiration for his genius. See *Memoir of Allan Cunningham*

they climb to the head, and keep their places. The other three are at their mother's knee at home, and have a strong capacity for mirth and mischief.

'I have not destroyed my Scottish poem. I mean to remodel it, and infuse into it something more of the spark of living life. But my pen has of late strayed into the regions of prose. Poetry is too much its own reward; and one cannot always write for a barren smile, and a thriftless clap on the back. We must live; and the white bread and the brown can only be obtained by gross payment. There is no poet and a wife and six children fed now like the prophet Elijah; they are more likely to be devoured by critics than fed by ravens. I cannot hope that Heaven will feed me and mine while I sing. So farewell to song for a season.

'My brother's* want of success has surprised me too. He had a fair share of talent; and, had he cultivated his powers with care, and given himself fair play, his fate would have been different. But he sees nature rather through a curious medium than with the tasteful eye of poetry, and must please himself with the praise of those who love singular and curious things. I have said nothing all this while of Mrs. Hogg, though I might have said much, for we hear her household prudence and her good taste often commended. She comes, too, from my own dear country—a good assurance of a capital wife and an affectionate mother. My wife and I send her and you most friendly greetings. We hope to see you both in London during the summer.

'You have written much, but you must write more yet. What say you to a series of poems in your own original way, steeped from end to end in Scottish superstition, but purified from its grossness by your own genius and taste? Do write me soon. I have a good mind to come and commence shepherd beside you, and aid you in making a yearly pastoral *Gazette* in prose and verse for our *ain* native Lowlands. The thing would take.

'The evil news of Sir Walter's losses came on me like an invasion. I wish the world would do for him now what it will do in fifty years, when it puts up his statue in every town,—let it lay out its money in purchasing an estate, as the nation did to the Duke of Wellington, and money could never be laid out more worthily.—I remain, dear James, your very faithful friend,

'ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

* Thomas Mouncey Cunningham.

One of the parties chiefly aggrieved in the matter of the Chaldee MS. was Thomas Pringle, one of the original editors of *Blackwood*. This ingenious person had lately returned from a period of residence in Southern Africa, and established himself in London as secretary to the Slave Abolition Society, and as a man of letters. Forgetting past differences, he invited the Shepherd, in the following letter, to aid him in certain literary enterprises:—

'LONDON, *May* 19, 1827.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote you a hasty note some time ago, to solicit your literary aid for the projected work of Mr. Fraser. I now address you on behalf of two other friends of mine, who are about to start a new weekly publication, something in the shape of the *Literary Gazette*, to be entitled *The London Review*. The editors are Mr. D. L. Richardson, the author of a volume of poems chiefly written in India, and a Mr. St. John, a young gentleman of very superior talents, whose name has not yet been (so far as I know) before the public, though he has been a contributor to several of the first-rate periodicals. I have no other interest in the work myself than that of a friend and contributor. The editors, knowing that I have the pleasure of your acquaintance, have requested me to solicit your aid to their work, either in verse or prose, and they will consider themselves pledged to pay for any contribution with which you may honour them, at the same rate as *Blackwood*. May I hope, my dear sir, that you will, at all events, stretch a point to send them something for their first number, which is to appear in the beginning of June? . . .

'I always read your *Noctes*, and have had many a hearty laugh with them in the interior of Southern Africa; for though I detest *Blackwood's* politics, and regret to see often such fine talents so sadly misapplied (as I see the matter), yet I have never permitted my own political predilections, far less any reminiscences of old magazine squabbles, to blind me to the exuberant flow of genius which pervades and beautifies so many delightful articles in that magazine. . . . Believe me always, dear Hogg, yours very truly,

'THO. PRINGLE.'

A similar request for contributions was made the year following by William Howitt. His letter is interesting,

as exhibiting the epistolary style of a popular writer. Howitt, it will be perceived, is a member of the Society of Friends :—

'NOTTINGHAM, 12*th mo.*, 20*th*, 1828.

'RESPECTED FRIEND,—Herewith I forward, for thy acceptance, two small volumes, as a trifling testimony of the high estimation in which we have long held thy writings. So great was our desire to see thee when my wife and I were, a few springs ago, making a ramble on foot through some parts of your beautiful country, that nothing but the most contrary winds of circumstance prevented us.

'I am now preparing for the press *The Book of the Seasons*, a volume of prose and poetry, intended to furnish the lover of nature with a remembrancer, to put him in mind, on the opening of each month, of what he may look for in his garden or his country walks,—a notice of all remarkable in the round of the seasons, and the beautiful in scenery,—of all that is pleasant in rural sights, sounds, customs, and occupations. I hope to make it, if I am favoured with health, in a little time, both a pleasant and original volume, and one which may do its mite towards strengthening and diffusing that healthful love of nature which is so desirable in a great commercial country like this, where our manufacturing population are daily spreading over its face, and cut off themselves from the animating and heart-preserving influence of nature,—are also swallowing up our forests and heaths—those free, and solitary, and picturesque places which have fostered the soul of poetry in so many of our noble spirits. I quite envy thy residence in so bold and beautiful a region, where the eye and the foot may wander, without being continually offended and obstructed by monotonous hedgerows, and abominable factories. If thou couldst give, from the ample stores of thy observant mind, a slight sketch or two of anything characteristic of the seasons, in *mountainous* scenery especially, I shall regard them as apples of gold. I am very anxious to learn whether any particular customs or festivities are kept up in the sheep districts of Scotland at sheep-shearing time, as were wont of old all over England; and where is there a man who could solve such a problem like thyself? I am sensible of the great boldness of my request; but as my object is to promote the love of nature, I am willing to believe that I am not more influenced by such a feeling than thou art. I intend to have the book got out in a hand-

some manner, and to have it illustrated with woodcuts by the best artists,—being more desirous to give to others that ardent attachment to the beauties of the country that has clung to me from a boy, and for the promotion of which all our real poets are so distinguished, than to realize much profit. Anything that thou couldst send me about your country life, or the impression which the scenery makes upon a poetical mind at different seasons on your heaths and among your hills, I should be proud to acknowledge, and should regard as the gems of my book. Whether or not, however, it be practicable or agreeable to thee, I hope to have the pleasure of presenting thee a copy of the work when it is out. Mary requests me to present to thee her respectful regards; and allow me to subscribe myself, with great respect, thy friend, 'W. Howitt.'

In 1829, on the expiry of his lease, Hogg relinquished the farm of Mount Benger, and returned to his former residence at Altrive. Rumour, ever ready to propagate tales of misfortune, had busily circulated the report that, a completely ruined man, he had again betaken himself to literary labours in the capital. In this belief, Mr. Tennant, author of *Anster Fair*, addressed to him the following characteristic letter, intended, by its good-humoured pleasantries, to soothe him in his contendings with adversity:—

'Devongrove, 27*th June* 1829.

'My dear Friend James Hogg,—I have never seen, spoken, whispered to, handled, or smelt you, since the King's visit in 1822, when I met you in Edinburgh streets, and inhaled, by juxtaposition, your sweet fraternal breath. How the Fates have since sundered us! How have you been going on, fattening and beautifying from one degree to another of poetical perfection, while I have, under the chilling shade of the Ochil Hills, been dwindling down from one degree of poetical extenuation to another, till at length I am become the very shadow and ghost of literary leanness! I should now wish to see you, and compare you as you are now with what you were in your *Queen's Wake* days. For this purpose, I would be very fain you would condescend to pay us a visit. I see you, indeed, at times, in the *Literary Journal;* I see you in *Blackwood*, fighting, and reaping a harvest of beautiful black eyes

from the fists of Professor John Wilson. I see you in songs, in ballads, in calendars. I see you in the postern of time long elapsed. I see you in the looking-glass of my own facetious and song-recalling memory; but I should wish to see you in the real, visible, palpable, smellable beauty of your own person, standing before me in my own house, at my own fireside, in all the halo of your poetical radiance! Come over, then, if possible, my dear Shepherd, and stay a night or two with us. You may tarry with your friend, Mr. Bald, one afternoon or so by the way, and explore the half-forgotten treasures of the Shakespeare cellars; but you may rest yourself under the shadow of the Ochil Hills a longer space, and enjoy the beauties of our scenery, and, such as it is, the fulness of our hospitality, which, believe me, will be spouted out upon you freely and rejoicingly.

'To be serious in speech, I really wish you would take a trip up this way some time during the summer. I understand you are settled in Edinburgh, and in that thought have now addressed you. If I am wrong, write me. Indeed, write me at any rate, as I would wish again to see your fist at least, though the Fates should forbid my seeing your person here. But I think you would find some pleasure in visiting again your Alloa friends, to say nothing of the happiness we should have in seeing you at Devongrove. . . Be sure to write to me now, James, in answer to this; and believe me to be, ever most sincerely yours, 'WM. TENNANT.'

The Shepherd's next literary undertaking was an edition of Burns, published at Glasgow. In this task he had an able coadjutor in the poet Motherwell. In 1831, he published a collected edition of his songs, which received a wide circulation. On account of some difference with Blackwood, he proceeded in December of that year to London, with the view of effecting an arrangement for the republication of his whole works. His reception in the metropolis was worthy of his fame: he was courted by all the literary circles, and fêted at the tables of the nobility. A great festival, attended by nearly two hundred persons, including noblemen, members of Parliament, and men of letters, was given him in Freemason's Hall, on the anniversary of the birthday of

Burns. The duties of chairman were discharged by Sir John Malcolm, who had the Shepherd on his right hand, and two sons of Burns on his left. After dinner, the Shepherd brewed punch in the punch-bowl of Burns, which was brought to the banquet by its owner, Mr. Archibald Hastie, M.P. for Paisley. He obtained a publisher for his works in the person of Mr. James Cochrane, an enterprising bookseller in Pall Mall, who issued the first volume of the series on the 31st of March 1832, under the designation of the *Altrive Tales*. By the unexpected failure of the publisher, the series did not proceed, so that the Shepherd derived no substantial advantage from his London visit.

Recent reverses had somewhat depressed his literary ardour; and, though his immediate embarrassments were handsomely relieved by private subscriptions and a donation from the Literary Fund, he felt indisposed vigorously to renew his literary labours. He did not reappear as an author till 1834, when he published a volume of essays on religion and morals, under the title of *Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding*. This work was issued from the establishment of Mr. James Fraser, of Regent Street. In the May number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1834, he again appeared before the public in the celebrated *Noctes*, which had been discontinued for upwards of two years, owing to his misunderstanding with Mr. Blackwood. On this subject we are privileged to publish the following letter, addressed to him by Professor Wilson:—

'*30th April.*

'My dear Mr. Hogg,—After frequent reflection on the estrangement that has so long subsisted between those who used to be such good friends, I have felt convinced that I ought to put an end to it on my own responsibility. Without, therefore, asking either you or Mr. Blackwood, I have written a *Noctes*, in which my dear Shepherd again appears. I hope you will think I have done right. I intend to write six within the year; and it is just, and no more than just, that you should

receive five guineas a sheet. Enclosed is that sum for No. I. of the new series.

'If you will, instead of writing long tales, for which at present there is no room, write a "Series of Letters to Christopher North," or, "Flowers and Weeds from the Forest," or, "My Life at Altrive," embodying your opinions and sentiments on all things, *angling*, shooting, curling, etc. etc., in an easy characteristic style, it will be easy for you to add £50 per annum to the £50 which you will receive for your *Noctes*. I hope you will do so.

'I have taken upon myself a responsibility which nothing but the sincerest friendship could have induced me to do. You may be angry; you may misjudge my motives; yet hardly can I think it. Let the painful in the past be forgotten, and no allusion ever made to it; and for the future, I shall do all I can to prevent anything happening that can be disagreeable to your feelings.—With kind regards to Mrs. Hogg and family I am ever most sincerely and affectionately yours,

'John Wilson.'

During the summer after his return from London, Hogg received what he accounted his greatest literary honour. He was entertained at a public dinner, attended by many of the distinguished literary characters both of Scotland and the sister kingdom. The dinner took place at Peebles, the chair being occupied by Professor Wilson. In reply to the toast of his health, he pleasantly remarked, that he had courted fame on the hill-side and in the city; and now, when he looked around and saw so many distinguished individuals met together on his account, he could exclaim, that surely he had found it at last!

The career of the Bard of Ettrick was drawing to a close. His firm and well-built frame was beginning to surrender under the load of anxiety, as well as the pressure of years. Subsequent to his return from London, a perceptible change had occurred in his constitution, yet he seldom complained; and even as late as April 1835, he gave to the world evidence of mental vigour, by publishing a work in three volumes,

under the title of *Montrose Tales*. This proved to be his last publication. The symptoms of decline rapidly increased; and though he ventured to proceed, as was his usual habit, to the moors in the month of August, he could hardly enjoy the pleasures of a sportsman. He became decidedly worse in the month of October, and was at length obliged to confine himself to bed. After a severe illness of four weeks, he died on the 21st of November, 'departing this life,' writes William Laidlaw, 'as calmly, and, to appearance, with as little pain, as if he had fallen asleep, in his grey plaid, on the side of the moorland rill.' He had attained his sixty-fifth year.

The funeral was numerously attended. Professor Wilson stood uncovered at the grave after the rest of the company had retired, and consecrated by his tears the green sod of his friend's last resting-place. With the exception of Burns and Sir Walter Scott, never did Scottish bard receive more tributes to his memory. He had had some variance with Wordsworth; but this venerable poet, forgetting the past, became the first to lament his departure. The following verses from his pen appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 12th of December:—

'When first descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

'When last along its banks I wander'd,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathway,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

'The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death, upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes.

* * * * *

'No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughter'd youth or love-lorn maid;
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd dead!'

Within two bow-shots of the place where lately stood the cottage of his birth, the remains of James Hogg are interred in the churchyard of Ettrick. At the grave a plain tombstone to his memory was erected by his widow. 'When the dark clouds of winter,' writes Mr. Scott Riddell, 'pass away from the crest of Ettrick-pen and the summits of the nearer-lying mountains, which surround the scene of his repose, and the yellow gowan opens its bosom by the banks of the mountain stream, to welcome the lights and shadows of the spring returning over the land, many are the wild daisies which adorn the turf that covers the remains of THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD. And a verse of one of the songs of his early days, bright and blissful as they were, is thus strikingly verified, when he says:—

"Flow, my Ettrick! it was thee
Into my life that first did drop me;
Thee I'll sing, and when I dee,
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
Pausing swains will say, and weep,
Here our Shepherd lies asleep."'

In 1858, it occurred to the present writer to propose the erection of a public monument to the great Shepherd, in the Forest of Ettrick. The proposal being cordially entertained, the sum of £400 was subscribed. The amount was sufficient to raise an elegant monumental statue of the poet, on a beautiful site, by the margin of St. Mary's Lake. The monument was inaugurated on the 28th of June 1860, in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. At a banquet provided on the occasion to the subscribers and their friends by the owner of the site, the merits of the Shepherd were portrayed by those who had enjoyed his personal intimacy, and were familiar with his writings. The poet's statue, elegantly sculptured by Mr. Andrew Currie, a native of Ettrick Forest, represents the bard seated on an oak root, and in the attitude of contemplation. The figure rests on a pedestal about ten feet

in height, adorned with appropriate inscriptions and emblems.

Hogg was, in youth, particularly good-looking. A severe illness somewhat changed the form of his features. His countenance * presented the peculiarity of a straight cheek-bone; his forehead was capacious and elevated, and his eye remarkable for its vivacity. His hair, in advanced life, became dark brown, mixed with grey. He was rather above the middle height, and was well built; his chest was broad, his shoulders square, and his limbs well rounded. He disliked foppery, but was always neat in his apparel: on holidays he wore a suit of black. Forty years old ere he began to mix in the circles of polished life, he never attained a knowledge of the world and its ways: in all his transactions he retained the simplicity of the pastoral character. His Autobiography is the most amusing in the language: never before did man of letters so minutely reveal the history of his foibles. He was benevolent; the homeless wanderer was sure of shelter under his roof, and the poor of some provision by the way. Towards his aged parents his affection was of the most devoted kind. Hospitable even to a fault, every visitor received his kindly welcome, and his visitors were more numerous than those of any other man of letters in the land.† Fond of conviviality, he loved the intercourse of congenial minds: the voice of friendship was always more precious to him than the claims of business. He was possessed of a good musical ear, and loved to sing the ballads of his youth, with several of his own songs; and

* Hogg used to say that his face was 'out of a'l rule of drawing,' as an apology for artists, who so generally failed in transferring a correct representation of him to canvas. There were at least four oil-paintings of the poet: the first, executed by Nicholson in 1817, for Mr. Grieve; the second, by Sir John Watson Gordon for Mr. Blackwood; the third, by a London artist for Allan Cunningham; and the fourth, by Mr. James Scott of Edinburgh, for the poet himself.

† See *Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan.* 1844.

cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain top. The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed his youth, inspired him with ever-brooding visions of fairyland, till, as he lay musing in his lonely shieling, the world of phantasy seemed, in the clear depths of his imagination, a lovelier reflection of that of nature, like the hills and heavens more softly shining in the water of his native lake.' Hogg was in his element, as he revelled amid the supernatural, and luxuriated in the realms of faëry: the mysterious gloom of superstition was lit up into brilliancy by the potent wand of his enchantment, and before the splendour of his genius. His ballad of 'Kilmeny,' in the *Queen's Wake*, is the emanation of a poetical mind evidently of the most gifted order; never did bard conceive a finer fairy tale, or painter portray a picture of purer or more spiritual and exquisite sweetness. 'The Witch of Fife,' another ballad in the *Wake*, has scarcely a parallel in wild unearthliness and terror; and we know not if sentiments more spiritual or sublime are to be found in any poetry than in some passages of 'The Pilgrims of the Sun.' His ballads and songs are sweet and musical, and replete with pathos and pastoral dignity. Though he had written only 'When the kye comes hame,' and 'Flora Macdonald's Lament,' his claims to an honoured place in the temple of Song had been unquestioned. As a prose-writer, he does not stand so high; yet his pastoral experiences in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and his other prose tales, will continue to find readers while a love for rural habits and the arts of pastoral life finds a dwelling in the Scottish heart.

Of the Shepherd, it has been recorded by one * who knew him well, that at the time of his death he had certainly the youngest heart of all who had ever attained his age: he was possessed of a buoyancy which misfortune might depress, but could not subdue. To the close

* Mr. H. S. Riddell.

of his career, he rejoiced in the sports and exercises of his youth; in his best days he had, in the games of leaping and running, been usually victorious in the annual competitions at Eskdalemuir; in his advanced years he was constituted judge at the annual Scottish games at Innerleithen. A sportsman, he was famous alike on the moor and by the river; the report of his musket was familiar on his native hills; and hardly a stream in south or north but had yielded him their finny brood. By young authors he was frequently consulted, and he entered with enthusiasm into their concerns; many poets ushered their volumes into the world under his kindly patronage. He had his weaker points; but his worth and genius were such as to extort the reluctant testimony of one who was latterly an avowed antagonist, that he was 'the most remarkable man that ever wore the *maud* of a shepherd.' *

Hogg left a widow and five young children. For their benefit the public raised a considerable sum by subscription, and the Duke of Buccleuch bestowed on Mrs. Hogg an annuity of forty pounds. In November 1853, the present writer, ascertaining that Mrs. Hogg did not enjoy any pension from the State, brought her claims under the notice of the Premier, Lord Aberdeen. A memorial to his lordship was cordially subscribed by upwards of forty eminent persons, including the Earl of Eglinton, the Lord Justice-General, Lord Neaves, Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., Sir Adam Ferguson, the Right Hon. Sir John M'Neill, Sir John Watson Gordon, Sir George Harvey, Sir Noel Paton, and Alfred Tennyson, the Poet-Laureate. Presented to the Premier by the Earl of Dalhousie, the memorial was favourably entertained, and Mrs. Hogg received a Civil List pension of £50. Lord Palmerston subsequently bestowed a pension of £40 on the poet's eldest daughter.

Shortly after the Shepherd's death, a uniform edition

* Mr. J. G. Lockhart.

of his more esteemed works was issued, in eleven duodecimo volumes. The first six volumes comprised a selection from his best prose tales, of which the present and the five succeeding volumes are an exact reproduction. His works were again lately reproduced, in two elegant octavo volumes, accompanied with a Memoir of the Poet from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Thomson.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

BROWNIE OF BODSBECK.

THERE is a range of high mountains that border on Annandale, Ettrick Forest, and Tweeddale, that are by many degrees the wildest, the most rugged, and inaccessible in the south of Scotland. They abound with precipitous rocks, caverns, and water-falls, beside interminable morasses, full of deep ruts, which are nevertheless often green and dry in the bottom, with perhaps a small rill tinkling along each of them. No superior hiding-place can be conceived. With means of subsistence, thousands of men might remain there in safe hiding, with the connivance of one single shepherd. To that desolate and unfrequented region did the shattered remains of the routed fugitives from the field of Bothwell Bridge, as well as the broken and persecuted whigs from all the western districts, ultimately flee as to their last refuge.

They, being however all Westland men, were consequently utterly unacquainted with the inhabitants of the country in which they had taken shelter. They neither knew their religious principles, nor the opinions which they held regarding the measures of government, and therefore durst not trust them with the secret of their retreat. They had watches set all around; certain calls of

different birds for signals, and conformable to these they skulked away from one hiding-place to another, alike at the approach of the armed troop, the solitary shepherd, or the careless fowler.

It was a season of calamity and awful interest. From the midst of that inhospitable wilderness, from those dark morasses, and unfrequented caverns, the prayers of the persecuted race nightly rose to the throne of the Almighty; prayers, as all testified who heard them, fraught with the most simple pathos, as well as bold and vehement sublimity. In the solemn gloom of the evening, after the last rays of day had disappeared, and again in the morning before the ruddy streaks began to paint the east; yea, often at the deepest hours of midnight, songs of praise were sung to that BEING under whose fatherly chastisement they were patiently suffering. These hymns, always chanted with ardour and wild melody, and borne afar on the light breezes of the twilight, were often heard at a great distance, causing no little consternation to the remote dwellers of that mountain region. The heart of the shepherd grew chill, and his hairs stood on end, as he hasted home to alarm the cottage circle with a tale of horror. For, besides this solemn and unearthly music, he perceived lights moving about by night in wilds and in caverns where human thing had never resided, and where foot of man had never trod, and he deemed that legions of spiritual creatures had once more taken possession of his solitary dells.

At length the hiders became so numerous that it was impracticable to keep themselves altogether concealed from the people of the country. Chance brought them in contact with the men, while sickness and

utter necessity often drove the sufferers to make their appeal to the tender heart of women. Never were those appeals refused, although the favours granted were bestowed at the hazard of life; and in no one instance on record was the confidence of the sufferer betrayed; even though the circumstances were partially known to two or three of the same family, they were often puzzled to the last to conceal them from one another. Of such a dilemma the following Tale is a pleasant instance. The general part is taken from Wodrow, and the local part from the relation of my own father, who had the best possible traditionary account of the incidents. On the publication of the first edition, I was grievously blamed, by a certain party, for having drawn an unfair character of Clavers. I can only say that it is the character I had heard drawn of him all my life, and the character of him which was impressed upon my mind since my earliest remembrance, which all his eulogists can never erase. Moreover, I have not contrived one incident in order to make his character blacker than it was; I may have taken a few of the worst, and condensed them, and that is all, and perfectly fair. If, through all the histories of that suffering period, I had discovered one redeeming quality about Clavers, I would have brought it forward, but I found none. He had the nature of a wolf and the bravery of a bull-dog.

THE

BROWNIE OF BODSBECK.

CHAP. I.

"It will be a bloody night in Gemsop this," said Walter of Chapelhope, as he sat one evening by the side of his little parlour fire, and wrung the rim of his wet bonnet into the grate. His wife sat by his side, airing a pair of clean hosen for her husband, to replace his wet ones. She looked stedfastly in his face, but uttered not a word;—it was one of those looks that cannot be described, but it bespoke the height of curiosity, mingled with a kind of indefinite terror. She loved and respected her husband, and sometimes was wont to tease or cajole him from his purpose; but one glance of his eye, or scowl of his eyebrow, was a sufficient admonition to her when she ventured to use such freedom.

The anxious stare that she bent on his face at this time was inquiry enough, what he meant by the short and mysterious sentence he had just uttered; but from the fulness of his heart he had said that which he could not recall, and had no mind to commit himself farther. His eldest son, John, was in the room too, which he had not remarked before he spoke, and therefore he took the first opportunity to change the subject. "Gudewife," said he, tartly, "what are ye sittin glowrin like a bendit wulcat there for? Gae away and get me something to eat; I'm like to fa' atwae wi' sheer hunger."

"Hunger, father!" said the lad; "I'm sure I saw ye

take as muckle meat to the hill with you as might have served six."

Walter looked first over the one shoulder at him, and then over the other, but, repressing his wrath, he sat silent about the space of two minutes, as if he had not heard what the youth said. "Callant," then said he, with the greatest seeming composure, "rin away to the hill, an' see after the eild nowt; ca' them up by the Quave Burn, an' bide wi' them till they lie down, gin that sudna be till twal o'clock at night—Gae away when I bid ye—What are ye mungin at?" And saying so, he gave him such a thwack on the neck and shoulders with the wet bonnet as made him make the best of his way to the door. Whether he drove the young cattle as far as the Quave Burn, or whether he looked after them that night or not, Walter made no further inquiry.

He sat still by his fire wrapt in deep thought, which seemed to increase his uneasy and fretful mood. Maron Linton, (for that was the goodwife of Chapelhope's name) observing the bad humour of her husband, and knowing for certain that something disagreeable had befallen him, wisely forbore all intermeddling or teasing questions respecting the cause. Long experience had taught her the danger of these. She bustled about, and set him down the best fare that the house afforded; then, taking up her tobacco pipe, she meditated an escape into the kitchen. She judged that a good hearty meal by himself might somewhat abate his chagrin; and, besides, the ominous words were still ringing in her ears—"It will be a bloody night in Gemsop this"—and she longed to sound the shepherds that were assembled around the kitchen fire, in order to find out their import. Walter, however, perceiving her drift, stopped her short with—"Gudewife, whar are ye gaun sae fast? Come back an' sit down here, I want to speak t'ye."

Maron trembled at the tone in which these words were spoken, but nevertheless did as she was desired, and sat down again by the fire. "Weel, Watie, what is't?" said she, in a low and humble tone.

Walter plied his spoon for some time, without deigning any reply; then turning full upon her, "Has Kate been in her bed every night this week?" asked he seriously.

"Dear gudeman, whaten a question's that to speer at me? What can hae put sic a norie i' your head as that?"

"That's no answerin my question, Maron, but speerin ither twa instead o't:—I ask ye gin Kate hasna been out o' her bed for some nights bygane."

"How sude I ken ony thing about that, gudeman?—ye may gang an' speer at her—Out o' her bed, quotha!—Na—there'll nae young skempy amang them wile her out o' her bed i' the night-time.—Dear gudeman, what has put it i' your head that our bairn stravaigs i' the night-time?"

"Na, na, Maron, there's nae mortal soul will ever gar ye answer to the point."

"Dear gudeman, wha heard ever tell o' a *mortal* soul?—the soul's no mortal at a'—Didna ye hear our ain worthy curate-clerk say"——

"O, Maron! Maron! ye'll aye be the auld woman, if the warld sude turn upside-down!—Canna ye answer my question simply, ay or no, as far as ye ken, whether our daughter has been out o' her bed at midnight for some nights bygane or no?—If ye ken that she has, canna ye tell me sae at ainee, without ganging about the bush? it's a thing that deeply concerns us baith."

"Troth, gudeman, gin she has been out o' her bed, mony an honest man's bairn has been out o' her bed at midnight afore her, an' nae ill in her mind nouther—the thing's as common as the rising o' the se'en sterns."

Walter turned towards his meal, after casting a look of pity and despair upon his yokefellow, who went on at great length defending the equivocal practice of young women who might deem it meet and convenient to leave their beds occasionally by night; and at length, with more sagacity than usual, concluded her arguments with the following home remark:—"Ye ken fu' weel, gudeman, ye courtit me i' the howe o' the night yoursel; an' Him that kens the heart kens weel that I hae never had cause to rue

our bits o' trysts i' the dark—Na, na ! mony's the time an' aft that I hae blest them, an' thought o' them wi' pleasure ! We had ae kind o' happiness then, Watie, we hae another now, an' we'll hae another yet."

There was something in this appeal that it would have been unnatural to have resisted. There is a tenderness in the recollection of early scenes of mutual joy and love, that invariably softens the asperity of our nature, and draws the heart by an invisible bond toward the sharer of these ; but when these scenes are at one view connected with the present and the future, the delight receives a tinge of sublimity. In short, the appeal was one of the most happy that ever fell from the lips of a simple and ignorant, though a well-meaning woman. It was not lost upon Walter; who, though of a rough exterior and impatient humour, was a good man. He took his wife's hand and pressed it fervently.

" My gude auld wife," said he, " God bless ye !—Ye hae bits o' queer gates whiles, but I wadna part wi' ye, or see ane o' your grey hairs wranged, for a' the ewes on the Hermon Law."—Maron gave two or three sobs, and put the corner of her check-apron upon the eye that was next Walter.—" Fair fa' your heart, Maron," said he, " we'll say nae mair about it ; but, my woman, we maun crack about our bits o' hame affairs, an' I had the strongest reasons for coming to the truth o' yon ; however, I'll try ither means.—But, Maron Linton, there's anither thing, that in spite o' my heart is like to breed me muckle grief, an' trouble, an' shame.—Maron, has the Brownie o' Bodsbeck been ony mair seen about the town ?"

" Troth, gudeman, ye're aye sae hard i' the belief—wi' a' your kindness to me and mine, ye hae a dour, stiff, unbowsome kind o' nature in ye—it'll hardly souple whan steepit i' yer ain e'esight—but I can tell ye for news, ye'll no hae a servant about yer house, man, woman, nor boy, in less than a fortnight, if this wicked and malevolent spirit canna be put away—an' I may say i' the language o' Scripture, ' My name is Legion, for we are many.' It's no ae Brownie, nor twa, nor half-a-score, that's about

the house, but a great multitude—they say they're ha'f deils ha'f fock—a thing that I dinna weel understand. But how many bannocks think ye I hae baken in our house these eight days, an' no a crust o' them to the fore but that wee bit on your timber trencher? Half-a-dizen o' dizens, gudeman!—a' the meal girnels i' the country wadna stand it, let abee the wee bit meal ark o' Chapelhope."

"Gudewife, I'm perfectly stoundit. I dinna ken what to say, or what to think, or what to do; an' the mair sae o' what I have heard sin' I gaed to the hill—Auld John o' the Muchrah, our herd, wha I ken wadna tell a lee for the Laird o' Drummelzier's estate, saw an unco sight the night afore last."

"Mercy on us, gudeman! what mair has been seen about this unlucky place?"

"I'll tell ye, gudewife—on Monanday night he cam yont to stop the ewes aff the hogg-fence, but or it was lang he saw a white thing an' a black thing comin' up the Houm close thegither; they cam by within three catloups o' him—he grippit his cudgel firm, an' was aince gaun to gie them strength o' arm, but his power failed him an' a' his sinnens grew like dockans; there was a kind o' glamour cam o'er his een too, for a' the 'Hope an' the heaven grew as derk as tar an' pitch—but the settin moon shone even in their faces, and he saw them as weel as it had been fore-day. The tane was a wee bit hurklin crile of an unearthly thing, as shrinkit an' wan as he had lien seven years i' the grave; the tither was like a young woman—an' what d'ye think? he says he'll gang to death wi't that it was outher our dochter or her wraith."

Maron lifted up her eyes and her clasped hands toward the ceiling, and broke out with the utmost vehemence into the following raving ejaculation:—"O mercy, mercy! Watie Laidlaw!—O, may Him that dwalls atween the Sherubeams be wi' us and preserve us and guide us, for we are undone creatures!—O, Watie Laidlaw, Watie Laidlaw! there's the wheel within the wheel, the mystery

o' Babylon, the mother of harlots, and abominations o' the earth——"

"Maron Linton!—What are ye sayin?—Haud your tongue, Maron Linton."

"O gudeman, I thought it was the young fallows ye jaloosed her wi'—I wish it had. I wad rather hae seen her i' the black stool, in the place where repentance is to be hoped for; but now she's i' the deil's ain hands. I jaloosed it, Watie—I kend it—I was sure o't lang syne—our bairn's changed—she's transplanted—she's no Keaty Laidlaw now, but an unearthly creature—we might weel hae kend that flesh an' blude could never be sae bonny—Gudeman, I hae an awsome tale to tell you—Wha think ye was it that killed Clavers' Highlanders?"

"That, I suppose, will remain a mystery till the day when a' secrets will be cleared up, an' a' the deeds o' darkness brought to light."

"Sae may it be, Watie! Sae may it be! But it was neither ane nor ither but our ain only dochter Kate."

"Ye're ravin, Maron—troth, ye're gaun daft—a bit sklendry lassie o' aughteen kill sae mony armed Highlanders?—Hout fye! keep within bounds, Maron."

"I heard her wi' thir lugs it's i' my ain head—Stannin on that very room floor, I heard her gie the orders to her Brownie. She was greetin whan I cam in—I listened and heard her saying, while her heart was like to loup, 'Wae's me! O wae's me! or mid-day their blood will be rinnin like water!—The auld an' the young, the bonny an' the gude, the sick an' the woundit—That blude may cry to Heaven, but the cauld earth will drink it up; days may be better, but waur they canna be! Down wi' the clans, Brownie, and spare nae ane.' In less than ten minutes after that, the men were found dead. Now, Watie, this is a plain an' positive truth."

Walter's blood curdled within him at this relation. He was superstitious, but he always affected to disbelieve the existence of the Brownie, though the evidences were so strong as not to admit of any doubt; but this double assurance, that his only daughter, whom he loved above

all the world besides was leagued with evil spirits, utterly confounded him. He charged his wife, in the most solemn manner, never more, during her life, to mention the mysterious circumstance relating to the death of the Highland soldiers. It is not easy to conceive a pair in more consummate astonishment than Walter and his spouse were by the time the conversation had reached this point. The one knew not what to think, to reject, or believe—the other believed all, without comprehending a single iota of what she did believe; her mind endeavoured to grasp a dreadful imaginary form, but the dimensions were too ample for its reasoning powers; they were soon dilated, burst, and were blown about, as it were, in a world of vision and terror.

CHAP. II.

Before proceeding with the incidents as they occurred which is the common way of telling a story in the country, it will be necessary to explain some circumstances alluded to in the foregoing chapter.

Walter Laidlaw rented the extensive bounds of Chapelhope from the Laird of Drummelzier. He was a substantial, and even a wealthy man, as times went then, for he had a stock of 3000 sheep, cattle, and horses; and had, besides, saved considerable sums of money, which he had lent out to neighbouring farmers who were not in circumstances so independent as himself.

He had one only daughter, his darling, who was adorned with every accomplishment which the country could then afford, and with every grace and beauty that a country maiden may possess. He had likewise two sons, who were younger than she, and a number of shepherds and female servants.

The time in which the incidents here recorded took

place, was, I believe, in the autumn of the year 1685, the most dismal and troublous time that these districts of the south and west of Scotland ever saw, or have since seen. The persecution for religion then raged in its wildest and most unbridled fury: the Covenanters, or the whigs, as they were then called, were proscribed. imprisoned, and at last hunted down like wild beasts. Graham, Viscount of Dundee, better known by the detested name of Clavers, set loose his savage troopers upon those peaceful districts, with peremptory orders to plunder, waste, disperse, and destroy the conventiclers, wherever they might be found.

The shepherds knew, or thought they knew, that no human being frequented these places. They lived in terror and consternation. Those who had no tie in the country left it, and retreated into the vales, where the habitations of men are numerous, and where the fairy, the Brownie, or the walking ghost, is rarely seen Such as had friends whom they could not leave, or sheep and cattle upon the lands, as the farmers and shepherds had, were obliged to remain, but their astonishment and awe continued to increase. They knew there was but one Being to whom they could apply for protection against these unearthly visitants; family worship was begun both at evening and morning in the farmer's hall and the most remote hamlet; and that age introduced a spirit of devotion into those regions, which one hundred and thirty years' continuance of the utmost laxity and indecision in religious principles has not yet been able wholly to eradicate.

It is likewise necessary to mention here, though perfectly well known, that every corner of that distracted country was furnished with a gownsman, to instruct the inhabitants in the *mild* and *benignant* principles of prelacy, but chiefly to act as spies upon the detested whigs. In the fulfilment of this last task they were not remiss; they proved the most inveterate and incorrigible enemies that the poor covenanters had.

The officiating priest at the kirk of Saint Mary of the

Lowes had been particularly active in this part of his commission. The smallest number could not be convened for the purposes of public devotion—two or three stragglers could not be seen crossing the country, but information was instantly sent to Clavers, or some one of his officers; and, at the same time, these devotional meetings were always described to be of the most atrocious and rebellious nature. The whigs became grievously incensed against this ecclesiastic, for, in the bleakest mountain of their native land, they could not enjoy a lair in common with the foxes and the wild-goats in peace, nor worship their God without annoyance in the dens and caves of the earth. Their conventicles, though held in places ever so remote, were broken in upon and dispersed by armed troops, and their ministers and brethren carried away to prisons, to banishment, and to death. They waxed desperate; and what will not desperate men do? They waylaid, and seized upon one of the priest's emissaries by night, a young female, who was running on a message to Grierson of Lag. Overcome with fear at being in custody of such frightful-looking fellows, with their sallow cheeks and long beards, she confessed the whole, and gave up her despatches. These were of the most aggravated nature. Forthwith two or three of the most hardy of the whigs, without the concurrence or knowledge of their brethren, posted straight to the Virgin's chapel that very night, shot the chaplain, and buried him at a small distance from his own little solitary mansion; at the same time giving out to the country, that he was a sorcerer, an adulterer, and a character every way evil. His name has accordingly been handed down to posterity as a most horrid necromancer.

This was a rash and unpremeditated act; and, as might well have been foreseen, the cure proved worse than the disease. It brought the armed troops upon them both from the east and the west. Clavers came to Traquair, and stationed companies of troops in a line across the country. The Laird of Lag placed a body of men in the narrowest pass of Moffatdale, in the only path by which

these mountains are accessible. Thus all communication was cut off between the mountain-men and the western counties; for every one who went or came by that way, these soldiers took prisoner, searched, and examined; and one lad, who was coming from Moffat, carrying more bread than they thought he could well account for, they shot dead on the spot just as he had dropt on his knees to pray.

A curate, named Clerk, still remained, to keep an eye upon the whigs and pester them. He had the charge of two chapels in that vicinity; the one at a place now called Kirkhope, which was dedicated to Saint Irene, a saint of whom the narrator of this story could give no account. The other was dedicated to Saint Lawrence; the remains of it are still to be seen at Chapelhope, in a small circular inclosure on the west side of the burn. Clerk was as malevolent to the full against the proscribed party as his late brother, but he wanted the abilities of the deceased; he was ignorant, superstitious, and had assumed a part of that fanaticism in religion by which many of the adverse party were distinguished. By this principally he had gained some influence among his hearers, on whom he tried every stimulant to influence them against the whigs. The goodwife of Chapelhope was particularly attached to him and his tenets; he held her completely in leading-strings; her conscience approved of every thing, or disapproved, merely as he directed; he flattered her for her deep knowledge in true and sound divinity and the Holy Scriptures, although of both she was grossly ignorant. But she had learned from her preceptor a kind of cant—a jargon of religious terms and sentences of Scripture mixed, of which she had great pride but little understanding. She was just such a character as would have been a whig, had she ever had an opportunity of hearing or conversing with any of that sect. Few things could be so truly ludicrous as some of her exhibitions in a religious style. The family and servants were in general swayed by their mistress, who took a decided part with Clerk in all his schemes

against the whigs, and constantly dispatched one of her own servants to carry his messages of information to the king's officers. This circumstance soon became known to the mountain-men, and though they were always obliged to take refuge on the lands of Chapelhope by day, they avoided carefully all communication with the family or shepherds (for several of the shepherds on that farm lived in cottages at a great distance from one another and from the farm-house.)

Walter despised Clerk and his tenets most heartily; he saw that he was a shallow, hypocritical, and selfish being, and that he knew nothing of the principles in which he pretended to instruct them; therefore he sorely regretted the influence that he had gained over his family. Neither did he approve of the rigid and rebellious principles which he believed the Covenanters professed. When he met with any man, or community of men, who believed firmly in any thing and held it sacred, Walter revered that, and held it sacred likewise; but it was rather from a deference to the belief and feelings of his fellow creatures than his own conviction. In short, Walter was an honest, conscientious, good, old-fashioned man, but he made no great fuss about religion, and many supposed that he did not care a pin who was right or who was wrong.

On the 23d of August, Clavers dispatched nineteen men from Traquair, under the command of one Copland, a gentleman volunteer in his troop, and a very brave young man, to gain intelligence concerning the murder of the curate, and use every means to bring the perpetrators to justice. Copland and his men came to the mansion of the late chaplain, where they remained all the night, and made every inquiry that they could concerning the murderers. Several witnesses were brought in and examined, and among others the very identical girl whom the whigs took prisoner, and robbed of the dispatches. She had heard the letter read by one of the gang who seized her, while the rest stood and listened. It bore, "that great numbers of the broken and rebel-

lious traitors kenneled in the wilds around Loch-Skene, from whence they committed depredations on all the countries about; that they likewise made religious incursions into those districts, where great multitudes attended their inflammatory harangues." It also stated, "that a noted incendiary was to preach on such a day in Riskinhope Linn, where the whole group might easily be surrounded and annihilated; that many of them were armed with guns, bludgeons, and broad-swords, but that they were the most cowardly, heartless dogs alive; and that he himself, who had private and certain information of all their hiding places, would engage to rid the country of them in a few days, if Lag would allow him but one company of soldiers."

Copland now began to suspect that his force was too small to accomplish any thing of moment; he determined, however, to make a dash into the wild next morning, and, if possible, to seize some prisoners, and thereby gain more accurate information. On the morning of the 24th, having procured two trusty guides, he proceeded on his expedition. He and nine of his followers went up by a place called Sheilhope, the other nine by Chapelhope :—they were to scour the broken ground, take all those prisoners whom they found skulking, fire upon such as refused to stand, and meet on a certain height at noon. Copland and his party reached the appointed place without making any reprisal; they perceived some stragglers on the heights and rocks at a great distance, who always vanished away, like beings not of this world. Three of the other party took one poor lad prisoner, who was so spent and emaciated that he had been unable to fly at the signal-sound; but so intent were they on blood that he was not even brought before their leader, who never so much as knew of the capture.

The guide was wont to relate the circumstances of this poor man's trial and execution, for, but for him, no such thing would ever have been known; the death of a whig, or a straggler of any kind, was then a matter of no concern—They were three Braemar Highlanders who

took him ; like the most part of his associates, he answered their questions in a surly manner, and by the most cutting retorts, which particularly enraged a Donald Farquharson, one of the party, against him. "Weel, I'll pe pitting you to 'e test, and tat fery shun, my coot freen," said Donald ; "and I'll just pe telling you, eince for a' tat ye haif ne meer but twa meenets and a half to leef."

The poor forlorn wight answered, "that he expected no better at their hands,—that he desired no longer time, and he hoped they would bear patiently with him for that short space." He then kneeled down and prayed most fervently, while Donald, who wanted only a hair to make a tether of, as the saying is, seemed watching diligently for a word at which to quarrel. At length he spoke words to the following purport. "Father, forgive these poor misled creatures, as I forgive them ; they are running blindly upon a wrong path, and without the power of thy grace they shall never gain the right one more." Donald, who did not well understand the dialect in which the prisoner prayed, looked shrewdly at his companions. "Dugald More," said he—"Dugald More, fat's e man saying ?"

"He is praying," replied the other, "that we may lose our way, and never find it more."

"Plast 'e soul o' 'e tief, is he ?" said Donald, and shot him through the body.

The wounded man groaned, and cried most piteously, and even called out "murder," but there was none to rescue or regard him. The soldiers, however, cut the matter short, by tossing him into a deep hole in the morass, where he sunk in the mire and was seen no more.

When Copland arrived at the place of rendezvous, five out of his ten associates were no where to be seen, nor did they make their appearance, although he tarried there till two in the afternoon. The guide then conducted him by the path on which those missing should have come, and on arriving at a narrow pass in Chapelhope, he found the bodies of the four soldiers and their guide mangled and defaced in no ordinary way ; and judging from this

that he had been long enough in that neighbourhood, he hasted back to Traquair with the news of the loss. Clavers is said to have broke out into the most violent rage, and to have sworn that night by the Blessed Virgin and all the Holy Trinity, utterly to extirpate the seed of the whining psalm-singing race from the face of the earth, and that ere Beltein there should not be as much whig blood in Scotland as would make a dish of soup to a dog. He however concealed from the privy council the loss of these five men, nor did they ever know of it to this day.

CHAP. III.

Things were precisely in this state, when the goodman of Chapelhope, taking his plaid and staff, went out to the heights one misty day in autumn to drive off a neighbour's flock from his pasture; but, as Walter was wont to relate the story himself, when any stranger came there on a winter evening, as long as he lived, it may haply be acceptable to the curious, and the lovers of rustic simplicity, to read it in his own words, although he drew it out to an inordinate length, and perhaps kept his own personal feelings and prowess too much in view for the fastidious or critical reader to approve.

"It was on a mirk misty day in September," said Walter, "I mind it weel, that I took my plaid about me, and a bit gay steeve aik stick in my hand, and away I sets to turn aff the Winterhopeburn sheep. The wind had been east-about a' that hairst, I hae some sma' reason ne'er to forget it, and they had amaist gane wi' a' the gairs i' our North Grain. I weel expected I wad find them a' in the scaithe that dark day, and I was just amind to tak them hame in a drove to Aidie Andison's door, and say, 'Here's yer sheep for ye, lad; ye maun outher keep them better,

or else, gude faith, I'll keep them for ye.'—I had been crost and put about wi' them a' that year, and I was just gaun to bring the screw to the neb o' the mire-snipe.—Weel, off I sets—I had a special dog at my foot, and a bit gay fine stick in my hand, and I was rather cross-natured that day—'Auld Wat's no gaun to be o'er-trampit wi' nane o' them, for a' that's come and gane yet,' quo' I to mysel as I gaed up the burn.—Weel, I slings aye on wi' a gay lang step; but, by the time that I had won the Forkings, I gat collied amang the mist, sae derk, that fient a spark I could see—Stogs aye on through cleuch and gill, and a' the gairs that they used to spounge, but, to my great mervel, I can nouther see a hair of a ewe's tail, nor can I hear the bleat of a lamb, or the bail of a wether—No ane, outher of my ain or ither folks!—Ay,' says I to mysel, 'what can be the meaning o' this? od, there has been somebody here afore me the day!' I was just standin looking about me amang the lang hags that lead out frae the head o' the North Grain, and considering what could be wort of a' the sheep, when I noticed my dog, Reaver, gaun couring away forrit as he had been setting a fox. What's this, thinks I—On he gangs very angry like, cocking his tail, and setting up his birses, till he wan to the very brink of a deep hag; but when he gat there, my certy, he wasna lang in turning! Back he comes, by me, an' away as the deil had been chasing him; as terrified a beast I saw never—Od, sir, I fand the very hairs o' my head begin to creep, and a prinkling through a' my veins and skin like needles and preens.—'God guide us!' thinks I, 'what can this *be?*' The day was derk, derk; for I was in the very stamoch o' the cludd, as it were; still it was the day time, an' the e'e o' Heaven was open. I was as near turned an' run after my tike as ever I'll miss, but I just fand a stound o' manheid gang through my heart, an' forrit I sets wi' a' the vents o' my head open. 'If it's flesh an' blude,' thinks I, 'or it get the owrance o' auld Wat Laidlaw, od it sal get strength o' arm for aince.' It was a deep hag, as deep as the wa's o' this house, and a strip o' green sward

alang the bottom o't; and when I came to the brow, what does I see but twa lang liesh chaps lying sleeping at ither's sides, baith happit wi' the same maud. 'Hallo!' cries I, wi' a stern voice, 'wha hae we here?' If ye had but seen how they lookit when they stertit up; od, ye wad hae thought they were twa scoundrels wakened frae the dead! I never saw twa mair hemp-looking dogs in my life.

'What are ye feared for, lads? Whaten twa blades are ye? Or what are ye seeking in sic a place as this?'

'This is a derk day, gudeman.'

'This is a derk day, gudeman! That's sic an answer as I heard never. I wish ye wad tell me something I dinna ken—and that's wha ye are, and what ye're seeking here?'

'We're seeking nought o' yours, friend.'

'I dinna believe a word o't—ye're nae folk o' this country—I doubt ye ken o'er weel what stealing o' sheep is—But if ye winna tell me plainly and honestly your business here, the deil be my inmate gin I winna knock your twa heads thegither.'

'There is a gude auld say, honest man, *It is best to let sleeping dogs lie, they may rise and bite you.*'

'Bite *me*, lad!—Rise an' bite *me!*—I wad like to see a dog on a' the heights o' Chapelhope that wad snarl at me, let be to bite!'

"I had a gay steeve dour aik stick in my hand, an wi' that I begoud to heave't up, no to strike them, but just to gi'e them a glisk o' the coming-on that was in't. By this time they were baith on their feet; and the ane that was neist me he gi'es the labbie of his jockey-coat a fling back, and out he pu's a braid sword frae aneath it —an' wi' the same blink, the ither whups a sma' spear out o' the heart o' his aik stick, 'Here's for ye then, auld camstary,' says they; 'an unlucky fish gets an unlucky bait.' Od sir, I was rather stoundit; I began to look o'er my shouther, but there was naething there but the swathes o' mist. What wad I hae gien for twa minutes of auld John o' the Muchrah! However, there was nae

time to lose—it was come fairly to the neb o' the mire-snipe wi' me. I never was gude when taken by surprise a' my life—gie me a wee time, an' I turn quite foundemental then—sae, to tell the truth, in my hurry I took the flier's part, flang the plaid frae me, and ran off up the hag as fast as my feet could carry me, an' a' the gate the ragamuffian wi' the sword was amaist close at my heels. The bottom o' the hag was very narrow, twa could hardly rin abreast. My very bluid began to rise at being chased by twa skebels, and I thought I heard a voice within me, crying, 'Dinna flee, Wat Laidlaw! dinna flee, auld Wat; ye hae a gude cause by the end!' I wheeled just round in a moment, sir, and drew a desperate straik at the foremost, an' sae little kend the haniel about fencing, that instead o' sweeing aff my downcome wi' his sword, he held up his sword-arm to save his head—I gart his arm just snap like a pipe-stapple, and down fell his bit whittle to the ground, and he on aboon it. The tither, wi' his sma' spear, durstna come on, but ran for it; I followed, and was mettler o' foot than he, but I durstna grip him, for fear he had run his bit spit through my sma-fairns i' the struggle, for it was as sharp as a lance, but I keepit a little back till I gat the end o' my stick just i' the how o' his neck, and then I gae him a push that soon gart him plew the flow with his nose. On aboon him I gets, and the first thing I did was to fling away his bit twig of a sword—I gart it shine through the air like a fiery dragon—then I took him by the cuff o' the neck, and lugged him back to his neighbour, wha was lying graning in the hag. 'Now, billies,' says I, 'ye shall answer face to face, it wad hae been as good soon as syne; tell me directly wha ye are, and what's your business here, or, d'ye hear me, I'll tye ye thegither like twa tikes, and tak ye to them that will gar ye speak.'

'Ah! lack-a-day, lack-a-day!' said the wounded man, 'ye're a rash, foolish, passionate, man, whaever ye be.'

'Ye're maybe no very far wrang there,' quo' I; 'but for ainee, I trow, I had gude reason. Ye thought to kill *me* wi' your bits o' shabbles o' swords!'

'In the first place then,' said he, 'ken that we wadna hae shed ae drap o' your blood, nor wranged a hair o' your head—all that we wanted was to get quit of ye, to keep ye out o' danger an' scaith. Ye hae made a bonny day's wark on't truly, we had naething in view but your ain safety—but sin' ye will ken ye maun ken; we belang to a poor proscribed remnant, that hae fled from the face of a bloody persecution. We have left all, and lost all, for the cause of our religion, and are driven into this dismal wilderness, the only miserable retreat left us in our native land.'

'Od, sir! he hadna weel begun to speak till the light o' the truth began to dawn within me like the brek o' the day-sky, an' I grew as red too, for the devil needna hae envied me my feelings at that time. I couldna help saying to mysel, 'Whow, whow, Wat Laidlaw! but ye hae made a bonny job o't this morning!—Here's twa puir creatures, worn out wi' famine and watching, come to seek a last refuge amang your hags and mosses, and ye maun fa' to and be pelting and threshing on them like an incarnate devil as ye are.—Oh, wae's me! wae's me!'—Lord, sir, I thought my heart wad burst—There was a kind o' yuke came into my een that I could hardly bruke; but at length the muckle tears wan out wi' a sair faught, and down they came ower my beard, dribble for dribble. The men saw the pliskie that I was in, and there was a kind o' ruefu' benevolence i' their looks I never saw ony thing like it.'

'Dinna be wae for us, honest man,' said they; 'we hae learned to suffer—we hae kend nought else for this mony a lang and bloody year, an' we look for nought else for the wee while we hae to sojourn in this weary world—we hae learned to suffer patiently, and to welcome our sufferings as mercies.'

'Ye've won a gude length, man,' quo' I; 'but they're mercies that I'm never very fond o'—I wish ye had suffered under ony hand but mine, sin' it be your lot.'

'Dinna be sorry for us, honest man; there never was an act o' mair justice than this that ye hae inflicted,

Last night there were fifteen o' us met at evening worship—we hadna tasted meat for days and nights; to preserve our miserable lives, we stole a sheep, dressed, and ate it; and wi' this very arm that you hae disabled, did I grip and kill that sheep. It was a great sin, nae doubt, but the necessity was also great—I am sae far punished, and I hope the Lord will forgie the rest.'

Then he began a lang serious harangue about the riches o' free grace, and about the wickedness o' our nature; and said, that we could do naething o' oursells *but* sin. I said it was a hard construction, but I couldna argy the point ava wi' him—I never was gude at these lang-winded stories. Then they cam on about prelacy and heresies, and something they ca'd the act of abjuration. I couldna follow him out at nae rate; but I says, 'I pit nae doubt, callants, but ye're right, for ye hae proven to a' the warld that ye think sae; and when a man feels conscious that he's right, I never believe he can be far wrang in sic matters. But that's no the point in question; let us consider what can be done for ye e'en now—Poor souls! God kens, my heart's sair for ye; but this land's mine, an' a' the sheep around ye, an' ye're welcome to half-a-dozen o' the best o' them in sic a case.

'Ah! lack-a-day, lack-a-day! If ye be the gudeman o' the Chapelhope, ye'll rue the day that ever ye saw us. If it's kend that ye countenanced us in word or deed, ye're a ruined man; for the blood-hounds are near at hand, and they'll herry ye out and in, but and ben—Lack-a-day! lack-a-day! in a wee while we may gang and come by the Chapelhope, and nouther see a lum reek, nor hear a cock craw; for Clavers is on the one hand and Lag on the other, and they're coming nearer and nearer us every day, and hemming us in sairer and sairer—renounce us and deny us, as ye wish to thrive.'

'Na, na, lads, let them come—let them come their ways! Gin they should take a' the ewes and kye on the Chapelhope, I can stock it o'er again. I dinna gie a bawbee about your leagues, and covenants, and associations, for I think aye there's a good deal o' faction and dourness

in them; but or I'll desert a fellow-creature, that's oppressed, if he's an honest man, and lippens to me, od, I'll gie them the last drap o' my heart's bluid.'

"When they heard that, they took me out to the tap of a knowe, and began to whistle like plovers—nae herd alive could hae kend but they were plovers—and or ever I wist, ilka hag, and den, and tod-hole round about, seemed to be fu' o' plovers, for they fell a' to the whistling an' answering ane another at the same time. I had often been wondering how they staid sae lang on the heights that year, for I heard them aye whewing e'en an' morn; but little trowed I they were a' twa-handed plovers that I heard. In half an hour they had sic a squad gathered thegither as e'e never glimed on. There ye might hae seen auld gray-bearded ministers, lairds, weavers, and poor hinds, a' sharing the same hard fate. They were pale, ragged, and hungry, and several o' them lame and wounded; and they had athegither sic a haggard severity - their demeaner, Lord forgie me, gin I wasna feared to look at them! There was ane o' them a doctor blade, wha soon set the poor chield's arm; and he said, that after a' it wasna broken, but only dislockit and sair brizzed. That doctor was the gabbiest body ever I met wi'; he spake for them a', and I whiles feared that he sclented a wee. He tried a' that he could to make me a Cameronian, but I wadna grip; and when I was coming away to leave him, 'Laidlaw,' quo' he, 'we ken ye to be an honest, honourable man; here you see a remnant of poor, forlorn, misrepresented creatures, who have thrown themselves on your mercy; if ye betray us, it will be the worse for ye both here and hereafter; if you save and protect us, the prayers of the just win their way to Heaven, though fiends should be standing by to oppose them —Ay, there's naething can stop *their* journey, Laidlaw! —The winds canna blaw them aside, the clouds canna drown them, and the lights o' Heaven canna burn them; and your name will stand at that bar where there's nae cruel and partial judge—What you gie to us, ye gie to your Maker, and he will repay you seven-fold.' Od, the

body was like to gar me play the bairn and greet even out. Weel, I canna mind the half that he said, but he endit wi' this :—'We have seen our friends all bound, banished, and destroyed; they have died on the field, on the scaffold, and at the stake; but the reek o' their blood shall drive the cruel Stuarts frae the land they have disgraced, and out of it a church of truth and liberty shall spring. There is still a handfu' remaining in Israel that have not yet bowed the knee to Baal, nor yet kissed him —That remnant has fled here to escape the cruelty of man; but a worse fate threatens us now—we are all of us perishing with famine—For these three days we have tasted nothing but the green moss, save a few wretched trouts, eels, and adders.' 'Ethers, man!' quo' I,—'For the love o' God take care how ye eat the ethers—ye may as weel cut your throats at aince as eat them. Na, na, lad, that's meat that will never do.' I said nae mair, but gae just a wave to my dog. 'Reaver,' quo' I, 'yon's away.' —In three minutes he had ten score o' ewes and wedders at my hand. I grippit twa o' the best I could wale, and cut aff their heads wi' my ain knife. 'Now, doctor,' quo' I, 'take these and roast them, and part them amang ye the best way ye can—ye'll find them better than the ethers —Lord, man, it will never do to eat ethers.'"

After a hearty laugh, in which his guests generally joined, Walter concluded thus: "That meeting cost me twa or three hunder round bannocks, and mae gude ewes and wedders than I'll say; but I never missed them, and I never rued what I did. Folk may say as they like, but I think aye the prayers out amang the hags and rash-bushes that year did me nae ill—It is as good to hae a man's blessing as his curse, let him be what he may."

Walter never went farther with his story straight onward than this; for it began to involve family concerns, which he did not much like to recount. He had a number of abstract stories about the Covenanters and their persecutors; but as I must now proceed with the narrative as I gathered it from others, these will be interwoven in their due course.

CHAP. IV.

Walter visited them next day at the time and place appointed, taking with him a dozen of bannocks and a small cheese. These he was obliged to steal out of his own pantry, for he durst not by any means trust his wife and family with the discovery he had made, knowing that he might as well have confided it with the curate himself, the sworn enemy of his motley protegees. They gathered around him with protestations of gratitude and esteem; for the deserted and oppressed generally cling to the first symptoms of friendship and protection with an ardency that too often overshoots its aim. Walter naturally felt an honest pride, not so much in that he had done, as that he intended to do; but before he produced his repast, he began in a most serious way to question them relating to some late incidents already mentioned.

They all with one assent declared, and took God to witness, that they knew nothing at all about the death of the five soldiers; that it was not perpetrated by them, nor any connected with them; nor could they comprehend, in the least degree, how it was effected, if not by some supernatural agency—a judgment sent down from Heaven for their bloody intent. With regard to the murder of the priest, they were sorry that they knew so much. It was perpetrated by a few rash men of their number, but entirely without their concurrent assent, as well as knowledge; that though his death might have been necessary to the saving of a great number of valuable lives, they had nevertheless unanimously protested against it; that the perpetrators had retired from their body, they knew not whither; and that at that very time the Rev. Messrs Alexander Shiels and James Renwick were engaged in arranging for publication a general pro-

test against many things alleged against them by their enemies, and this among others.*

There was a candour in this to which Walter's heart assented. He feasted them with his plentiful and homely cheer—promised to visit them every day, and so to employ his shepherds that none of them should come into that quarter to distress them. Walter was as good as his word. He visited them every day—told them all the news that he could gather of the troops that beleaguered them—of the executions that were weekly and daily taking place—and of every thing else relating to the state of the country. He came loaden with food to them daily; and when he found it impossible to steal his own bread, butter, and cheese, he supplied their wants from his flock. The numbers of the persecuted increased on his hands incalculably—The gudewife of Chapelhope's bannocks vanished by scores, and the unconscionable.

* This curious protest is still extant, and shows the true spirit of the old Covenanters or Cameronians, as they have since been called, better than any work remaining. It is called in the title page, "*An informatory Vindication of a poor, wasted, misrepresented Remnant of the suffering Antipopish, Anti-prelatic, Anti-erastian, Anti-sectarian, true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland.*" It is dated at Leadhills in 1687, and is the conjoint work of Mr James Renwick, and Mr Alexander Shiels, author of *The Hind let loose*. The following is an extract from it, p. 107 :—

"And in like manner we do hereby disclaim all unwarrantable practices committed by any few persons reputed to be of us, whereby the Lord hath been offended, his cause wronged, and we all made to endure the scourge of tongues; for which things we have desired to make conscience of mourning before the Lord, both in public and private. As the unwarrantable manner of killing that curate at the Corsephairn, though he was a man of death both by the laws of God and man, and the fact not materially murder; it being gone about contrary to our declaration, common or competent consent, (the conclusion and deed being known only to three or four persons) in a rash and not a Christian manner, and also other offences being committed at the time; which miscarriages have proven a mean to stop and retard lawful, laudable, and warrantable proceeding, both as to matter and manner."

These *other offences committed at the time*, unquestionably refer to the slaughter of the Highland soldiers; about which, there was great stir and numerous conjectures in the country; although, owing to the revolution that immediately followed, the perpetrators were never taken, nor the cause tried in a court of justice, nor indeed was the incident ever generally known.

insatiable Brownie of Bodsbeck was blamed for the whole.

Some time previous to this, a young vagrant, of the name of Kennedy, chanced to be out on these moors shooting grouse, which were extremely plentiful. He tarried until the twilight, for he had the art of calling the heath-fowl around him in great numbers, by imitating the cry of the hen. He took his station for this purpose in one of those moss-hags formerly described; but he had not well begun to call ere his ears were saluted by the whistling of so many plovers that he could not hear his own voice. He was obliged to desist, and he lay for some time listening, in expectation that they would soon cease crying. When lying thus, he heard distinctly the sound of something like human voices, that spoke in whispers hard by him; he likewise imagined that he heard the pattering of feet, which he took for those of horses, and, convinced that it was a raid of the fairies, he became mortally afraid; he crept closer to the earth, and in a short time heard a swell of the most mellifluous music that ever rose on the night. He then got up, and fled with precipitation away, as he thought, from the place whence the music seemed to arise; but ere he had proceeded above a hundred paces, he met with one of the strangest accidents that ever happened to man.

That same night, about, or a little before, the hour of midnight, two of Laidlaw's men, who happened to be awake, imagined that they heard a slight noise without; they arose, and looked cautiously out at a small hole that was in the end of the stable where they slept, and beheld to their dismay the appearance of four men, who came toward them carrying a coffin; on their coming close to the corner of the stable, where the two men stood, the latter heard one of them say distinctly, in a whisper, "Where shall we lay him?"

"We must leave him in the barn," said another.

"I fear," said a third, "the door of that will be locked," and they past on.

The men were petrified; they put on their clothes,

but they durst not move, until, in a short time thereafter, a dreadful bellowing and noise burst forth about the door of the farm-house. The family was alarmed, and gathered out to see what was the matter; and behold! there lay poor Kennedy in a most piteous plight, and, in fact, stark staring mad. He continued in a high fever all the night, and the next morning; but a little after noon he became somewhat more calm, and related to them a most marvellous tale indeed.

He said, that by the time he arose to fly from the sound of the music, the moor was become extremely dark, and he could not see with any degree of accuracy where he was running, but that he still continued to hear the sounds, which, as he thought, came still nigher and nigher behind him. He was, however, mistaken in this conjecture; for in a short space he stumbled on a hole in the heath, into which he sunk at once, and fell into a pit which he described as being at least fifty fathom deep; that he there found himself immediately beside a multitude of hideous beings, with green clothes, and blue faces, who sat in a circle round a small golden lamp, gaping and singing with the most eldritch yells. In one instant all became dark, and he felt a weight upon his breast that seemed heavier than a mountain. They then lifted him up, and bore him away through the air for hundreds of miles, amid regions of utter darkness; but on his repeating the name of Jesus three times, they brought him back, and laid him down in an insensible state at the door of Chapelhope.

The feelings depicted in the features of the auditors were widely different on the close of this wonderful relation. The beauteous Katharine appeared full of anxious and woful concern, but no marks of fear appeared in her lovely face. The servants trembled every limb, and declared with one voice, that no man about Chapelhope was now sure of his life for a moment, and that nothing less than double wages should induce them to remain there another day. The goodwife lifted up her

eyes to Heaven, and cried, "O the vails! the vails!—the vails are poured, and to pour!"

Walter pretended to laugh at the whole narration; but when he did, it was with an altered countenance, for he observed, what none of them did, that Kennedy had indeed been borne through the air by some means or other; for his shoes were all covered with moss, which, if he had walked, could not have been there, for the grass would have washed it off from whatever quarter he had come.

Kennedy remained several days about Chapelhope in a thoughtful, half delirious frame; but no entreaties could prevail with him at that time to accompany the men of the place to where he supposed the accident had happened, nor yet to give them any account where it was situated, for he averred that he heard a voice say to him in a solemn tone, "If you wish to live long, never tell what you have seen to-night, nor ever come this way again." Happy had it been for him had he attended all along to this injunction. He slipped away from Chapelhope in a few days, and was no more seen until the time that Copland and his men appeared there. It was he who came as guide to the soldiers that were slain, and he fell with them in the strait linn of the South Grain of Chapelhope.

These mysterious and unaccountable incidents by degrees impressed the minds of the inhabitants with terror that cannot be described; no woman or boy would go out of doors after sunset, on any account whatever, and there was scarcely a man who durst venture forth alone after the fall of evening. If they could have been sure that brownies and fairies had only power to assume the human shape, they would not have been nearly in such peril and perplexity; but there was no form of any thing animate or inanimate, save that of a lamb, that they were sure of; they were of course waylaid at every turn, and kept in continual agitation. An owl was a most dangerous and suspicious-looking fellow—a white glede made them quake, and keep a sharp look-out upon his course

in the air—a hare, with her large intelligent eyes and equivocal way of walking, was an object of general distrust—and a cat, squalling after dark, was the devil. Many were the ludicrous scenes that occurred, among which I cannot help mentioning those which follow, as being particularly whimsical.

Jasper, son to old John of the Muchrah, was the swiftest runner of his time; but of all those whose minds were kept in continual agitation on account of the late inundation of spirits into the country, Jasper was the chief. He was beset by them morning and evening; and even at high noon, if the day was dark, he never considered himself as quite safe. He depended entirely upon his speed in running to avoid their hellish intercourse; he essayed no other means—and many wonderful escapes he effected by this species of exertion alone. He was wont to knit stockings while tending his flock on the mountains; and happening to drop some yarn one evening, it trailed after him in a long ravelled coil along the sward. It was a little after the sun had gone down that Jasper was coming whistling and singing over the shoulder of the Hermon-Law, when, chancing to cast a casual glance behind him, he espied something in shape of a horrible serpent, with an unequal body, and an enormous length of tail, coming stealing along the bent after him. His heart leapt to his mouth, (as he expressed it,) and his hair bristled so that it thrust the bonnet from his head. He knew that no such monster inhabited these mountains, and it momently occurred to him that it was the Brownie of Bodsbeck come to seize him in that most questionable shape. He betook him to his old means of safety in great haste, never doubting that he was well qualified to run from any object that crawled on the ground with its belly; but, after running a considerable way, he perceived his adversary coming at full stretch along the hill after him. His speed was redoubled; and, as he noted now and then that his inveterate pursuer gained no ground on him, his exertion was beyond that of man. There were two shepherds on an opposite hill

who saw Jasper running without the plaid and the bonnet, and with a swiftness which they described as quite inconceivable. The cause set conjecture at defiance; but they remarked, that though he grew more and more spent, whenever he glanced behind he exerted himself anew and strained a little harder. He continued his perseverance to the last, as any man would do who was running for bare life, until he came to a brook called the Ker Cleuch, in the crossing of which he fell down exhausted; he turned on his back to essay a last defence, and, to his joyful astonishment, perceived that the serpent likewise lay still and did not move. The truth was then discovered; but many suspected that Jasper never overcame that heat and that fright as long as he lived.

Jasper, among many encounters with the fairies and brownies, had another that terminated in a manner not quite so pleasant. The Brownie of Bodsbeck, or the Queen of the Fairies, (he was not sure which of them it was,) came to him one night as he was lying alone, and wide awake, as he conceived, and proffered him many fine things, and wealth and honours in abundance, if he would go along to a very fine country, which Jasper conjectured must have been Fairyland. He resisted all these tempting offers in the most decided manner, until at length the countenance of his visitant changed from the most placid and bewitching beauty to that of a fiend. The horrible form grappled with him, laid hold of both his wrists, and began to drag him off by force; but he struggled with all the energy of a man in despair, and at length, by a violent exertion, he disengaged his right hand. The enemy still continuing, however, to haul him off with the other, he was obliged to have recourse to a desperate expedient. Although quite naked, he reached his clothes with the one hand and drew his knife; but, in endeavouring to cut off those fingers which held his wrist so immovably fast, he fairly severed the thumb from his own left hand.

This was the very way that Jasper told the story to his dying day, denying stoutly that he was in a dream; and

singular as it may appear, I can vouch for the truth of it. Jasper Hoy died at Gattonside at a good old age, in the year 1739; and they are yet alive who have heard him tell those stories, and seen him without the thumb of the left hand.

Things went on in this distracted and doubtful manner until the time when Walter is first introduced. On that day, at the meeting place, he found no fewer than 130 of the poor wanderers, many of them assembled to see him for the last time, and take an affectionate leave of him; for hey had previously resolved to part, and scatter themselves again over the west country, even though certain death awaited them, as they could not in conscience longer remain to be the utter ruin of one who was so generous and friendly to them. They saw, that not only would his whole stock be wasted, but he would himself be subjected to confiscation of goods, and imprisonment, if to nothing worse. Walter said, the case seemed hard either way; but he had been thinking, that perhaps, if they remained quiet and inoffensive in that seclusion, the violence of the government might in a little relax, and they might then retire to their respective homes in peace. Walter soon heard with vexation that they made conscience of *not living in peace*, but of proclaiming aloud to the world the grievous wrongs and oppression that the church of Christ in Scotland laboured under. The *doctor chap*, as Walter always called him, illustrated at great length the sin that would lie to their charge, should they remain quiet and passive in a time like that, when the church's all was at stake in these realms. "We are but a remnant," added he, "a poor despised remnant; but if none stand up for the truth of the reformed religion, how are ever our liberties, civil or ecclesiastical, to be obtained? There are many who think with us, and who feel with us, who yet have not the courage to stand up for the truth; but the time must ere long come, when the kingdoms of the land will join in supporting a reformation, for the iniquity of the Amorite is wearing to the full."

Walter did not much like disputing about these matters; but in this he felt that his reason acquiesced, and he answered thus: "Ye speak like a true man, and a clever man, Doctor, and if I had a desperate cause by the end, and wanted ane to back me in't, the deil a step wad I gang ayont this moss hag to find him; but, Doctor, there's a time for every thing. I wadna hae ye to fling away a gude cause, as I wad do a rotten ewe, that winna haud ony langer. But dinna ye think that a fitter time may come to mak a push? ye'll maybe sell mae precious lives for nae end, wi' your declarations; take care that you, and the like o' you, haena these lives to answer for.—I like nae desperate broostles—od, man, it's like ane that's just gaun to turn divour, taking on a' the debt he can."

"Dinna fear, gudeman! dinna fear! There's nae blood shed in sic a cause that can ever be shed in vain. Na, na! that blood will argue better at the bar o' Heaven for poor distressed Scotland than all the prayers of all the living. We hae done muckle, but we'll do mair yet—muckle blood has been wantonly and diabolically shed, and our's may rin wi' the rest—we'll no throw't wantonly and exultingly away; but, when our day comes, we'll gie it cheerfully—as cheerfully, gudeman, as ever ye paid your mail to a kind landlord, even though the season had been hard and stormy. We had aince enough of this warld's wealth, and to spare; but we hae naething now but our blood, and we'll part wi' that as cheerfully as the rest. And it will tell some day! and ye may live to see it yet. But enough, gudeman; we have all resolved, that, whatever the consequence may be, to live no more on your bounty—therefore, do not urge it—but give us all your hand—Farewell!—and may God bless you in all your actings and undertakings!—There is little chance that we shall ever meet again—We have no reward to give but our blessing and good wishes; but, whenever a knee here present is bowed at the footstool of grace, you will be remembered."

Walter could not bear thus to part with them, and to

give them up as it were to certain destruction. He argued as well as he could on the imprudence of the step they were going to take—of the impossibility of their finding a retreat so inaccessible in all the bounds of the south of Scotland, and the prospect that there was of the persecution soon relaxing. But when he had said all that he could say, a thin spare old man, with grey dishevelled locks, and looks, Walter said, as stern as the adders, that he had lately been eating, rose up to address him. There was that in his manner which commanded the most intense attention.

"Dost thou talk of our rulers relaxing?" said he. "Blind and mistaken man! thou dost not know them. No; they will never relax till their blood shall be mixed with their sacrifices. That insatiate, gloomy, papistical tyrant and usurper, the Duke of York, and his commissioner, have issued laws and regulations more exterminating than ever. But yesterday we received the woeful intelligence, that, within these eight days, one hundred nd fifty of our brethren have suffered by death or banishment, and nearly one-half of these have been murdered, even without the sham formality of trial or impeachment, nor had they intimation of the fate that awaited them. York hath said in full assembly, 'that neither the realm nor the mother church can ever be safe, until the south of Scotland is again made a hunting forest;' and his commissioner hath sworn by the living God, 'that never a whig shall again have time or warning to prepare for Heaven, and that hell is too good for them. Can we hope for these men relaxing? No! The detestable and bloody Clavers, that wizard! that eater of toads! that locust of the infernal pit, hems us in closer and closer on one side, and that Muscovite beast on the other! They thirst for our blood; and our death and tortures are to them matter of great sport and amusement. My name is Mackail! I had two brave and beautiful sons, and I had but two; one of these had his brains shot out on the moss of Monyhive without a question, charge, or reply. I gathered up his brains and shattered skull with these hands tied

them in my own napkin, and buried him alone, for no one durst assist me. His murderers stood by and mocked me, cursed me for a dog, and swore if I howled any more that they would send me after him. My eldest son, my beloved Hew, was hung like a dog at the Market-cross of Edinburgh. I conversed with him, I prayed with him in prison, kissed him, and bade him farewell on the scaffold! My brave, my generous, my beautiful son! I tell thee, man, thou who preachest up peace and forbearance with tyrants, should ever the profligate Charles, or his diabolical brother—should ever the murderer Clavers, or any of his hell-hounds of the north, dare set foot in Heaven, one look from the calm benignant face of my martyred son would drive them out howling!"

All this time the old man shed not a tear; his voice was wildly solemn, but his looks were mixed with madness. He had up his hand to swear, to pray, or to prophesy, Walter knew not which, but he was restrained by his associates, and led aside, so that Walter saw no more of him; but he said he could not get him out of his mind for many a day, for sic another desperate auld body he had never seen.

These harangues took up much of the time that they had to spare, but ere they parted Walter persuaded them, probably by his strong homely reasoning, to remain where they were. He said, since they persisted in refusing to take more of his flock, there was an extensive common beyond the height, called Gemsope, which had been a royal forest, where many gentlemen and wealthy farmers had sheep that fed promiscuously; and considering their necessitous circumstances, he thought it no evil, and he advised them to go and take from that glen as many as would serve to support nature for a time;—that for his part he had many a good wedder and dinmont there, and was willing to run his risk, which would then fall equal on a number, and only on such as were rich and could well bear it. In this plan, after some scruples which were overborne by the majority, they at length fully and thankfully acquiesced.

That same day, on his way homeward, Walter heard the wonderful relation of the apparition of his beloved daughter in the 'Hope at midnight; he learned that Clavers would be there in a few days, and he had sent above 100 men to steal sheep—all these things made him thoughtful and uneasy after he had reached his home, wet and fatigued.—"It will be a bloody night in Gemsope this," he said, sighing, not recollecting what he said or to whom he said it. He could trust his wife with any of his family concerns, but as long as she continued to be so much influenced by the curate Clerk, the sworn enemy of his poor persecuted flock, he durst not give her a hint of their retreat.

Walter became still more and more perplexed from all that he heard from his wife, as well as from every one else—he found that, in truth, there was some mysterious thing about his house—the whole family seemed convinced of it—there were many things seen, heard, and done there that he could in nowise account for in a rational way, and though he resisted the general belief for a good while, that the house was haunted, circumstances at length obliged him to yield to the torrent, and he believed as faithfully in the Brownie of Bodsbeck as any of them all.

CHAP. V.

The house which Walter occupied was on the very spot where a remnant of an old house still stands about a bow-shot above the new elegant farm-house of Chapelhope, but it was twice as long; indeed, a part of the house that is still standing, or was lately so, is the very one that was built for Laidlaw when he first entered that large farm. There was likewise an outshot from the back of the house, called the Old Room, which had a

door that entered from without, as well as one from the parlour within. The end of this apartment stood close to the bottom of the steep bank behind the house, which was then thickly wooded, as was the whole of the long bank behind, so that, consequently, any one, with a little caution, might easily have gone out or come in there, without being seen by any of the family. It contained a bed, in which any casual vagrant, or itinerant pedler slept, besides a great deal of lumber; and as few entered there, it had altogether a damp, mouldy, dismal appearance. There was likewise a dark closet in one corner of it, with an old rusty lock, which none of the family had ever seen opened.

The most part of the family soon grew suspicious of this place. Sounds, either real or imaginary, were heard issuing from it, and it was carefully shunned by them all. Walter had always, as I said, mocked at the idea of the Old Room being haunted, until that very night when we began with him, and where, after many roundabouts, we have now found him again.

It will be recollected that the conversation between Walter and his wife, which is narrated in the first chapter of this book, terminated with a charge from him never more to mention the mysterious story relating to their daughter and these five men that were destroyed. After this she retired about some housewife business, and left Walter by himself to muse on what he had seen and heard. He was sitting musing, and that deeply, on the strange apparition of his daughter that old John had seen, when he thought he heard something behind him making a sound as if it growled inwardly. He looked around and saw that it was his dog Reaver, who was always an inmate of every place that his master entered; he was standing in an attitude of rage, but at the same time there was a mixture of wild terror in his appearance—His eyes, that gleamed like red burning coals, were pointed directly to the door that opened from the corner of the parlour into the Old Room.—Walter was astonished, for he well knew his acuteness, but he kept his eyes on him,

and said not a word.—The dog went forward with a movement scarce perceptible, until he came close to the door, but on putting his nose and ear to the bottom of it, he burst out with such a bay and howl as were truly frightful, and ran about the apartment as if mad, trying to break through the walls and window boards.—Walter was fairly overcome; there is nothing frightens a shepherd so much as the seeing of his dog frightened. The shepherd's dog of the true breed will boldly attack any animal on earth in defence of his master, or at his command; and it is no good sign indeed when he appears terrified, for the shepherd well knows that his dog can discover spirits by the savour of the wind, when he himself is all unconscious that any such beings are near.

Walter fled into the kitchen with precipitation—he found all the family standing in alarm, for they had heard the hideous uproar in the room.

"What's the matter?" said half-a-dozen at once.

"What's the matter!" said Walter, churlishly—"nothing at all is the matter—tell me who of you were in the Old Room, and what you were seeking there?"

No—none of them had been in the Old Room—the whole of the family were present, nor had one of them been away.

Walter's countenance changed—he fixed his eyes on the ground for the space of a minute.

"Then I am sure," said he, emphatically, "something worse is there."

A breathless silence ensued; save that some groans and muttered prayers issued from the lips of the goodwife, who sat in a posture of deep humility, with her brow leaning on both hands.

"Some of you go and see," added Walter, "what it *is* that is in the Old Room."

Every eye in the house turned on another, but no one spoke or offered to move. At length Katharine, who seemed in great anxiety lest any of them should have had the courage to go, went lightly up to her father, and said, "I will go, sir, if you please."

"Do, my dear, and let some of the men go with you."

"No, sir; none of the men shall go with me."

"Well then, Keatie, make haste; light a candle, and I will go with you myself."

No—with your leave, father, if I go, I go alone · no one shall go with me."

"And why, my love, may not I, your father, accompany you?

"Because, should you go with me into the Old Room just now, perhaps you might never be yourself again."

Here the goodwife uttered a smothered scream, and muttered some inarticulate ejaculations, appearing so much affected, that her daughter, dreading she would fall into a fit, flew to support her; but on this she grew ten times worse, screaming aloud, "Avoid thee, Satan! avoid thee, Satan! avoid thee, imp of darkness and despair! avoid thee, avoid thee!" And she laid about her violently with both hands. The servants, taking it for granted that she was bewitched, or possessed, fled aloof; but Walter, who knew better how matters stood with her mind than they, ran across the floor to her in such haste and agitation, that they supposed he was going to give her *strength of arm*, (his great expedient when hardly controled,) but in place of that, he lifted her gently in his arms, and carried her to her bed, in the further end of the house.

He then tried to soothe her by every means in his power; but she continued in violent agitation, sighing, weeping, and praying alternately, until she wrought herself into a high nervous fever. Walter, growing alarmed for her reason, which seemed verging to a dangerous precipice, kept close by her bedside. A little before midnight she grew calm; and he, thinking she had fallen asleep, left her for a short time. Unfortunately, her daughter, drawn toward her by filial regard and affection, softly then entered the room. Maron Linton was not so sound asleep as was supposed; she instantly beheld the approach of that now dreaded sorceress, and sitting up in her bed, she screamed as loud as she was able. Katharine moved by a natural impulse, hasted forward

to the couch to calm her parent; but the frenzied matron sprung from her bed, threw up the window, and endeavoured to escape; Katharine flew after her, and seized her by the waist. When Maron found that she was fairly in her grasp at such an hour, and no help at hand, she deemed all over with her, both body and soul; which certainly was a case extreme enough. She hung by the sash of the window, struggled, and yelled out, "Murder! murder! murder!—O Lord! O Lord!—save! save! save! save!—Murder! murder!" &c. At length Walter rushed in and seized her, ordering his weeping daughter instantly to bed.

Maron thanked heaven for this wonderful and timely deliverance, and persuaded now that Providence had a special and peculiar charge over her, she became more calm than she had been since the first alarm; but it was a dreadful certainty that she now possessed, that unearthly beings inhabited the mansion along with her, and that her daughter was one of the number, or in conjunction with them. She spent the night in prayer, and so fervent was she in her devotions, that she seemed at length to rest in the hope of their final accomplishment. She did not fail, however, to hint to Walter that something decisive ought to be done to their daughter. She did not actually say that she should be burnt alive at a stake, but she spake of the trial by fire—or that it might be better to throw her into the lake, to make the experiment whether she would drown or not; for she well expected, in her own mind, that when the creature found itself in such circumstances, it would fly off with an eldritch laugh and some unintelligible saying to its own clime; but she was at length persuaded by her husband to intrust the whole matter to her reverend monitor, both as to the driving away the herd of Brownies, and the exorcism of her daughter.

Never was man in such a predicament as Walter now found himself with regard to his family. Katharine had never been a favourite with her mother, who doated on her boys to the detriment of the girl, but to him she was

all in all. Her demeanour of late completely puzzled him—The words that she had said to him the preceding evening had no appearance of jocularity; besides, seriousness and truth formed her natural character, and she had of late become more reserved and thoughtful than she had ever been before.

The bed that she slept in faced into the parlour before mentioned; that which Walter and his spouse occupied entered from another apartment—their backs, however, were only separated by a thin wooden partition. Walter kept awake all that night, thoughtful, and listening to every sound. Every thing remained quiet till about the second crowing of the cock; he then heard something that scratched like a rat, but more regularly, and in more distinct time. After the noise had been repeated three times at considerable intervals, he thought he heard his daughter rising from her bed with extraordinary softness and caution; He laid his ear to a seam, and distinctly heard the sound of words uttered in a whisper, but of their import he could make nothing. He then heard his daughter return to her bed with the same caution that she left it, utter some sighs, and fall sound asleep.

After serious deliberation, Walter thought his best expedient was to remove his daughter from home for some time; and next morning he proposed to her to go and spend a week or two with her maternal uncle, Thomas Linton, farmer at Gilmanscleuch. To this she objected on several pretences; but at length, when urged to it, positively refused to leave her father's house at that time. He never in his life could say a harsh word to her, but that day he appeared chagrined, and bade her, with some asperity, keep away from her mother's presence, as her malady, which was a nervous complaint, required the utmost quietness. This she promised with her accustomed cheerfulness, and they parted. During the day she was absent for several hours, none knowing whither she went, or by what way she returned.

On the same day the servants, who had spent a sleepless night, packed up bag and baggage, and went off in a

body, all save one elderly woman, who had lately come to the house, and was a stranger to them all. Her name, she said, was Agnes Alexander, but she was better known by the familiar one of Nanny Elshinder; her former history and connections were doubtful, but she was of a cheerful complaisant temper, and always performed what she was ordered to do without any remarks. Walter had hired her at Moffat, in the fair called *The Third Friday;* and told Maron when he came home, that "he had hired a wastlin auldish quean, wha, he believed, was a wee crackit i' the head, but, poor thing, she wasna like to get a place, and was sic a good soul he coudna think to leave her destitute; and whanever he begoud to parley wi' her, od, she brought him to the neb o' the mire-snipe directly." Saving this good woman, all the house servants, man, woman, and boy, deserted their service, and neither promises nor threats could induce them to stay another night about the town. They said, "they might as weel bide i' hell; they wad gang afore Gibby Moray, the king's shirra, whanever he likit, about it; or, gin he buid rather hae brawer burlymen, they wad meet him face to face in the Parliament Close."

Walter was now obliged to bring Jasper, his young shepherd, down from the Muchrah, to assist him in the labour of the farm—the most unfit man in the world for a haunted house. He knew that the Old Room was frequented by his old adversary, the Brownie of Bodsbeck. He likewise knew that his young mistress was a witch, or something worse, for the late servants had told him, so that he had now a dangerous part to act. Nevertheless, he came determined to take the bull by the horns; for as he and his father had stocks of sheep upon the farm, they could not leave their master, and he was never wont to disobey him. He had one sole dependance—his swiftness of foot—that had never yet failed him in eschewing evil spirits, save in the solitary instance of the serpent.

On the first day of his noviceship as a labourer, he and his master were putting some ropes on the dwelling-house, to keep on the thatch. Jasper wanting something

whereon to stand, for that purpose, and being within a few yards of the door of the Old Room, and knowing that the tubs stood there, thoughtlessly dashed into it to bring out one to stand on; but he had not taken two steps within the door till he beheld a human face, and nothing but a face and a head, looking deliberately at him. One would have thought that such a man, seeing such a sight, would have cried out, fled to his master on the other side of the house, or into the kitchen to old Nanny. Jasper did none of them all. He turned round with such velocity that he fell—hasted out at the door on all fours, and took to the Papper-hill like a wild deer, praying fervently all the way. His master saw him from the ladder where he stood, and called aloud after him, but he deigned not to heed or look behind him—the head without the body, and that at an ordinary distance from the ground, was alone impressed on his mind, and refused a share to any other consideration. He came not back to the Chapelhope that night.

Katharine, the young and comely friend of the Brownie, having discovered that Jasper had been introduced to her familiar, and knowing his truth and simplicity of heart, earnestly desired to sound him on the subject. She knew he would return to assist her father and brothers with the farm labour, in their present strait, by a certain hour next morning, and she waited on him by the way. He came accordingly; but he knew her and her connections better than she imagined. He tried to avoid her, first by going down into the meadow, then by climbing the hill; but seeing that she waylaid him both ways, and suspecting her intentions to be of the very worst nature, he betook him to his old expedient—fled with precipitation, and returned to the Muchrah.

Katharine could by no means comprehend this, and was particularly concerned about it at this time, as she had something she wished to reveal to him. Walter appeared gloomy and discontented all that day. The corn was ripe, but not a sheaf of it cut down;—the hay was still standing on the meadow, the lint was to pull, the

potatoes to raise, the tar to bring home, and the sheep to smear; and there was no one left to do all this but he and his two boys. The gudewife, who used to bustle about and do much household work, was confined to her room. His daughter's character, her demeanour, and even her humanity, were become somewhat doubtful. Walter was truly in what he termed *a pickled primineary*.

Katharine, being still debarred all access to her mother, began to dread that she would be obliged to leave her father's house; and, in case of a last extremity, she bethought her of sounding the disposition of old Nanny. She was a character not easily to be comprehended. She spoke much to herself, but little to any other person—worked so hard that she seldom looked up, and all the while sung scraps of old songs and ballads, the import of which it was impossible to understand; but she often chanted these with a pathos that seemed to flow from the heart, and that never failed to affect the hearer. She wore a russet worsted gown, clouted shoes, and a quoif, or mutch, upon her head, that was crimped and plaited so close around her face that very little of the latter was visible. In this guise was Nanny, toiling hard and singing her mournful ditty, when Katharine came in and placed herself on a seat by her side.

"Nanny, this seems to be more than ordinary a busy day with you; pray, what is all this baking and boiling for?"

"Dear bairn, dear bairn, what do I ken—the like o' me maun do as we're bidden—guests are coming, my bairn—O, ay—there's mony a braw an' bonny lad coming this way—mony a ane that will gaur a young thing's e'en stand i' back water—

"They are coming! they are coming!
Alak! an' wae's me!
Though the sword be in the hand,
Yet the tear's in the e'e.
I look to yon mountain,
And I look to yon muir,
For the shield that they trust in
Is mighty and sure.

Is there blood in the moorlands
Where the wild burnies rin?
Or what gars the water
Wind reid down the lin?
O billy, dear billy,
Your boding let be,
For it's nought but the reid lift
That dazzles your e'e.

For I ken by yon bright beam,
That follows the sun,
That our Covenant heroes
The battle shall won.
Then away with your bodings
Of sorrow and scorn,
For the windows of heaven
Stand open this morn.

Let them rear their proud standard
Of vengeance and wrath,
And pour on their columns
Of darkness and death,
Yet around our poor number
Stand hosts in array,
Unseen by our foemen,
But stronger than they."

"Prithee go on, Nanny; let me hear what it was that reddened the water?"

"Dear bairn, wha kens; some auld thing an' out o' date; but yet it is sae like the days that we hae seen, ane wad think the poeter that made it had the second sight. Mony a water as weel as the Clyde has run reid wi' blude, an' that no sae lang sin' syne!—ay, an' the wild burnies too! I hae seen them mysel leave a reid strip on the sand an' the grey stanes—but the hoody craw durstna pick there!—Dear bairn, has the Chapelhope burn itsell never had the hue?"

Here Katharine's glance and Nanny's met each other, but were as quickly withdrawn, for they dreaded one another's converse; but they were soon relieved from that dilemma by Nanny's melancholy chime—

"In yon green houm there sat a knight,—
An' the book lay open on his knee,
An' he laid his hand on his rusty sword,
An' turned to Heaven his watery e'e.

But in yon houm there is a kirk,
An' in that kirk there is a pew,
An' in that pew there sat a king,
Wha sign'd the deed we maun ever rue.

He wasna king o' fair Scotland,
Though king o' Scotland he should hae been,—
And he lookit north to the land he loved,
But aye the green leaves fell atween.

The green leaves fell, an' the river swell'd,
An' the brigg was guardit to the key;
O' ever alak! said Hamilton,
That sic a day I should ever see!

As ever ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow gae from the bow,
Our Scottish lads fell even down,
And they lay slain on every knowe.

As ever ye saw the drifting snaw,
Drive o'er the ripe flower on the lea,
Our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' wae to Scotland an' to me."—

—"No, that's not it—my memory is gane wi' my last warldly hope—Hech! dear bairn, but it is a sad warld to live in, without hope or love for ony that's in't—I had aye some hope till now! but sic a dream as I had last night!—I saw him aince again—Yes, I saw him bodily, or may I never steer aff this bit."—Here Nanny sobbed hard, and drew her arms across her eyes.—"Come, come," continued she, "gie me a bit sang, dear bairn, an' let it be an auld thing—they do ane's heart gude thae bits o' auld sangs."

"Rather tell me, Nanny—for we live in ignorance in this wild place—what you think of all that blude that has been shed in our country since the killing-time began? Do you think it has been lawfully and rightfully shed?"

"Wha doubts it, dear bairn?—Wha doubts that?—But it will soon be ower now—the traitors will soon be a' strappit and strung—ay, ay—the last o' them will soon be hackit and hewed, an' his bloody head stannin ower the Wast Port—an' there will be braw days than—we'll be a' right than."

Katharine sat silent and thoughtful, eyeing old Nanny with fixed attention ; but the expression of her contracted face and wild unstable eye was unsatisfactory. She therefore, with a desponding mien, went out, and left the crazy dame to discourse and sing to herself. Nanny ceased her baking, stood upright, and listened to the maid's departing steps, till she concluded her to be out of hearing; she then sung out, in what is now termed the true *bravura* style,

"Then shall the black gown flap
O'er desk and true man;
Then shall the horny cap
Shine like the new moon;
An' the kist fu' o' whistles
That maks sic a cleary,
Lool away, bool away,
Till we grow weary.
Till we grow weary, &c.

Charlie, the cypher-man,
Drink till ye stew dame;
Jamie, the wafer-man,
Eat till ye spue them;
Lauderdale lick-my-fud,
Binny and Geordie,
Leish away, link away,
Hell is afore ye.
Hell is afore ye, &c.

Græme will gang ower the brink,
Down wi' a flaughter;
Lagg an' Drumlandrick
Will soon follow after;
Johnston and Lilligow,
Bruce and Macleary,
Scowder their harigalds,
Deils, wi' a bleery,
Till ye grow weary," &c.

In the mean time, Katharine, on hearing the loud notes of the song, had returned within the door to listen, and heard the most part of the lines and names distinctly. She had heard it once before, and the singer reported it to be a new song, and the composition of a young man who had afterwards been executed in the Grass-Market. How Nanny came to sing such a song, with so much

seeming zest, after the violent prelatic principles which she had so lately avowed, the maid could not well comprehend, and she began to suspect that there was more in Nanny's mind than had yet been made manifest. Struck with this thought, and ruminating upon it, she continued standing in the same position, and heard Nanny sometimes crooning, and at other times talking rapidly and fervently to herself. After much incoherent matter, lines of psalms, &c. Katharine heard with astonishment the following questions and answers, in which two distinct voices were imitated —

"Were you at the meeting of the traitors at Lanark on the 12th of January?"

"I never was amang traitors that I was certain of till this day"—Let them take that! bloody gruesome beasts.

"Were you at Lanark on that day?"

"If you had been there you would have seen."

"Confound the old b—! Burn her with matches —squeeze her with pincers as long as there's a whole piece of her together—then throw her into prison, and let her lie till she rot—the old wrinkled hag! Good woman, I pity you; you shall yet go free if you will tell us where you last saw Hamilton and your own goodman."

"Ye sall hing me up by the tongue first, and cut me a' in collops while I'm hingin."

"Burn her in the cheek, cut baith her lugs out, and let her gae to h— her own way."

After this strange soliloquy, the speaker sobbed aloud, spoke in a suppressed voice for some time, and then began a strain so sweet and melancholy, that it thrilled the hearer, and made her tremble where she stood. The tune was something like the Broom of Cowdenknows, the sweetest and most plaintive of the ancient Scottish airs; but it was sung so slow, as to bear with it a kind of solemnity.

"The kye are rowting in the lone,
The ewes bleat on the brae,
O, what can ail my auld gudeman,
He bides sae lang away!

An' aye the Robin sang by the wud,
An' his note had a waesome fa';
An' the corbie croupit in the clud,
But he durstna light ava;

Till out cam the wee grey moudiwort
Frae neath the hollow stane,
An' it howkit a grave for the auld grey head
For the head lay a' its lane!

But I will seek out the Robin's nest,
An' the nest of the ouzel shy,
For the siller hair that is beddit there
Maun wave aboon the sky."*

* It seems necessary here to premise, that all the songs put into the mouth of Old Nanny, relate to events of that period; this to a most painful one at which the heart shudders to this day. It is supposed to have been sung by Mrs Finlay of Lathrisk, on finding that her husband did not return from the hill.—"As Thomas Dalziel of Binns, was once pursuing some covenanters on the braes above Kilmarnock, being completely baffled by them and in extremely bad humour, he quitted the pursuit, and returned so far on his way, cursing the whigs most dreadfully. While in this querulous humour he came upon Mr John Finlay, tenant of a place called Upper Lathrisk. He was an old man, and though a sincere Christian, was never in any of the risings on account of religion. When Dalziel came upon him, he was setting stakes in the field whereat to milk his cows; for the place was not at his own house, but at a wild sheiling to which he drove his cows and calves in summer. When Dalziel came down the hill, Finlay was in custody of two soldiers, who said to their general, "Sir, here is an old fellow, who, though he says he has never been up in any rebellion, yet acknowledges he has been at several sermons in the fields."

"Well then," said Dalziel, "that at all events subjects him to banishment."

"Alas, sir," said Finlay, "it is scarcely worth your while to banish me for all the time I have to live. I am too old for banishment."

"Then I am sure you are not too old for being hanged," said Dalziel, "or shot—either of the two: suppose then we should make the experiment on an old hypocritical rebel for once!" And without one further interrogatory, he caused him to be tied to one of his own cow-stakes and shot. He then cut off his head, which some of his men kicked away to a distance.

The judgment of heaven was very visibly executed upon these men; for, that same evening, as Dalziel was drinking a cup of wine to a profane and blasphemous toast, he fell down and expired. This was on the night of the 22d of August, and on the 24th one of the soldiers who seized, accused, and shot the old farmer, died in great terror of mind, exclaiming to the last "O for the life of John Finlay!" Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 63.

The sentiments of old Nanny appeared now to her young mistress to be more doubtful than ever. Fain would she have interpreted them to be such as she wished, but the path which that young female was now obliged to tread required a circumspection beyond her experience and discernment to preserve, while danger and death awaited the slightest deviation.

CHAP. VI.

Next morning Clavers, with fifty dragoons, arrived at Chapelhope, where they alighted on the green; and putting their horses to forage, he and Sir Thomas Livingston, Captain Bruce, and Mr Adam Copland, before mentioned, a gentleman of Clavers' own troop, went straight into the kitchen. Walter was absent at the hill. The goodwife was sitting lonely in the east room, brooding over her trials and woes in this life, and devising means to get rid of her daughter, and with her of all the devouring spirits that haunted Chapelhope; consequently the first and only person whom the gentlemen found in the kitchen was old Nanny. Clavers, who entered first, kept a shy and sullen distance, for he never was familiar with any one; but Bruce, who was a jocular Irish gentleman, and well versed in harassing and inveigling the ignorant country people to their destruction, made two low bows (almost to the ground) to the astonished dame, and accosted her as follows: "How are you to-day, mistress?—I hope you are very well?"

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said Nanny, curtseying in return; "deed I'm no sae weel as I hae been; I hae e'en seen better days; but I keep aye the heart aboon, although the achings and the stitches hae been sair on me the year."

"Lack-a-day! I am so very sorry for that!—Where

do they seize you? about the heart, I suppose?—Oh, dear soul! to be sure you do not know how sorry I am for your case—it must be so terribly bad! You should have the goodness to consult your physician, and get blood let."

"Dear bairn, I hae nae blude to spare—an' as for doctors, I haena muckle to lippen to them. To be sure, they are whiles the means, under providence"——

"Oho!" said he, putting his finger to his nose, and turning to his associates with a wry face,—"Oho! the means under Providence!—a whig, I avow! Tell me, my dear and beautiful Mistress Stitch-aback, do you really believe in that blessed thing, Providence?"

"Do I believe in Providence!—Did ever ony body hear sic a question as that? Gae away, ye muckle gouk —d'ye think to make a fool of a puir body?"

So saying, she gave him a hearty slap on the cheek; at which his companions laughing, Bruce became somewhat nettled, and, drawing out his sword, he pointed at the recent stains of blood upon it. "Be so good as to look here, my good lady," said he, "and take very good note of all that I say, and more; for harkee, you must either renounce Providence, and all that I bid you renounce,—and you must, beside that, answer all the questions that I shall ever be after asking,—or, do you see, I am a great doctor—this is my very elegant lance—and I'll draw the blood that shall soon ease you of all your stitches and pains."

"I dinna like your fleem ava, man—'tis rather ower grit for an auld body's veins. But ye're surely some silly skemp of a fallow, to draw out your sword on a puir auld woman. Dinna think, howanabee, that I care for outher you or it. I'll let ye see how little I mind ye; for weel I ken your comrades wadna let ye fash me, e'en though ye were sae silly as to offer. Na, na; d'ye ever think that little bonny demure-looking lad there wad suffer ye to hurt a woman?—I wat wad he no! He has mair discreation in his little finger than you hae i' your hale bouk.—Now try me, master doctor—I'll nouther re-

nounce ae thing that ye bid me, nor answer ae question that ye speer at me."

"In the first place, then, my good hearty dame, do you acknowledge or renounce the Covenant?"

"Aha! he's wise wha wats that, an' as daft that speers."

"Ay, or no, in a moment—No juggling with me, old Mrs Skinflint."

"I'll tell ye what ye do, master—if ony body speer at ye, gin auld Nanny i' the Chapelhope renounces the Covenant, shake your head an' say ye dinna ken."

"And pray, my very beautiful girl, what do you keep this old tattered book for?"

"For a fancy to gar fools speer, an' ye're the first—Come on now, sir, wi' your catechis—Wally-dye man! gin ye be nae better a fighter than ye're an examiner, ye may gie up the craft."

Bruce here bit his lip, and looked so stern that Nanny with a hysterical laugh, ran away from him, and took shelter behind Clavers.

"You are a fool, Bruce," said he, "and constantly blundering.—Our business here, mistress, is to discover, if possible, who were the murderers of an honest curate, and some of our own soldiers that were slain in this neighbourhood while discharging their duty; if you can give us any information on that subject, you shall be well rewarded."

"Ye'll hear about the curate, sir—ye'll hear about him—he was found out to be a warlock, and shot dead.—But ah, dear bairn! nane alive can gie you information about the soldiers!—It was nae human hand did that deed, and there was nae e'e out o' heaven saw it done—There wasna a man that day in a' the Hope up an' down—that deed will never be fund out, unless a spirit rise frae the dead an' tell o't—Muckle fear, an' muckle grief it has been the cause o' here!—But the men war a' decently buried; what mair could be done?"

"Do you say that my men were all decently buried?"

"Ay, troth, I wat weel, were they, sir, and wi' the

burial-service too.—My master and mistress are strong king's folk."

"So you are not the mistress of this house?"

"A bonny like mistress I wad be, forsooth—Na, na, my mistress is sittin be hersel ben the house there." With that, Nanny fell a working and singing full loud—

"Little wats she wha's coming,
Little wats she wha's coming,
Strath and Correy's ta'en the bent
An' Terriden an' a's coming;
Knock and Craigen Shaw's coming,
Keppoch an' Macraw's coming,
Clan-Mackinnon's ower the Kyle,
An' Donald Gun an' a's coming."

Anxious now to explore the rest of the house, they left Nanny singing her song, and entered the little parlour hastily, where finding no one, and dreading that some escape might be effected, Clavers and Livingston burst into the Old Room, and Bruce and Copland into the other. In the Old Room they found the beautiful witch Katharine, with the train of her snow-white joup drawn over her head, who looked as if taken in some evil act by surprise, and greatly confounded when she saw two gentlemen enter her sanctuary in splendid uniforms. As they approached, she made a slight curtsey, to which they deigned no return; but going straight up to her, Clavers seized her by both wrists. "And is it, indeed, true," said he, "my beautiful shepherdess, that we have caught you at your prayers so early this morning?"

"And what if you have, sir?" returned she.

"Why, nothing at all, save that I earnestly desire, and long exceedingly to join with you in your devotional exercises," laying hold of her in the rudest manner.

Katharine screamed so loud that in an instant old Nanny was at their side, with revenge gleaming from her half-shaded eyes, and heaving over her shoulder a large green-kale gully, with which she would doubtless have silenced the renowned Dundee for ever, had not Living-

ston sprung forward with the utmost celerity, and caught her arm just as the stroke was descending. But Nanny did not spare her voice; she lifted it up with shouts on high, and never suffered one yell to lose hearing of another.

Walter, having just then returned from the hill, and hearing the hideous uproar in the Old Room, rushed into it forthwith to see what was the matter. Katharine was just sinking, when her father entered, within the grasp of the gentle and virtuous Clavers. The backs of both the officers were towards Walter as he came in, and they were so engaged amid bustle and din that neither of them perceived him, until he was close at their backs. He was at least a foot taller than any of them, and nearly as wide round the chest as them both. In one moment his immense fingers grasped both their slender necks, almost meeting behind each of their windpipes. They were rendered powerless at once—they attempted no more struggling with the women, for so completely had Walter's gripes unnerved them, that they could scarcely lift their arms from their sides; neither could they articulate a word, or utter any other sound than a kind of choked gasping for breath. Walter wheeled them about to the light, and looked alternately at each of them, without quitting or even slackening his hold.

"Callants, wha ir ye ava?—or what's the meanin' o' a' this unmensefu' rampaging?"

Sir Thomas gave his name in a hoarse and broken voice; but Clavers, whose nape Walter's right hand embraced, and whose rudeness to his daughter had set his mountain blood a-boiling, could not answer a word. Walter, slackening his hold somewhat, waited for an answer, but none coming—

"Wha ir ye, I say, ye bit useless weazel-blawn like urf that ye're?"

The haughty and insolent Clavers was stung with rage; but seeing no immediate redress was to be had, he endeavoured to pronounce his dreaded name, but it was in a whisper scarcely audible, and stuck in his throat—"Jo—o—o Graham," said he.

"Jock Graham do they ca' ye?—Ye're but an unmannerly whalp, man. And ye're baith king's officers too!—Weel, I'll tell ye what it is, my denty clever callants; if it warna for the blood that's i' your master's veins, I wad nite your twa bits o' pows thegither."

He then threw them from him; the one the one way, and the other the other, and lifting his huge oak staff, he strode out at the door, saying, as he left them,—"Hech! are free men to be guidit this gate?—I'll step down to the green to your commander, an' tell him what kind o' chaps he keeps about him to send into folk's houses.—Dirty unmensefu' things!"

Clavers soon recovering his breath, and being ready to burst with rage and indignation, fell a cursing and fuming most violently; but Sir T. Livingston could scarcely refrain from breaking out into a convulsion of laughter. Clavers had already determined upon ample revenge, for the violation of all the tender ties of nature was his delight, and wherever there was wealth to be obtained, or a private pique to be revenged, there never was wanting sufficient pretext in those days for cutting off individuals, or whole families, as it suited. On the very day previous to that, the Earl of Traquair had complained, in company with Clavers and his officers, of a tenant of his, in a place called Bold, who would neither cultivate his farm nor give it up. Captain Bruce asked if he prayed in his family? The Earl answered jocularly, that he believed he did nothing else. Bruce said that was enough; and the matter passed over without any farther notice. But next morning, Bruce went out with four dragoons, and shot the farmer as he was going out to his work. Instances of this kind are numerous, if either history or tradition can be in aught believed; but in all the annals of that age, there is scarcely a single instance recorded of any redress having been granted to the harassed country people for injuries received. At this time, the word of Argyle's rising had already spread, and Clavers actually traversed the country more like an exterminating angel, than a commander of a civilized army.

Such are the men with whom Walter had to do; and the worst thing of all, he was not aware of it. He had heard of such things, but he did not believe them; for he loved his king and country, and there was nothing that vexed him more than hearing of aught to their disparagement; but unluckily his notions of freedom and justice were far above what the subjects of that reign could count upon.

When Clavers and Livingston entered the Old Room, it will be remembered that Bruce and Copland penetrated into the other. There they found the goodwife of Chapelhope, neatly dressed in her old-fashioned style, and reading on her Bible, an exercise in which she gloried, and of which she was very proud.

Bruce instantly desired her "to lay that very comely and precious book on the hottest place of all the beautiful fire, that was burning so pleasantly with long crackling peat; and that then he would converse with her about things that were, to be sure, of far greater and mightier importance."

"Hout, dear sir, ye ken that's no consistent wi' natural reason. Can any thing be o' greater importance than the tidings o' grace an' salvation, an' the joys o' heaven?"

"Oho!" cried Bruce, and straddled around the room with his face turned to the joists. "My dear Copland, did you ever hear such a thing in all the days that ever you have to live? Upon my soul, the old woman is talking of grace, and salvation, and the joys of heaven too, by Saint George and the Dragon. My dearest honey and darling, will you be so kind as stand up upon the soles of your feet, and let me see what kind of a figure you will be in heaven. Now, by the cross of Saint Patrick, I would take a journey there to see you go swimming through heaven in that same form, with your long waist, and plaitted quoif, and that same charming face of yours. Och! och! me! what a vile she whig we have got in this here corner?—Copland, my dear soul, I foresee that all the ewes and kine of Chapelhope will soon be rouped at the cross of Selkirk, and then what blessed lawings we shall

have! Now my dear mistress Grace and Salvation, you must be after renouncing the joys of heaven immediately; for upon my honour, the very sight of your face would spoil the joys of any place whatever, and the first thing you must do is to lay that delightful old book with the beautiful margin along the side of it, on the coals; but before you do that we shall sing to his praise and glory from the 7th verse of the 149th psalm."

He then laid aside his helmet and sung the psalm, giving out each line with a whine that was truly ludicrous, after which he put the Bible into the goodwife's hand, and desired her, in a serious tone, instantly to lay it on the fire. The captain's speech to his companions about the ewes and kine of Chapelhope was not altogether lost on the conscience of Maron Linton. It was not, as she afterwards said, like water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. "Why, dear sir," said she, "ye ken, after a', that the beuk's naething but paper an' ink, an' three shillings an' aughtpence will buy as gude a ane frae Geordy Dabson, the morn, an' if there be ony sin in't it will lye at your door, an' no at mine. I'll ne'er haigel wi' my king's officer about three and aughtpence.

So saying, Maron laid the Bible on the fire, which soon consumed it to ashes.

"Now, may the devil take me," said Bruce, "if I do not believe that you are a true woman after all, and if so, my purse is lighter by one half than it was; but, my dear honey, you have the very individual and genuine seeds of whiggism in your constitution—You have, I will swear, been at many a harmless and innocent conventicle."

"Ye ken little about me, sir.—Gude forbid that ever I countenanced sic traitors to the kirk and state!"

"Amen! say I; but I prophesy and say unto thee, that the first field-meeting into which thou goest in the beauty of holiness, thou shalt be established for ever with thy one foot in Dan and the other in Beersheba, and shalt return to thy respective place of abode as rank a whig as ever swung in the Grass-Market."

A long dialogue next ensued, in which the murder of the priest, Mass John Binram, was discussed at full length, and by which Bruce and Copland discerned, that superstitious as Maron was, she told them what she deemed to be the truth, though in a strange round-about way. Just as they were beginning to talk over the mysterious murder of the soldiers, Claverhouse and Sir Thomas joined them, and Bruce, turning round to them, said, "My lord, this very honest woman assures me, that she believes the two principal murderers of the curate are lying concealed in a linn not far hence, and there seems to be little doubt but that they must likewise have been concerned in the murder of our soldiers."

Clavers, the horrors of whose execrations are yet fresh in the memory of our peasants, burst out as follows, to the astonishment of Bruce, who was not aware of his chagrin, or of aught having befallen him.

"May the devil confound and d—n them to hell!—May he make a brander of their ribs to roast their souls on!"

Maron Linton, hearing herself called a good woman, and finding that she was approven of, could not refrain from interfering here.

"Dear sir, my lord, ye sudna swear that gate, for it's unco ill-faur'd, ye ken—an' at ony rate, the deil canna damn naebody—if ye will swear, swear sense."

The rage of the general, and the simplicity of the goodwife, was such an amusing contrast, that the three attendants laughed aloud. Clavers turned his deep grey eye upon them, which more than the eye of any human being resembled that of a serpent—offence gleamed in it.

"Gentlemen," said he, "do you consider where you are, and what you are about? Sacre! am I always to be trysted with boys and fools?"

He then began and examined the goodwife with much feigned deference and civility, which so pleased her that she told him every thing with great readiness. She was just beginning to relate the terrible, but unfortunate story of the Brownie of Bodsbeck, and his train of officious spir-

its; of the meat which they devoured, and in all probability would have ended the relation with the woeful connection between the Brownie and her daughter, and the part that she had taken in the murder of the soldiers, when Walter entered the room with a discomposed mien, and gave a new turn to the conversation. But that eventful scene must be left to the next chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Walter, on coming to the troopers and asking for their leader, soon discovered how roughly he had treated Clavers; and it being so much the reverse of the reception he meant to have given him, he was particularly vexed about it. Still he was conscious that he had done nothing that was wrong, nor any thing that it did not behove a parent and a master of a family to have done in the same circumstances; therefore there was nothing farther from his intention than offering any apology. He entered his own room, as he supposed he had a good right to do, bluntly enough. He indeed touched the rim of his bonnet as he came in; but, seeing all the officers covered, he stalked into the midst of them with that immense circle of blue woollen on his head, which moved over their helmets like a black cloud as he advanced. Bruce, who was well used to insult the peasantry with impunity, seeing Walter striding majestically by his general in this guise, with his wonted forwardness and jocularity lifted up his sword, sheathed as it was, and with the point of it kicked off Walter's bonnet. The latter caught it again as it fell, and with his fist, he made Bruce's helmet ring against the wall; then again fitting on his bonnet, he gave him such an indignant and reproving look, that Bruce, having no encouragement from the eye of Clavers, resented it no farther than by saying

good-humouredly, "'Pon my body and shoul, but the carle keeps his good-looking head high enough"

"Copland," said Clavers, "desire Sergeant Daniel Roy Macpherson, with eleven troopers, to attend." They were instantly at the door. "Seize and pinion that haughty rebel, together with all his family," said he, "and then go and search every corner, chest, and closet in the house; for it is apparent that this is the nest and rendezvous of the murdering fanatics who infest this country. Let the rest of the soldiers guard the premises that none escape to the mountains with tidings of our arrival. This good dame we will first examine privately and then dispose of her as shall seem most meet."

The command was promptly obeyed. Walter and all his family were taken into custody, pinioned, and a guard set on them; the house was ransacked; and in the mean time the general and his three associates continued the examination of the goodwife. Clavers observed that, on the entrance of Walter before, she seemed to be laid under some restraint, stopped short in her narration, and said, "But there's the gudeman; he'll tell ye it wi' mair preceesion nor me;" and he had no doubt, if she were left to herself, of worming as much out of her as would condemn her husband, or at least furnish a pretext sufficient for the forfeiture of his wealth. Clavers had caused to be sold, by public roup, the whole stock on the farm of Phillhope, which belonged to Walter's brother-in-law, merely bceause it was proven that the farmer's wife had once been at a conventicle.

In the present instance, however, Clavers was mistaken, and fairly overshot his mark; for poor Maron Linton was so overwhelmed with astonishment when she saw her husband and family taken prisoners and bound, that her speech lost all manner of coherence. She sobbed aloud—complained one while, entreated another; and then muttered over some ill-sorted phrases from the Scripture. When Clavers pressed his questions, she answered him, weeping, "O dear sir, my lord, ye ken I canna do naething, nor think naething, nor answer nae-

thing, unless ye let Watie loose again; I find as I war naebody, nor nae soul, nor naething ava wantin' him, but just like a vacation or a shadow. O my lord, set my twa bits o' callants an' my puir auld man loose again, and I'll say ony thing that ever ye like."

Threats and proffers provoked alike in vain. Maron's mind, which never was strong, had been of late so much unhinged by the terrors of superstition, that it wavered in its frail tenement threatening to depart, and leave not a wreck behind. Clavers told her that her husband's life depended on the promptness and sincerity of her answers, he having rendered himself amenable to justice by rescuing his daughter by force, whom they had taken prisoner on their arrival, having found her engaged in a very suspicious employment. This only increased Maron's agony; and at length Clavers was obliged to give up the point, and ordered her into custody.

The soldiers had by this time taken old John of the Muchrah and another of Laidlaw's shepherds prisoners, who had come to assist their master with the farm-work that day. All these Clavers examined separately; and their answers, as taken down in short-hand by Mr Adam Copland, are still extant, and at present in my possession. The following are some of them, as decyphered by Mr J. W. Robertson, whose acquaintance with ancient manuscripts is well known.

John Hoy, shepherd in Muchrah, aged fifty-six, sworn and examined.

"Do you know such a man as the Rev. James Renwick?"

"Yes. I once heard him pray and preach for about the space of two hours."

"Was it on your master's farm that he preached?"

"No, it was in a linn on the Earl Hill, in the march between two laird's lands, that he preached that day."

"How durst you go to an unlawful conventicle?"

"I didna ken there was a law against it till after—it's a wild place this—we never hear ony o' the news, unless it be twice a year frae the Moffat fairs. But as soon as

I heard him praying and preaching against the king I cam aff an' left him, an' brought a' my lads an' lasses wi' me; but my wife wadna steer her fit—there she sat, shaking her head and glooming at me; but I trow I cowed her for't after."

"What did he say of the king?"

"O, I canna mind—he said nae muckle gude o' him."

"Did he say that he was a bloody perjured tyrant?"

"Ay, he said muckle waur nor that. He said some gayan ill-faur'd things about him. But I cam away and left him; I thought he was saying mair than gude manners warrantit."

"Were you in the Hope, as you call it, on that day that the king's soldiers were slain?"

"Ay, that I was; I was the first wha came on them whan they war just new dead, an' a' reeking i' their warm blude—Gude keep us a' frae sic sights again!—for my part, I never gat sic a confoundit gliff sin' I was born o' my mother."

"Describe the place where the corpses were lying."

"It is a deep cleuch, wi' a sma' sheep rodding through the linn not a foot wide; and if ye war to stite aff that, ye wad gang to the boddom o' the linn wi' a flaip."

"Were the bodies then lying in the bottom of that linn?"

"Od help ye, whar could they be lying else?—D'ye think they could lie on the Cleuch-brae? Ye might as weel think to lie on the side o' that wa' gin ye war dead."

"How did it appear to you that they had been slain? were they cut with swords, or pierced with bullets?"

"I canna say, but they war sair hashed."

"How do you mean when you say they were hashed."

"Champit like; a' broozled and jurmummled, as it war."

"Do you mean that they were cut, or cloven, or minced?"

"Na, na—no that ava—But they had gotten some sair doofs—They had been terribly paiket and daddit wi' something."

"I do not in the least conceive what you mean."

"That's extrordnar, man—can ye no understand folk's mother-tongue?—I'll mak it plain to you. Ye see, whan a thing comes on ye that gate, that's a dadd—sit still now. Then a paik, that's a swap or a skelp like—when a thing comes on ye that way, that's a paik. But a doof's warst ava—it's"——

"Prithee hold; I now understand it all perfectly well. —What, then, is your opinion with regard to these men's death? How, or what way do you think they were killed?"

"O, sir, there's naebody can say. It was some extrordnar judgment, that's out of a' doubt. There had been an unyerdly raid i' the Hope that day."

"What reason have you for supposing such a thing?"

"Because there wasna a leevin soul i' the hale Hope that day but theirsels—they wadna surely hae felled ane another—It's, by an' attour, an awsome bit where they war killed; there hae been things baith seen and heard about it; and I saw an apparition there mysel on the very night before."

"You saw an apparition at the place the night before, did you? And, pray, what was that apparition like?"

"It was like a man and a woman."

"Had the figure of the woman no resemblance to any one you had ever seen before? Was it in any degree, for instance, like your master's daughter?"

"No unlike ava."

"Then I think I can guess what the other form was like—Had it a bonnet on its head?"

"Not a bonnet certainly, but it had the shape o' ane."

"I weened as much—And was it a tall gigantic figure?"

"Na, na, sir; the very contrair o' that."

"Are you certain of that you say? Was it not taller than the apparition of the woman?"

"No half sae tall, sir."

"Had it not some slight resemblance to your master, little as it was? Did that not strike you?"

"Na, na, it was naething like my master, nor nae yerdly creature that ever was seen; indeed it was nae creature ava."

"What then do you suppose it was?"

"Lord kens!—A wraith, I hae little doubt. My een rins a' wi' water whan I think about it yet."

"Wraiths are quite common here, are they?"

"O yes, sir!—oure common. They appear aye afore death, especially if the death be to be sudden."

"And what are they generally like?"

"Sometimes like a light—sometimes like a windin-sheet—sometimes like the body that's to dee, gaen mad—and sometimes like a coffin made o' moon-light."

"Was it in the evening you saw this apparition?"

"It was a little after midnight."

"And pray, what might be your business in such a place at that untimely hour?—Explain that fully to me if you please."

"I sall do that, sir, as weel as I can:—Our ewes, ye see, lie up in the twa Grains an' the Middle a' the harst—Now, the Quave Brae again, it's our hogg-fence, that's the hained grund like; and whenever the wind gangs easterly about, then whan the auld luckies rise i' the howe o' the night to get their rug, aff they come, snouckin a' the way to the Lang Bank, an' the tither end o' them round the Papper Snout, and into the Quave Brae to the hained grund; an' very often they think naething o' landing i' the mids o' the corn. Now I never mindit the corn sae muckle; but for them to gang wi' the hogg-fence, I coudna bide that ava; for ye ken, sir, how could we turn our hand wi' our pickle hoggs i' winter if their bit foggage war a' riven up by the auld raikin hypalts ere ever a smeary's clute clattered on't?"

Though Clavers was generally of an impatient temper, and loathed the simplicity of nature, yet he could not help smiling at this elucidation, which was much the same to him as if it had been delivered in the language of the Moguls; but seeing the shepherd perfectly sincere, he suffered him to go on to the end.

"Now, sir, ye ken the wind very often taks a swee away round to the east i' the night-time whan the wather's gude i' the hairst months, an' whanever this was the case, and the moon i' the lift, I had e'en aye obliged to rise at midnight, and gang round the hill an' stop the auld kimmers—very little did the turn—just a bit thraw yont the brae, an' they kend my whistle, or my tike's bark, as weel as I did mysel, still they wadna do wantin't. Weel, ye see, sir, I gets up an' gangs to the door—it was a bonny night—the moon was hingin o'er the derk brows o' Hopertoody, an' the lang black scaddows had an eiry look—I turned my neb the tither gate, an' I fand the air was gane to the eissel; the se'en starns had gaen oure the lum, an' the tail o' the king's elwand was just pointin to the Muchrah cross. It's the very time, quo' I to mysel, I needna think about lying down again—I maun leave Janet to lie doverin by hersel for an hour or twa—Keilder, my fine dog, where are ye?—He was as ready as me—he likes a ploy i' the night-time brawly, for he's aye gettin a broostle at a hare, or a tod, or a foumart, or some o' thae beasts that gang snaikin about i' the derk. Sae to mak a lang tale short, sir, off we sets, Keilder an' me, an' soon comes to the place. The ewes had been very mensefu' that night, they had just comed to the march and nae farther; sae, I says, puir things, sin' ye hae been sae leifu', we'll sit down an' rest a while, the dog an' me, an' let ye tak a pluck an' fill yoursels or we turn ye back up to your cauld lairs again. Sae down we sits i' the scaddow of a bit derksome cleuch-brae—naebody could hae seen us; and ere ever I wats, I hears by the grumblin o' my friend, that he outher saw or smelled something mair than ordinar. I took him in aneath my plaid for fear o' some grit brainyell of an outbrik, thinkin it some sheepstealer; but whan I lookit, there was a white thing and a black thing new risen out o' the solid yird! They cam' close by me; and whan I saw the moon shinin on their cauld white faces, I lost my sight an' swarfed clean away. Wae be to them for droichs, or ghaists, or whatever they war, for aye sin'

syne the hogg-fence o' the Quave Brae has been harried an' traisselled till its little better nor a drove road—I darna gang an' stop the ewes now for the saul that's i' my bouk, an' little do I wat what's to come o' the hoggs the year."

"Well now, you have explained this much I believe to your own satisfaction—Remember then, you are upon oath—Who do you think it was that killed these men?"

"I think it was outher God or the deil, but whilk o' them, I coudna say."

"And this is really your opinion?"

"Yes, it is."

"Have you seen any strangers about your master's house of late?"

"I saw one not long ago."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"A douse-looking man wi' a brown yaud; I took him for some wool-buyer."

"Was he not rather like a preacher."

"The man might hae preached for aught contrair till't in his appearance—I coudna say."

"Are you certain it was not Mr Renwick?"

"I am certain."

"Is your master a very religious man?"

"He's weel eneugh that way—No that very reithe on't; but the gudewife hauds his neb right sair to the grindstane about it."

"Does he perform family worship?"

"Sometimes."

"Is he reckoned a great and exemplary performer of that duty?"

"Na, he's nae great gun, I trow; but he warstles away at it as weel as he can."

"Can you repeat any part, or any particular passage of his usual prayer?"

"I'm sure I might, for he gangs often aneuch oure some o' them. Let me see—there's the still waters, and the green pastures, and the blood of bulls and of goats; and

then there's the gos-hawk, and the slogy riddle, and the tyrant an' his lang neb ; I hae the maist o't i' my head, but then I canna mouband it."

"What does he mean by the tyrant and his lang neb ?"

"Aha ! But that's mair nor ever I could find out yet. We whiles think he means the Kelpy—him that raises the storms an' the floods on us, ye ken, and gars the waters an' the burns come roarin down wi' bracks o' ice an' snaw, an' tak away our sheep. But whether it's Kelpy, or Clavers, or the Deil, we can never be sure, for we think it applies gay an' weel to them a'."

"Repeat the passage as well as you can."

"Bring down the tyrant an' his lang neb, for he has done muckle ill this year, and gie him a cup o' thy wrath, an' gin he winna tak that, gie him kelty."

"What is meant by kelty ?"

"That's double—it means twa cups—ony body kens that."

"Does he ever mention the king in his prayer ?"

"O yes : always."

"What does he say about him ?"

"Something about the sceptre of righteousness, and the standard of truth. I ken he has some rhame about him."

"Indeed ! And does he likewise make mention of the Covenant ?"

"Ay, that's after—that's near the end, just afore the resurrection. O yes, he harls aye in the Covenant there. 'The bond o' the everlasting Covenant,' as he ca's it, 'weel ordered in all things, and sure.'"

"Ay, that's very well ; that's quite sufficient. Now, you have yourself confessed, that you were at an unlawful and abominable conventicle, holding fellowship with intercommuned rebels, along with your wife and family. You *must* be made an example of to the snarling and rebellious hounds that are lurking in these bounds ; but as you have answered me with candour, though I might order you instantly to be shot, I will be so indulgent as to give you your choice, whether you will go to prison in Edinburgh,

and be there tried by the Council, or submit to the judgment which I may pronounce on you here?"

"O, sir, I canna win to Edinbrough at no rate—that's impossible. What think ye wad come o' the sheep? The hogg-fence of the Quave Brae is maistly ruined already; and war I to gae to the prison at Edinbrough, it wad be mair loss than a' that I'm worth. I maun just lippen to yoursel; but ye maunna be very sair on me. I never did ony ill designedly; and as for ony rebellion against the Bruce's blood, I wad be hangit or I wad think o' sic a thing."

"Take the old ignorant animal away—Burn him on the cheek, cut off his ears, and do not part with him till he pay you down a fine of two hundred merks, or value to that amount. And, do you hear, make him take all the oaths twice; and a third oath, that he is never to repent of these. If either Monmouth or Argyle get him, they shall have a perjured dog of him."

As John was dragged off to this punishment, which was executed without any mitigation, he shook his head and said, "Ah, lak-a-day? I fear things are muckle waur wi' us than I had ony notion o'! I trowed aye that even-down truth an' honesty bure some respect till now—I fear our country's a' wrang thegither."—Then looking back to Clavers, he added, "Gude sooth, lad, but ye'll mak mae whigs wherever ye show your face, than a' the hill preachers o' Scotland put thegither."

CHAP. IX.

It has been remarked by all the historians of that period, that the proceedings of Clavers about this time were severe in the extreme. The rising, both in the north and south at the same time, rendered the situation of affairs somewhat ticklish. Still the Lowlands were then

perfectly peaceable; but he seemed determined, lest he should be called away, to destroy the Covenanters, and all that hankered after civil and religious liberty, root and branch. Certainly his behaviour at Chapelhope that morning, was sufficient to stamp his character for ever in that district, where it is still held in at least as great detestation as that of the arch-fiend himself.

When the soldiers, by his order, seized and manacled Walter, he protested vehemently against such outrage, and urged the general to prove his fidelity to his sovereign by administering to him the test oath, and the oath of abjuration; but this Clavers declined, and said to him, with a sneer, that "they had other ways of trying dogs beside that."

When those who had been appointed to search the house came before him, and gave in their report, among other things, they said they had found as much bread new baked, and mutton newly cooked, as would be a reasonable allowance for a hundred men for at least one whole day. Clavers remarked, that in a family so few in number, this was proof positive that others were supported from that house. "But we shall disappoint the whigs of one hearty meal," added he; and with that he ordered the meat to be brought all out and set down upon the green—bid his troopers eat as much as they could—feed their horses with the bread which they left, and either destroy the remainder of the victuals or carry them away.

It was in vain that Walter told him the honest truth, that the food was provided solely for himself and his soldiers, as he knew they were to come by that road, either on that day or the one following; nay, though all the family avouched it, as they well might, he only remarked, with a look of the utmost malignity, that "he never in his life knew a whig who had not a lie ready on his tongue, or some kind of equivocation to save his life, but that they must necessarily all be taught who they were dealing with." He then made them all swear that they were to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and to utter the most horrid imprecations on

themselves and their souls for ever, if they deviated in one single item; and beginning with old John, as before related, he examined them all separately and out of hearing of one another.

The interrogations and answers are much too long to be inserted here at full length; but the only new circumstances that came to light were these two. One of the young men deponed, that, when the bodies of the soldiers were found in the Hope, their muskets were all loaded, which showed that they had not fallen in a regular skirmish; and the other boy swore that he had lately seen eighty large thick bannocks baked in one day in his father's house, for that he had counted them three times over as they stood cooling. This was another suspicious circumstance, and Clavers determined to search it to the bottom. He sifted the two youths backward and forward, trying to get the secret out of them by every wile in his power; and because they were unable to give him any satisfactory account who consumed all that store of bread, he caused his dragoons to take hold of the youngest and gird his head with a cord, twisting it with a horse pistol, until in some places it cut him to the skull. The eldest he hung up to the beam by the thumbs until he fainted through insufferable pain; but he could get nothing more out of them, for they had at first told him all that they knew, being quite unconscious of any evil.

Still bent, as it seemed, on the full conviction and ruin of the family, he told the boys that they were two of the most consummate knaves and rebels that he had in all his life seen; and that if they had any hopes at all of going to Heaven, they should say their prayers, for in a few minutes he would order them both to be shot.

John, the eldest, who possessed a good deal of his mother's feebleness of character, and was besides but newly recovered from a fainting fit, was seized with a stupor, appeared quite passive, and acted precisely as they bade him, without seeming to know what he did; but the youngest, whose name was William, preserved an interesting firmness, in such a trial, for a considerable time.

On being advised by Clavers to tell all he knew rather than die, and asked if he was not afraid of death? He answered, with the tear in his eye, "I'm nouther feared for you nor death, man. I think if fock may be guidit this way at their ane hames, the sooner they're dead the better." Then turning his looks to his brother, who kneeled according to the general's order on the green beside him, he added, with convulsive sobs, "But poor Jock's gaun to be shot too—I wonder what ye need kill him for—What ill hae we ever done t'ye?—Jock's a very good callant—I canna pray weel, but if ye'll let my billy Jock gang, I'll pray for ye as I can, and kiss ye too."

Happy was it for the wits of poor Maron that she saw nothing of this touching scene; she, as well as Walter, being then with the rest under a strong guard in the Old Room. Clavers paid no regard to the kneeling boy's request. He caused his troopers to draw up around them, present their firelocks, and then an executioner, who was always one of his train, tied up both their eyes. He gave the word himself, and instantly ten or twelve carabines were discharged on them at once. John fell flat on the earth; but William, with a violent start, sprung to his feet, and, being blindfolded, ran straight on the files of soldiers.

Clavers laid hold of him. "My brave little fellow," said he, "the soldiers have all missed you, bungling beasts that they are! and since so wonderful a thing hath befallen you, you shall yet have your life, though a most notorious rebel, if you will tell me what people frequent your father's house."

"What's comed o' Jock?" said the boy, "O tell me what's comed o' Jock, for I canna see."

"Jock is lying dead on the green there, all bathed in his blood," said Clavers; "poor wretch! it is over with him, and unless you instantly tell me who it was that consumed all that store of bread that has been baked in your father's house for the last month, you must be sent after him."

William withdrew backward a few paces, and kneeling a second time down on the sward with great decency and deliberation, "Shoot again," said he; "try me ainee mair; an' O see to airch a wee better this time. I wad rather dee a hunder times or I saw poor Jock lying a bloody corp."

Clavers made a sign to one of his dragoons, who unbound William, and took the bandage from his eyes. Regardless of all else, he looked wildly around in search of his brother, and seeing his only companion lying flat on his face, he at first turned away, as if wishing to escape from a scene so dismal; but his helpless and forlorn situation staring him in the face, and the idea doubtless recurring that he was never to part with his brother, but forthwith to be slaughtered and carried to the grave with him, he returned, went slowly up to the body, kneeled down beside it, and pulling the napkin farther down over the face to keep the dead features from view, he clasped his arms about his brother's neck, laid his cheek to his, and wept bitterly.

The narrator of this part of the tale was wont to say, that the scene which followed had something more touching in it than any tongue could describe, although Clavers and his troops only laughed at it. William had now quite relinquished all sensations of fear or danger, and gave full vent to a flood of passionate tenderness and despair. He clasped his brother's neck closer and closer, steeped his cheek with his tears, and seemed to cling and grow to the body with a miserable fondness. While he was giving full scope in this manner to the affections of his young heart, his brother made a heave up with his head and shoulder, saying at the same time, like one wakening from a dream, "Little Will, is that you?—Haud aff,—What ails ye?"

William raised up his head,—fixed his eyes on vacancy,—the tears dried on his cheek, and his ruby lips were wide apart,—the thing was beyond his comprehension, and never was seen a more beautiful statue of amazement. He durst not turn his eyes towards his brother,

but he uttered in words scarcely articulate, "Lord! I believe they hae missed Jock too!"

Clavers had given private orders to his dragoons to fire over the heads of the two boys, his intent being to intimidate them so much as to eradicate every principle of firmness and power of concealment from their tender minds; a scheme of his own fertile invention, and one which he often practised upon young people with too sure effect. When William found that his brother was really alive, and that both of them were to be spared on condition that he gave up the names and marks of all the people that had of late been at Chapelhope; he set himself with great earnestness to recount them, along with every mark by which he remembered them, determined that every hidden thing should be brought to light, rather than that poor Jock should be shot at again.

"Weel, ye see, first there was Geordie the flesher, him that took away the crocks and the paulies, and my brockit-lamb, and gae me a penny for setting him through atween the lochs. Then there was Hector Kennedy the tinkler, him that the bogles brought and laid down at the door i' the night-time—he suppit twa bickerfu's o' paritch, an' cleekit a hantle o' geds an' perches wi' his toum out o' the loch. Then there was Ned Huddersfield the woo-man, wi' the leather bags and the skeenzie thread—him that kissed our byre-woman i' the barn in spite o' her teeth,—he had red cheeks and grit thees, and wasna unlike a glutton; he misca'd my father's woo, an' said aye, 'Nay, it's nane clean, howsomever,—it's useless, that's its worst fault.' Then there was wee Willie the nout-herd, him that had the gude knife an' the duddy breeks; but the Brownies put him daft, an' his mither had to come an' tak him away upon a cuddy.

In this manner went he on particularizing every one he remembered, till fairly cut short with a curse. John continued perfectly stupid, and when examined, answered only *Yes*, or *No* as their way of asking the question dictated.

"Are there not great numbers of people who frequent your father's house during the night?"

"Yes."

"Do you see and hear them, after you go to bed?"

"Yes."

"What are they generally employed in when you hear them? Do they read, and pray, and sing psalms?"

"Yes."

"Do your father and mother always join them?"

"Yes."

Here William could restrain himself no longer. "Gude faith. Jock, man," said he, "ye're just telling a hirsel o' eindown lees. It canna be lees that the man wants, for that maks him nae the wiser; an' for you to say that my father rises to pray i' the night-time, beats a,' when ye ken my mither has baith to fleitch an' fight or she can get him eggit on till't i' the Sabbath e'enings. He's ower glad to get it foughten decently by, to rise an' fa' till't again. O fye, Jock! I wad stand by the truth; an', at ony rate, no just gaung to hell open mouth."

When the volley of musketry went off, all the prisoners started and stared on one another; even the hundred veterans that guarded them appeared by their looks to be wholly at a loss. Macpherson alone ventured any remark on it. "Fat she pe pluff pluffing at now? May the teal more pe her soul's salvation, if she do not believe te man's pe gone out of all reason."

The women screamed; and Maron, whose tongue was a mere pendulum to the workings of the heart within, went on sighing and praying; asking questions, and answering them alternately; and, at every pause, looked earnestly to her husband, who leaned against the corner of the room, ashamed that his bound hand should be seen.

"Och! Aigh me!" cried Maron,—"Dear sirs, what's the fock shootin at?—Eh?—I'm sure they hae nae battlers to fight wi' there?—No ane—I wat, no ane. Aigh-wow, sirs! the lives o' God's creatures!—They

never shoot nae callants, do they? Oh, na, na, they'll never shoot innocent bairns, puir things! They'll maybe hae been trying how weel they could vizy at the wild ducks; there's a hantle o' cleckins about the saughs o' the lake. Hout ay, that's a'.—He hasna forgotten to be gracious, nor is his mercy clean gane."

Thus poor Maron went on, and though she had but little discernment left, she perceived that there was a tint of indignant madness in her husband's looks. His lips quivered—his eyes dilated—and the wrinkles on his brow rolled up to the roots of his dark grizzled hair. "Watie," cried she, in a shrill and tremulous voice—"Watie, what ails ye?—Oh! tell me what ails ye, Watie?—What's the fock shooting at? Eh? Ye'll no tell me what they're shooting at, Watie?—Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

Walter uttered no word, nor did his daughter, who sat in dumb astonishment, with her head almost bent to her feet; but old Nanny joined in full chorus with her mistress, and a wild unearthly strain the couple raised, till checked by Sergeant Roy Macpherson.

"Fat too-whooing pe tat? Do you tink that should the lenamh beg pe shot trou te poty, tat is te son to yourself—Do you tink, you will too-whoo him up akain?—Hay?—Cot tamn, pe holding your paice."

CHAP. X.

Upon the whole, there was no proof against Walter. Presumption was against him, but the evidence was rather in his favour. Military law, however, prevailed; and he found that there was no redress to be had of any grievance or insult, that this petty tyrant, in his caprice, thought fit to inflict. His drivers were ordered to take the whole stock from the farms of Riskinhope, belonging

to David Bryden, who lived at a distance, because it was proven, that Mr Renwick had preached and baptized some children on the bounds of that farm. That stock he caused to be taken to Selkirk, and sent orders to the sheriff to sell it by public roup, at the cross, to the highest bidder; but with Walter's stock he did not meddle at that time; so far did justice mark his proceedings. He strongly suspected him, and wished to have him convicted; and certainly would have taken all the family with him prisoners, had not the curate Clerk arrived at that critical time. Him Clavers consulted apart, and was soon given to understand the steadfast loyalty of the gudewife, daughter, and all the family, save Walter, whom he said, he suspected of a secret connivance with the Cameronians. This was merely to serve a selfish purpose, for Clerk suspected no such thing at that time. It had the desired effect. Clavers set all the rest of the family free, but took the goodman with him prisoner; put two of his best horses in requisition; mounted himself on a diminutive poney, with the thumbikins on his hands, and his feet chained below its belly. In this degrading situation, he was put under the care of Sergeant Roy Macpherson and five troopers; and Clavers, with the rest of his company, hasted, with great privacy and celerity, into that inhospitable wild, which forms the boundary between Drummelzier's ancient property and the Johnstons of Annandale. The greater part of the fugitives had taken shelter there at that time, it being the most inaccessible part in the south of Scotland, and that where, of all others, they had been the least troubled. No troops could subsist near them; and all that the military could do was to set watches near every pass to and from these mountains, where a few stragglers were killed, but not many in proportion to the numbers that had there sought a retreat.

The Covenanters knew that Clavers would make a sweeping and exterminating circuit about that time—incidents which were not to be overlooked, had been paving the way for it—incidents with which the main body of that people were totally unconnected. But it was usual

at that time, and a very unfair practice it was, that whatever was said, or perpetrated, by any intemperate fanatical individual, or any crazy wight, driven half mad by ill usage—whatever was said or done by such, was always attributed to the whole sect as a body. It is too true that the Privy Council chose, invariably, men void of all feeling or remorse to lead these troops. A man had nothing to study but to be cruel enough to rise in the army in those days; yet, because there was a Dalziel, a Graham, a Creighton, and a Bruce among the king's troops, it would be unfair to suppose all the rest as void of every principle of feeling and forbearance as they. In like manner, because some of the Covenanters said violent and culpable things, and did worse, it is hard to blame the whole body for these; for, in the scattered prowling way in which they were driven to subsist, they had no control over individuals.

They had been looking for the soldiers' appearing there for several days, and that same morning had been on the watch; but the day was now so far advanced that they were waxen remiss, and had retired to their dens and hiding places. Besides, he came so suddenly upon them that some parties, as well as several stragglers, were instantly discovered. A most determined pursuit ensued. Clavers exerted himself that day in such a manner, galloping over precipices, and cheering on his dragoons, that all the country people who beheld him believed him to be a devil, or at least mounted on one. The marks of that infernal courser's feet are shewn to this day on a steep hill nearly perpendicular, below the Bubbly Craig, along which he is said to have ridden at full speed, in order to keep sight of a party of the flying Covenanters. At another place, called the Blue Sklidder, on the Merk side, he had far outrode all his officers and dragoons in the pursuit of five men, who fled straggling athwart the steep. He had discharged both his pistols without effect; and just as he was making ready to cleave down the hindmost with his sabre, he was attacked by another party, who rolled huge stones at him from the

precipice above, and obliged him to make a hasty retreat.

Tradition has preserved the whole of his route that day with the utmost minuteness. It is not easy to account for this. These minute traditions are generally founded on truth; yet though two generations have scarcely passed away since the date of this tale,* tradition, in this instance, relates things impossible, else Clavers must indeed have been one of the infernals. Often has the present relater of this tale stood over the deep green marks of that courser's hoof, many of which remain on that hill, in awe and astonishment, to think that he was actually looking at the traces made by the devil's foot, or at least by a horse that once belonged to him.

Five men were slain that day; but as they were all westland men, very little is known concerning them. One of them was shot at a distance by some dragoons who were in pursuit of him, just as he was entering a morass, where he would certainly have escaped them. He is buried on a place called the Watch Knowe, a little to the south-east of Loch Skene, beside a cairn where he had often sat keeping watch for the approach of enemies, from which circumstance the height derived its name. When he fell, it being rough broken ground, they turned and rode off without ever going up to the body. Four were surprised and taken prisoners on a height called Ker-Cleuch-Ridge, who were brought to Clavers and shortly examined on a little crook in the Erne Cleuch, a little above the old steading at Hopertoudy.

Macpherson kept the high road, such as it was, with his prisoner; but travelled no faster than just to keep up with the parties that were scouring the hills on each side; and seeing these unfortunate men hurled in from the hill, he rode up with his companions and charge to see the issue, remarking to Walter, that "he wools not pe much creat deal te worse of seeing fwat te fwigs would pe getting."

* One of the women baptized in the Linn of Riskinhope by Renwick that year, has several children yet alive, not very aged people.

How did Walter's heart smite him when he saw that one of them was the sensible, judicious, and honourable fellow with whom he fought, and whose arm he had dislocated by a blow with his stick! It was still hanging in a sling made of a double rush rope.

They would renounce nothing, confess nothing, nor yield, in the slightest degree, to the threats and insulting questions put by the general. They expected no mercy, and they cringed for none; but seemed all the while to regard him with pity and contempt. Walter often said that he was an ill judge of the cause for which these men suffered; but whatever might be said of it, they were heroes in that cause. Their complexions were sallow, and bore marks of famine and other privations; their beards untrimmed; their apparel all in rags, and their hats slouched down about their ears with sleeping on the hills. All this they had borne with resignation and without a murmur; and, when brought to the last, before the most remorseless of the human race, they shewed no symptoms of flinching or yielding up an item of the cause they had espoused.

When asked, if they would pray for the king,

They answered, "that they would with all their hearts;—they would pray for his forgiveness, in time and place convenient, but not when every profligate bade them, which were a loathful scurrility, and a mockery of God."

"Would they acknowledge him as their right and lawful sovereign?"

"No, that they would never do! He was a bloody and designing papist, and had usurped a prerogative that belonged not to him. To acknowledge the Duke of York for king, would be to acknowledge the divine approbation of tyranny, oppression, usurpation, and all that militates against religion or liberty, as well as justifying the abrogation of our ancient law relating to the succession; and that, besides, he had trampled on every civil and religious right, and was no king for Scotland, or any land where the inhabitants did not choose the most abject

and degrading slavery. For their parts, they would never acknowledge him; and though it was but little that their protestations and their blood could avail, they gave them freely. They had but few left to mourn for them, and these few might never know of their fate; but there was *One* who knew their hearts, who saw their sufferings, and in Him they trusted that the days of tyranny and oppression were wearing to a close, and that a race yet to come might acknowledge that they had not shed their blood in vain."

Clavers ordered them all to be shot. They craved time to pray, but he objected, sullenly alleging, that he had not time to spare. Mr Copland said,—"My lord, you had better grant the poor wretches that small indulgence." On which Clavers took out his watch, and said he would grant them two minutes, provided they did not howl. When the man with the hurt arm turned round to kneel, Walter could not help crying out to him in a voice half stifled with agony—

"Ah! lack-a-day, man! is it come to this with you, and that so soon? This is a sad sight!"

The man pretended to put on a strange and astonished look towards his benefactor.

"Whoever you are," said he, "that pities the sufferings of a hapless stranger, I thank you. May God requite you! but think of yourself, and apply for mercy where it is to be found, for you are in the hands of those whose boast it is to despise it."

Walter at first thought this was strange, but he soon perceived the policy of it, and wondered at his friend's readiness at such an awful hour, when any acknowledgment of connection would have been so fatal to himself. They kneeled all down, clasped their hands together, turned their faces to Heaven, and prayed in a scarce audible whisper. Captain Bruce, in the mean time, kneeled behind the files, and prayed in mockery, making a long face, wiping his eyes, and speaking in such a ludicrous whine, that it was impossible for the gravest face to retain its muscles unaltered. He had more to attend to

him than the miserable sufferers. When the two minutes were expired, Clavers, who held his watch all the time, made a sign to the dragoons who were drawn up, without giving any intimation to the sufferers, which, perhaps, was merciful, and in a moment all the four were launched into eternity.

The soldiers, for what reason Walter never understood, stretched the bodies all in a straight line on the brae, with their faces upwards, and about a yard distant from one another, and then rode off as fast as they could to get another hunt, as they called it. These four men were afterwards carried away by the fugitives, and some country people, and decently interred in Ettrick churchyard. Their graves are all in a row a few paces from the south-west corner of the present church. The goodman of Chapelhope, some years thereafter, erected a head-stone over the grave of the unfortunate sufferer whose arm he had broken, which, with its rude sculpture, is to be seen to this day. His name was Walter Biggar. A small heap of stones is raised on the place where they were shot

The last look which Walter took of the four corpses, as they lay stretched on the brae, with the blood streaming from them, had nearly turned his brain. His heart sunk within him. For years and days the scene never left his mind's eye, sleeping nor waking. He always thought he saw them lying on the green sloping brae, with their pale visages, blue open lips, clasped hands, and dim steadfast eyes still fixed on the heavens. He had heard Clavers and his officers called heroes: he wished those who believed so had been there that day, to have judged who were the greatest heroes.

"There! let them take that!" said Captain Bruce, as he mounted his horse.

"Poor misled unfortunate beings!" said Copland, and mounted his.

"Huh! Cot t—n!" said Roy Macpherson, in a voice that seemed to struggle for an outlet; and Walter, to his astonishment, saw a tear glistening on his rough weather-beaten cheek, as he turned ride away!

The pursuit continued unabated for the whole of that day. There was a great deal of firing, but the hills of Polmoody were inaccessible to cavalry. There was no more blood shed. They lodged that night at a place called Keppelgill, where they put every thing in requisition about the house, and killed some of the cattle. Clavers was in extremely bad humour, and Walter had no doubt that he once intended to have sacrificed him that night, but seemed to change his mind, after having again examined him. He was very stern, and threatened him with the torture, swearing that he knew him to be the supporter of that nest of miscreants that harboured around him, and that though he should keep him prisoner for a dozen years, he would have it proven on him. Walter made oath that there had never one of them been within his door, consistent with his knowledge that he had never been at a conventicle ; and proffered to take the test, and oath of abjuration, if allowed to do so. All this would not satisfy Clavers. Walter said he wondered at his discernment, for, without the least evil or disloyal intent, he found he had rendered himself liable to punishment, but how *he* could be aware of that he knew not.

That night Walter was confined in a cowhouse, under the same guard that had conducted him from Chapelhope. The soldiers put his arms round one of the stakes for the cattle, and then screwed on the thumbikins, so that he was fastened to the stake without being much incommoded. When Macpherson came in at a late hour, (for he was obliged likewise to take up his abode in the cowhouse over night), the first word he said was,—

"She no pe liking to see an honest shentleman tied up to a stake, as she were peing a poollock."

He then began to lecture Walter on the magnitude of folly it would be in him to run away, "when he took it into consideration that he had a ponny fhamily, and sheeps, and horses, and bheasts, that would all pe maide acchountable."

Walter acknowledged the force of his reasoning, said

it was sterling common sense, and that nothing would induce him to try such a dangerous experiment as attempting to make his escape. Macpherson then loosed him altogether, and conversed with him until he fell asleep. Walter asked him, what he thought of his case with the general? Macpherson shook his head. Walter said there was not the shadow of a proof against him! "No?" said Macpherson; "but there surely is! There is very much deal of proof. Was not there my countrymen and scholdiers murdered on your grhounds? Was not there mhore scoans, and prochin, and muttons in your house, than would have peen eaten in a mhonth by the fhamily that pelongs to yourself. By the pode more of the ould deol, but there is more proof than would hang twenty poor peoples."

"That's but sma' comfort, man! But what think ye I should do?"

"How can I know!—Who is it that is your Chief?"

"Chief!—What's that?"

"Tat is te head of te clan—Te pig man of your name and fhamily."

"In troth, man, an' there isna ane o' my name aboon mysel."

"Fwat? Cot's everlasting plissing! are you te chief of te clan, M'Leadle? Then, sir, you are a shentleman indeed. Though your clan should pe never so poor, you are a shentleman; and you must pe giving me your hand; and you need not think any shame to pe giving me your hand; for hersel pe a shentleman pred and porn, and furst coosin to Cluny Macpherson's sister-in-law. Who te deol dha more she pe this clan, M'Leadle? She must be of Macleane. She once pe prhother to ourselves, but fell into great dishunity by the preaking off of Finlay Gorm More Machalabin Macleane of Ilanterach and Ardnamurchan."

Walter having thus set Daniel Roy Macpherson on the top of his hobby-horse by chance, there was no end of the matter! He went on with genealogies of uncouth names, and spoke of some old freebooters as the greatest

of all kings. Walter had no means of stopping him, but by pretending to fall asleep, and when Macpherson weened that no one was listening farther to him, he gave up the theme, turned himself over, and uttered some fervent sentences in Gaelic, with heavy moans between.

"What's that you are saying now," said Walter, pretending to rouse himself up.

"Pe sad works this," said he. "Huh! Cot in heaven aye! Hersel would be fighting te Campbells, sword in hand, for every inch of the Moor of Rhanoch; but she does not like to pe pluffing and shooting through te podies of te poor helpless insignificant crheatures. T—n'd foolish ignorant people! Cot t—n, if she pe having the good sense and prhudence of a bheast."

Walter commended his feeling, and again asked his advice with regard to his own conduct.

"Who is te great man tat is te laird to yourself?" asked he.

"Mr Hay of Drummelzier," was answered.

"Then lose not a mhoment in getting his very good report or security. All goes by that. It will do more ghood than any stock of innocence; and you had need to look very sharp, else he may soon cut you short. It's a very good and a very kind man, but she pe caring no more for the lives of peoples, tan I would do for as many ptarmigans."

Walter pondered on this hint throughout the night; and the more he did so the more he was convinced, that, as the affairs of the country were then conducted, Macpherson's advice was of the first utility. He sent for one of the shepherds of Keppelgill next morning, charged him with an express to his family, and unable to do any thing further for himself, submitted patiently to his fate.

Clavers having been informed that night that some great conventicles had been held to the southward, he arose early, crossed the mountains by the Pennera Corse, and entered that district of the south called Eskdale. He had run short of ammunition by the way, and knowing of no other supply, dispatched Bruce with 20 men by

the way of Ettrick, to plunder the aisle where the ancient and noble family of the Scotts of Thirlstane were enshrined in massy leaden chests. From these he cut the lids, and otherwise damaged them, scattering the bones about in the aisle; but the Scotts of Daventon shortly after gathered up the relics of their ancestors, which they again deposited in the chests,—closed them up with wooden lids, and buried them deep under the aisle floor, that they might no more be discomposed by the hand of wanton depravity.

At a place called the Steps of Glenderg, Clavers met with Sir James Johnston of Westeraw, with fifty armed men, who gave him an exaggerated account of the district of Eskdale, telling him of such and such field-meetings, and what inflammatory discourses had there been delivered, insinuating all the while that the whole dale ought to be made an example of. Clavers rejoiced in his heart at this, for the works of devastation and destruction were beginning to wear short. The Covenanters were now so sorely reduced, that scarcely durst one show his face, unless it were to the moon and stars of heaven. A striking instance of this I may here relate by the way, as it happened on the very day to which my tale has conducted me.

A poor wanderer, named, I think, Matthew Douglas, had skulked about these mountains, chiefly in a wild glen, called the Caldron, ever since the battle of Bothwell-bridge. He had made several narrow, and, as he thought, most providential escapes, but was at length quite overcome by famine, cold, and watching; and finding his end approaching, he crept by night into a poor widow's house at Rennelburn, whose name, if my informer is not mistaken, was Ann Hyslop. Ann was not a Cameronian, but being of a gentle and humane disposition, she received the dying man kindly—watched, and even wept over him, administering to all his wants. But the vital springs of life were exhausted and dried up: He died on the second day after his arrival, and was buried

with great privacy, by night, in the churchyard at Westerkirk.

Sir James Johnston had been a zealous Covenanter, and at first refused the test with great indignation; but seeing the dangerous ground on which he stood, and that his hand was on the lion's mane, he renounced these principles; and, to render his apostasy effective, became for a time a most violent distresser of his former friends. He knew at this time that Clavers was coming round; and in order to ingratiate himself with him, he had for several days been raging up and down the country like a roaring lion, as they termed it. It came to his ears what Ann Hyslop had done; whereon, pretending great rage, he went with his party to the burial ground, digged the body out of the grave, and threw it over the churchyard wall for beasts of prey to devour. Forthwith he proceeded to Rennelburn—plundered the house of Ann Hyslop, and then burnt it to ashes; but herself he could not find, for she had previously absconded. Proceeding to the boundary of the county, he met and welcomed Clavers to his assistance, breathing nothing but revenge against all non-conformists, and those of his own district in particular.

Clavers knew mankind well. He perceived the moving cause of all this, and did not appear so forward and hearty in the business as Sir James expected. He resolved to ravage Eskdale, but to manage matters so that the whole blame might fall on Johnston. This he effected so completely, that he made that knight to be detested there as long as he lived, and his memory to be abhorred after his decease. He found him forward in the cause; and still the more so that he appeared to be, the more shy and backward was Clavers, appearing to consent to every thing with reluctance. They condemned the stocks of sheep on Fingland and the Casways on very shallow grounds. Clavers proposed to spare them; but Sir James swore that they should not be spared, that their owners might learn the value of conventicles.

"Well, well," said Clavers, "since you will have it so, let them be driven off."

In this manner they proceeded down that unhappy dale, and at Craikhaugh, by sheer accident, lighted on Andrew Hyslop, son to the widow of Rennelburn above-mentioned. Johnston apprehended him, cursed, threatened, and gnashed his teeth at him with perfect rage. He was a beautiful youth, only nineteen years of age. On his examination, it appeared that he had not been at home, nor had any hand in sheltering the deceased; but he knew, he said, that his mother had done so, and in doing it, had done well; and he was satisfied that act of her's would be approven of in the eye of the Almighty.

Clavers asked, "Have you ever attended the field conventicles?"

"No."

"Have you ever preached yourself?"

"No."

"Do you think that you could preach?"

"I am sure I could not."

"I'll be bound but you can pray then," said he.

He then proffered him his liberty if he would confess that his mother had done wrong, but this he would in no wise do; for, he said, it would be a sinful and shameful lie, he being convinced that his mother had done what was her duty, and the duty of every Christian to do towards his fellow creatures.

Johnston swore he should be shot. Clavers hesitated, and made some objections; but the other persisting, as Clavers knew he would, the latter consented, as formerly, saying, "Well, well, since you will have it so, let it be done—his blood be on your head, I am free of it.—Daniel Roy Macpherson, draw up your file, and put the sentence in execution."

Hyslop kneeled down. They bade him put on his bonnet, and draw it over his eyes; but this he calmly refused, saying, "He had done nothing of which he was ashamed, and could look on his murderers and to Heaven without dismay."

When Macpherson heard this, and looked at him as he kneeled on the ground with his hands pinioned, his

beautiful young face turned toward the sky, and his long fair ringlets hanging waving backward, his heart melted within him, and the great tears had for some time been hopping down his cheeks. When Clavers gave the word of command to shoot the youth, Macpherson drew up his men in a moment—wheeled them off at the side—presented arms—and then answered the order of the general as follows, in a voice that was quite choked one while, and came forth in great volleys at another—"Now, Cot t—n sh—sh—she'll rather pe fighting Clavers and all her draghoons, pe—pe—pefore she'll pe killing tat dear good lhad."

Captain Bruce burst out into a horse-laugh, leaping and clapping his hands on hearing such a singular reply; even Clavers had much ado to suppress a smile, which, however, he effected by uttering a horrible curse.

"I had forgot, Sir James," said he; "Macpherson is as brave a man as ever strode on a field of battle; but in domestic concerns, he has the heart of a chicken."

He then ordered four of his own guards to shoot him, which they executed in a moment. Some of his acquaintances being present, they requested permission of Clavers to bury him, which he readily granted, and he was interred on the very spot where he fell. A grave-stone was afterwards erected over him, which is still to be seen at Craikhaugh, near the side of the road, a little to the north of the Church of Eskdale-muir.

Clavers and his prisoner lodged at Westeraw that night. Johnston wanted to have him shot; but to this Clavers objected, though rather in a jocular manner.

Walter said, he was sure if Sir James had repeated his request another time, that Clavers' answer would have been, "Well, well, since you will have it so," &c.; but, fortunately for Walter, he desisted just in time.

These two redoubted champions continued their progress all next day; and on the third, at evening, Clavers crossed Dryfe, with nine thousand sheep, three hundred goats, and about as many cattle and horses, in his train, taken from the people of Eskdale alone. He took care

to herry Sir James's tenants, in particular, of every thing they possessed, and apparently all by their laird's desire, so that very little of the blame attached to the general. He was heard to say to Sir Thomas Livingston that night, "I trow, we hae left the silly turn-coat a pirn to wind." —But we must now leave them to continue their route of rapine and devastation, and return to the distressed family of Chapelhope, in order that we may watch the doings of the Brownie of Bodsbeck.

CHAP. XI.

For all Maron Linton's grievous distresses, the arrival of Clerk, the curate, proved an antidote of no small avail. It was a great comfort to her, in the midst of her afflictions; and after she had been assured by him of Walter's perfect safety, she became apparently more happy, and certainly more loquacious, than she had been for a great while byegone. She disclosed to him the dreadful secret, that her child was possessed of an evil spirit, and implored his influence with Heaven, and his power with hell, for its removal. This he readily undertook, on condition of being locked up with the maiden for a night, or two at most. She was to be left solely to his management; without the interference of any other human being; and with the help only of the Bible, the lamp, and the hour-glass, he declared that he would drive the unclean spirit from its tabernacle of clay.

To these conditions Maron Linton gladly assented; and, with grateful and fond acknowledgments, called him their benefactor and spiritual guide, their deliverer and shield; but he checked her, and said, there was still one condition more on which she behoved to condescend. It was likely that he might be under the hard necessity of using some violent measures in exorcising her. for it

would be hard to drive the malignant spirit from so sweet a habitation; but whatever noises might be heard, no one was to interfere, or even listen, upon pain of being delivered up to the foul spirit, soul and body; and it was ten to one that any who was so imprudent as to intrude on these awful and mysterious rites, might be torn in pieces.

Maron blest herself from all interference, and gave Nanny directions to the same purport; as for the two boys, they slept out of hearing. She likewise gave him the key, that he might lock both the doors of the Old Room in the inside, and thus prevent all intrusions, should any be offered. He said prayers in the family, to which Katharine was admitted; and then taking the lamp and the hour-glass in his hand, and the Bible below his arm, he departed into the Old Room, where, in about half an hour afterwards, the maiden was summoned to attend him. He took her respectfully by the hand, and seated her on a chair at the side of the bed, saying that he was commissioned by her worthy mother to hold a little private conversation with her. Then locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket, he added, "You are my prisoner for this night, but be not alarmed; I have undertaken to drive an evil spirit away from you, but both my exorcisms and orisons shall be adapted to the feelings of a young maiden, and as agreeable to one whom I so much admire, as it is in my power to make them."

Katharine grew as pale as death as he uttered these words, placing himself at the same time cordially by her side.

It is unmeet to relate the conversation that ensued; but the worthy curate soon showed off in his true colours, and with unblushing front ventured a proposal that shocked the innocent and modest Katharine so much, that she could only reply to it by holding up her hands, and uttering a loud exclamation of astonishment. His further procedure soon convinced her, that she was in the hands of a man who was determined to take every advantage of the opportunity thus unwarrantably afforded him, and

to stick at no atrocity for the accomplishment of his purposes.

She neither descended to tears nor entreaties, but resisted all his approaches with a firmness and dignity that he never conceived to have formed any part of her character; and, when continuing to press her hand, she said to him, "You had better keep your distance, Mass John Clerk, and consider what befits your character, and the confidence reposed in you by my unsuspecting parent; but I tell you, if you again presume to touch me, though it were but with one of your fingers, I will, in a moment, bring those out of the chink of the wall, or from under that hearth, that shall lay you motionless at my feet in the twinkling of an eye, or bear you off to any part of the creation that I shall name."

He smiled as she said this, and was about to turn it into a jest, but on looking at her face, he perceived that there was not one trait of jocularity in it. It beamed with a mystical serenity which sent a chilness through his whole frame; and, for the first time, he deemed her deranged, or possessed in some manner, he wist not how. Staunch, however, to his dishonourable purpose, he became so unequivocal, that she was obliged to devise some means of attaining a temporary cessation; and feigning to hesitate on his proposal, she requested a minute or two to speak.

"I am but young, Mass John," said she, "and have no experience in the ways of the world; and it seems, from what you have advanced, that I attach more importance to some matters than they deserve. But I beg of you to give me a little time to reflect on the proposal you have made. See that hourglass is half run out already: I only ask of you not to disturb or importune me until it run out a second time."

"And do you then promise to do as I request?" said he.

"I do," returned she, "provided you still continue of the same mind as you are now."

"My mind is made up," said he, "and my resolution taken in all that relates to you; nevertheless, it would

be hard to refuse a maid so gentle and modest a request —I grant it—and should you attempt to break off your engagement at the expiry of the time, it shall be the worse for you."

"Be it so," replied she: "in the mean time let me be undisturbed till then." And so saying, she arose and went aside to the little table where the Bible and the lamp were placed, and began with great seriousness to search out, and peruse parts of the sacred volume.

Clerk liked not this contemplative mood, and tried every wile in his power to draw her attention from the Scriptures. He sought out parts which he desired her to read, if she would read; but from these she turned away without deigning to regard them, and gently reminded him that he had broken one of his conditions. "Maids only impose such conditions on men," said he, "as they desire should be broken." At this she regarded him with a look of ineffable contempt, and continued to read on in her Bible.

The hour of midnight was now passed.—the sand had nearly run out for the second time since the delay had been acceded to, and Clerk had been for a while tapping the glass on the side, and shaking it, to make it empty its contents the sooner. Katharine likewise began to eye it with looks that manifested some degree of perturbation: she clasped the Bible, and sate still in one position, as if listening attentively for some sound or signal. The worthy curate at length held the hourglass up between her eye and the burning lamp,—the last lingering pile of sand fell reluctantly out as he shook it in that position,—anxiety and suspense settled more deeply on the lovely and serene face of Katharine; but instead of a flexible timidity, it assumed an air of sternness. At that instant the cock crew,—she started,—heaved a deep sigh, like one that feels a sudden relief from pain, and a beam of joy shed its radiance over her countenance. Clerk was astonished,—he could not divine the source or cause of her emotions, but judging from his own corrupt heart, he judged amiss. True however to his point, he

reminded her of her promise, and claimed its fulfilment. She deigned no reply to his threats or promises, but kept her eye steadfastly fixed on another part of the room. He bade her remember that he was not to be mocked, and in spite of her exertions, he lifted her up in his arms, and carried her across the room towards the bed. She uttered a loud scream, and in a moment the outer-door that entered from the bank was opened, and a being of such unearthly dimensions entered, as no pen may ever wholly define. It was the Brownie of Bodsbeck, sometimes mentioned before, small of stature, and its whole form utterly mis-shaped. Its beard was long and grey, while its look, and every lineament of its face, were indicative of agony—its locks were thin, dishevelled, and white, and its back hunched up behind its head. There seemed to be more of the same species of hagard beings lingering behind at the door, but this alone advanced with a slow majestic pace. Mass John uttered two involuntary cries, somewhat resembling the shrill bellowings of an angry bull, mixed with inarticulate mumblings, —sunk powerless on the floor, and, with a deep shivering groan, fainted away. Katharine, stretching forth her hands, flew to meet her unearthly guardian;— "Welcome, my watchful and redoubted Brownie," said she; "thou art well worthy to be the familiar to an empress, rather than an insignificant country maiden."

"Brownie's here, Brownie's there,
Brownie's with thee every where,"

said the dwarfish spirit, and led her off in triumph.

Having bethought herself after she went out, she returned lightly, took the keys from the pocket of the forlorn priest, extinguished the lamp, and again disappeared, locking the door on the outside.

Mass John's trance threw him into a heavy and perturbed slumber, which overpowered him for a long space; and even after he awaked, it was long before he could fathom the circumstances of his case, for he imagined he had only been in a frightful and oppressive dream; till,

beginning to grope about, he discovered that he was lying on the damp floor with his clothes on; and at length, without opening his eyes, he recovered by degrees his reasoning faculties, and was able to retrace the circumstances that led to his present situation. He arose in great dismay—the daylight had begun to shine into the room, and finding that both doors were locked, he deemed it unadvisable to make any noise, and threw himself upon the bed. The retrospect of his adventure was fraught with shame and astonishment. He had acted a considerable part in it, but he had dreamed of a great deal more, and with all his ingenuity he could not separate in his mind the real incidents from those that were imaginary. He arose with the sun, and rapped gently at the inner-door, which, to his still farther astonishment, was opened by Katharine, in her usual neat and cleanly morning dress. He stared in her face, to mark if he could read any meaning in it: he could distinguish none that spoke a language to him either good or bad; it was a face of calm decent serenity, and wore no shade of either shame nor anger—somewhat paler than it was the evening before, but still as lovely as ever. The curate seemed gasping for breath, but not having courage to address her, he walked forth to the open air.

It was a beautiful morning in September; the ground was covered with a slight hoar frost, and a cloud of light haze (or, as the country people call it, *the blue ouder*,) slept upon the long valley of water, and reached nearly midway up the hills. The morning sun shone full upon it, making it appear like an ocean of silvery down. It vanished by imperceptible degrees into the clear blue firmament, and was succeeded by a warm sun and a southerly breeze. It was such a morning as could not fail to cheer and re-animate every heart and frame, not wholly overcome by guilt and disease—Clerk's were neither—he was depraved of heart, but insensible to the evil of such a disposition; he had, moreover, been a hanger-on from his youth upward, and had an effrontery not to be outfaced. Of course, by the time he had

finished a three-hours' walk, he felt himself so much refreshed and invigorated in mind, that he resolved not to expose himself to the goodwife, who was his principal stay and support among his straggled and dissatisfied flock, by a confession of the dreadful fright he had gotten, but to weather out the storm with as lofty and saintly a deportment as he could.

He had not well gone out when the lad of Kepplegill arrived, and delivered to Katharine her father's letter. She saw the propriety of the injunction which it bore, and that an immediate application to their laird, Drumelzier, who was then high in trust and favour with the party in power, was the likeliest of all ways to procure her father's relief, neither durst she trust the mission to any but herself. But ah! there was a concealed weight that pressed upon her spirit—a secret circumstance that compelled her to stay at home, and which could not be revealed to mortal ear. Her father's fate was at present uncertain and ticklish, but that secret once revealed, tortures, death, and ruin were inevitable—the doom of the whole family was sealed. She knew not what to do, for she had none to advise with. There was but one on earth to whom this secret could be imparted; indeed there was but one in whose power it was to execute the trust which the circumstances of the case required, and that was old Nanny, who was crazed, fearless, and altogether inscrutable. Another trial, however, of her religious principles, and adherence to the established rules of church government in the country, was absolutely necessary; and to that trial our young and mysterious heroine went with all possible haste, as well as precaution.

Whosoever readeth this must paint to themselves old Nanny, and they must paint her aright, with her thin fantastic form and antiquated dress, bustling up and down the house. Her fine stock of bannocks had been all exhausted—the troopers and their horses had left nothing in her master's house that could either be eaten or conveniently carried away. She had been early astir, as well as her sedate and thoughtful young dame, had been

busy all the morning, and the whole time her tongue never at rest. She had been singing one while, speaking to herself another, and every now and then intermixing bitter reflections on Clavers and his troops.

"Wae be to them for a pack o' greedy gallayniels—they haena the mence of a miller's yaud; for though she'll stap her nose into every body's pock, yet when she's fou she'll carry naething wi' her. Heichow! wae's me, that I sude hae lived to see the day! That ever I sude hae lived to see the colehood take the laverock's place; and the stanchel and the merlin chatterin' frae the cushat's nest! Ah! wae's me! will the sweet voice o' the turtle-doo be nae mair heard in our land! There was a time when I sat on the bonny green brae an' listened to it till the tears dreepit frae my een, an' a' the hairs o' my head stood on end!—The hairs o' my head?—Ay, that's nae lie! They're grey now, an' will soon be snaw-white if heart's care can alter them; but they will never be sae white as his war. I saw the siller-grey lock o' age, an' the manly curls o' youth wavin' at my side that day!—But where are they now? A' mouled! a' mouled!—But the druckit blood winna let them rot! I'll see them rise fresh an' bonny! I'll look round to my right hand and ane will say, 'Mother! my dear mother, are you here with us?' I'll turn to my left hand, another will say, 'Nanny! my dear and faithful wife, are you too here with us?'—I'll say, 'Ay, John, I'm here; I was yours in life; I have been yours in death; an' I'll be yours in life again.'—Dear bairn, dear bairn, are you there," continued she, observing Katharine standing close behind her; "what was I saying, or where was I at? I little wat outher what I was saying or doing.—Hout ay; I was gaun ower some auld things, but they're a' like a dream, an' when I get amang them I'm hardly mysel. Dear bairn, ye maunna mind an auld crazy body's reveries."

There was some need for this apology, if Nanny's frame, air, and attitude, are taken into account. She was standing with her back to the light, mixing meal with water, whereof to make bread—her mutch, or *night-bussing*, as

she called it, was tied close down over her cheeks and brow as usual; her grey locks hanging dishevelled from under it; and as she uttered the last sentence, immediately before noticing her young mistress, her thin mealy hands were stretched upwards, her head and body bent back, and her voice like one in a paroxysm. Katharine quaked, although well accustomed to scenes of no ordinary nature.

"Nanny," said she, "there is something that preys upon your spirit—some great calamity that recurs to your memory, and goes near to unhinge your tranquillity of mind, if not your reason. Will you inform me of it, good Nanny, that I may talk and sympathize with you over it?"

"Dear bairn, nae loss ava—A' profit! a' profit i' the main! I haena biggit a bield o' the windlestrae, nor lippened my weight to a broken reed! Na, na, dear bairn; nae loss ava."

"But, Nanny, I have overheard you in your most secret hours, in your prayers and self-examinations."

At the mention of this Nanny turned about, and after a wild searching stare in her young mistress's face, while every nerve of her frame seemed to shrink from the recollection of the disclosures she feared she had made, she answered as follows, in a deep and tremulous tone:—

"That was atween God and me—There was neither language nor sound there for the ear o' flesh!—It was unfair!—It was unfair!—Ye are mistress here, and ye keep the keys o' the aumbry, the kitchen, the ha', an' the hale house; but wi' the secret keys o' the heart and conscience ye hae naething to do!—the keys o' the sma'est portal that leads to heaven or hell are nane o' yours; therefore, what ye hae done was unfair. If I chose, sinful and miserable as I am, to converse with my God about the dead as if they war living, an' of the living as if they war dead, what's that to you? Or if I likit to take counsel of that which exists only in my own mind, is the rackle hand o' steelrife power to make a handle o' that to grind the very hearts of the just and the good, or turn the poor wasted frame o' eild and resignation on the wheel?—Lack-

a-day, my dear bairn, I'm lost again! Ye canna an' ye maunna forgie me now. Walth's dear, an' life's dearer —but sin' it maun be sae, twal o'clock sanna find me aneath your roof—there shall naebody suffer for harbouring poor auld Nanny—she has seen better days, an' she hopes to see better anes again; but it's lang sin' the warld's weel an' the warld's wae came baith to her alike. I maun e'en bid ye fareweel, my bonny bairn, but I maun tell ye ere I gae that ye're i' the *braid way*. Ye hae some good things about ye, and O, it is a pity that a dear sweet soul should be lost for want o' light to direct! How can a dear bairn find the right way wi' its een tied up? But I maun haud my tongue an' leave ye—I wad fain greet, but I hae lost the gate o't, for the fountain-head has been lang run dry—Weel, weel—it's a' ower!—nae mair about it—How's this the auld sang gaes?

When the well runs dry then the rain is nigh,
The heavens o' earth maun borrow,
An' the streams that stray thro' the wastes the day,
May sail aboon the morrow.

Then dinna greet, my bonny bird,
I downa bide to hear ye;
The storm may blaw, and the rain may fa',
But nouther sal come near ye.

There's an eye that sees, there's an arm uprears,
There's an ear that hears our mourning,
There's an edict pass'd out frae the sky,
From which there's no returning.

Then dinna greet for the day that's gane,
Nor on the present ponder,
For thou shalt sing on the laverock's wing,
An' far away beyond her."

This Nanny sung to an air so soothing, and at the same time so melancholy, it was impossible to listen to her unaffected, especially as she herself was affected in a very peculiar manner—a beam of wild delight glancing in her eye, but it was like the joy of grief, (if one may be allowed the expression,) if not actually the joy of madness. Nothing could be more interesting than

her character was now to the bewildered Katharine—it arose to her eyes, and grew on her mind like a vision. She had been led previously to regard her as having been crazed from her birth, and her songs and chaunts to be mere ravings of fancy, strung in rhymes to suit favourite airs, or old scraps of ballads void of meaning, that she had learned in her youth. But there was a wild elegance at times in her manner of thinking and expression—a dash of sublimity that was inconsistent with such an idea. "Is it possible," (thus reasoned the maiden with herself,) "that this demeanour can be the effect of great worldly trouble and loss?—Perhaps she is bereft of all those who were near and dear to her in life—is left alone as it were in this world, and has lost a relish for all its concerns, while her whole hope, heart, and mind, is fixed on a home above, to which all her thoughts, dreams, and even her ravings insensibly turn, and to which the very songs and chaunts of her youthful days are modelled anew. If such is really her case, how I could sympathize with her in all her feelings!"

"Nanny," said she, "how wofully you misapprehend me; I came to exchange burdens of heart and conscience with you—to confide in you, and love you: Why will not you do the same with me, and tell me what loss it is that you seem to bewail night and day, and what affecting theme it is that thus puts you beside yourself?—If I judge not far amiss, the knowledge of this is of greater import to my peace than aught in the world beside, and will lead to a secret from me that deeply concerns us both."

Nanny's suspicions were aroused, not laid, by this speech; she eyed her young mistress steadfastly for a while, smiled, and shook her head.

"Sae young, sae bonny, and yet sae cunning!" said she. "Judas coudna hae sic a face, but he had nouther a fairer tongue nor a fauser heart!—A secret frae you, dear bairn! what secret can come frae you, but some bit waefu' love story, enough to mak the pinks an' the ewe gowans blush to the very lip? My heart's wae for ye,

ae way an' a' ways; but it's a part of your curse—woman sinned an' woman maun suffer—her hale life is but a succession o' shame, degradation, and suffering, frae her cradle till her grave."

Katharine was dumb for a space, for reasoning with Nanny was out of the question.

"You may one day rue this misprision of my motives, Nanny," rejoined she; "in the mean time, I am obliged to leave home, on an express that concerns my father's life and fortune; be careful of my mother until my return, and of every thing about the house, for the charge of all must devolve for a space on you."

"That I will, dear bairn—the thing that Nanny has ta'en in hand sanna be neglected, if her twa hands can do it, and her auld crazed head comprehend it."

"But, first, tell me, and tell me seriously, Nanny, are you subject to any apprehension or terror on account of spirits?"

"Nae mair feared for them than I am for you, an' no half sae muckle, wi' your leave.—Spirits, quoth I!

> Little misters it to me
> Whar they gang, or whar they ride;
> Round the hillock, on the lea,
> Round the auld borral tree,
> Or bourock by the burn side;
> Deep within the bogle-howe,
> Wi' his haflats in a lowe,
> Wons the waefu' wirricowe.

"Ah! noble Cleland! it is like his wayward freaks an' whimsies! Did ye never hear it, you that speaks about spirits as they war your door neighbours? It's a clever thing; his sister sung it; I think, it rins this gate—hum! but then the dialogue comes in, and it is sae kamshachle I canna word it, though I canna say it's misleared either."

"Dear Nanny, that is far from my question. You say you are nothing afraid of spirits?"

"An' why should I? If they be good spirits, they

will do me nae ill; and if they be evil spirits, they hae nae power here. Thinkna ye that He that takes care o' me throughout the day, is as able to do it by night? Na, na, dear bairn, I hae contendit wi' the warst o' a' spirits face to face, hand to hand, and breast to breast; ay, an' for a' his power, an' a' his might, I dang him; and packed him off baffled and shamed!—Little reason hae I to be feared for ony o' his black emissaries."

"Should one appear to you bodily, would you be nothing distracted or frightened?"

"In my own strength I could not stand it, but yet I would stand it."

"That gives me joy.—Then, Nanny, list to me: You will assuredly see one in my absence; and you must take good heed to my directions, and act precisely as I bid you."

Nanny gave up her work, and listened in suspense. "Then it is a' true that the fock says!" said she, with a long-drawn sigh. "His presence be about us!"

"How sensibly you spoke just now! Where is your faith fled already? I tell you there will one appear to you every night in my absence, precisely on the first crowing of the cock, about an hour after midnight, and you must give him every thing that he asks, else it may fare the worse with you, and all about the house."

Nanny's limbs were unable to support her weight—they trembled under her. She sat down on a form, leaned her brow upon both hands, and recited the 63d Psalm from beginning to end in a fervent tone.

"I wasna prepared for this," said she. "I fear, though my faith may stand it, my wits will not. Dear, dear bairn, is there nae way to get aff frae sic a trial!"

"There is only one, which is fraught with danger of another sort; but were I sure that I could trust you with it, all might be well, and you would rest free from any intercourse with that unearthly visitant, of whom it seems you are so much in terror."

"For my own sake ye may trust me there: Ony

thing but a bogle face to face at midnight, an' me a' my lane. It is right wonderfu', though I ken I'll soon be in a warld o' spirits, an' that I maun mingle an' mool wi them for ages, how the nature within me revolts at a' communion wi' them here. Dear bairn, gie me your other plan, an' trust me for my own sake."

"It is this—but if you adopt it, for your life an' soul let no one in this place know of it but yourself :—It is to admit one or two of the fugitive whigs,—these people that skulk and pray about the mountains, privily into the house every night, until my return. If you will give me any test of your secrecy and truth, I will find ways and means of bringing them to you, which will effectually bar all intrusion of bogle or Brownie on your quiet ; or should any such dare to appear, they will deal with it themselves."

"An' *can* the presence o' ane o' *them* do this?" said Nanny, starting up and speaking in a loud eldrich voice. "Then Heaven and hell acknowledges it, an' the earth maun soon do the same! I knew it!—I knew it!—I knew it!—ha, ha, ha, I knew it!—Ah! John, thou art safe!—Ay! an' mae than thee ; an' there will be mae yet! It is but a day! an' dark an' dismal though it be, the change will be the sweeter! Blessed, blessed be the day! None can say of thee that thou died like a fool, for thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters." Then turning close round to Katharine, with an expression of countenance quite indescribable, she added in a quick maddened manner,—"Eh? Thou seekest a test of me, dost thou? Can blood do it?—Can martyrdom do it?—Can bonds, wounds, tortures, and mockery do it? —Can death itself do it? All these have *I* suffered for that cause *in this same body;* mark that ; for there is but one half of my bone and my flesh here. But words are nothing to the misbelieving—mere air mouthed into a sound. Look at this for a test of *my* sincerity and truth." So saying, she gave her hand a wild brandish in the air, darted it at her throat, and snapping the tie of her cap that she had always worn over her face, she snatched

it off, and turning her cheek round to her young mistress, added, "Look there for your test, and if that is not enough, I will give you more!"

Katharine was struck dumb with astonishment and horror. She saw that her ears were cut out close to the skull, and a C. R. indented on her cheek with a hot iron, as deep as the jaw-bone. She burst out a crying—clasped the old enthusiast in her arms—kissed the wound and steeped it with her tears, and without one further remark, led her away to the Old Room, that they might converse without interruption.

The sequel of this disclosure turned not out as desired; but this we must leave by the way, until we overtake it in the regular course of the narrative.

CHAP. XII.

As soon as her father's letter was put into her hands, Katharine sent off one of her brothers to Muchrah, to warn old John and his son to come instantly to Chapelhope. They both arrived while she and Nanny were consulting in the Old Room. She told them of her father's letter, of the jeopardy he was in, and of her intended application to Drummelzier without loss of time. "One of you," said she, "must accompany me; and I sent for you both, to learn which could, with least inconvenience, be wanted from your flocks."

"As for me," said John, "it's out o' the question to *think* about me winning away. The ewes wad gang wi' the bit hog-fence o' the Quave Brae, stoup and roup. What wi' ghaists, brownies, dead men, an' ae mischief an' other, it is maistly gane already; an' what's to come o' the poor bits o' plottin baggits a' winter, is mair nor I can tell. They may pike the woo aff ane another for aught that I see."

Katharine was grieved to hear this remonstrance, for she was desirous of having old John as a guide and protector, who well knew the way, and was besides singular for strength and courage, if kept among beings of this world. She represented to him that the hog-fence of the Quave-Brae, could not possibly be of equal importance with his master's life, nor yet with the loss of his whole stock, both of sheep and cattle, which might be confiscated, if prompt measures were not adopted. Nothing, however, could persuade John, that ought could be of equal importance to him with that which he had the charge of, and on which his heart and attention were so much set both by day and night. He said he had lost his lugs, and been brunt wi the king's birn, for the hog-fence of the Quave-Brae; and when he coudna get away to the prison at Edinburgh for fear o't, but suffered sae muckle in place o' that, how could he win away a' the gate to Dunse Castle?

Jasper liked not the journey more than he; for being convinced of Katharine's power over spirits, he was very jealous of her taking undue advantages of him, but he was obliged to submit. He refused a horse, saying "it would only taigle him, but if she suffered him to gang on his feet, if he was hindmost at Dunse, he should gie her leave to cut the lugs out o' his head too, and then he wad hae the thief's mark on him like his father."

Away they went; she riding on a stout shaggy poney, and Jasper running before her barefoot, but with his *hose and shoon* bound over his shoulder. He took the straight line for Dunse, over hill and dale, as a shepherd always does, who hates the *wimples*, as he calls them, of a turnpike. He took such a line as an eagle would take, or a flock of wild geese journeying from the one side of the country to the other, never once reflecting on the inconvenience of riding on such a road. Of course, it was impossible his young mistress could keep up with him—indeed she had often enough to do in keeping sight of him. They met with some curious adventures by the way, particularly one near Thirlestane castle on Leader, with some stragglers of a troop of soldiers. But these things we

must hurry over as extraneous matter, having nothing more to do with them than as connected with the thread of our tale. They slept that night at a farm-house in Lammermoor, which belonged to Drummelzier, and next day by noon arrived at Dunse Castle.

Drummelzier, being one of the Committee of Public Safety, was absent from home, to which he did not return for several days, to the great perplexity of Katharine, who was in the utmost distress about her father, as well as her affairs at home. She was obliged, however, to wait with patience, as no one knew in what part of the country he was. The housekeeper, who was an Englishwoman, was kind to her, and bade her not be afraid, for that their master had much more power with the government than Claverhouse, the one being a moving spring, and the other only a tool.

Drummelzier was a bold and determined royalist—was, indeed, in high trust with the privy council, and had it in his power to have harassed the country as much, and more, than the greater part of those who did so; but, fortunately for that south-east division of Scotland, he was a gentleman of high honour, benevolence, and suavity of manners, and detested any act of injustice or oppression. He by these means contributed materially to the keeping of a large division of Scotland (though as whiggishly inclined as any part of it, Ayrshire perhaps excepted,) in perfect peace. The very first dash that Clavers made among the Covenanters, while he was as yet only a captain of a company, was into this division of the country over which Drummelzier was appointed to keep an eye, and it was in consequence of his intrepid and decided behaviour there, that the Duke of York interested himself in his behalf, and procured him the command of a troop of horse. At a place called Bewly, on the confines of Roxburghshire, he surprised a large conventicle about eleven o'clock on a Sabbath morning. Having but a small band, as soon as he appeared a crowd of the hearers gathered round the preacher to defend him, or to further his escape. Clavers burst in upon them like a torrent; killed and

wounded upwards of an hundred; took the preacher prisoner, and all such of the hearers as were the most respectable in appearance. He would have detained many more had his force been sufficient for his designs, for that very day, about five o clock in the afternoon, he surprised another numerous conventicle, at a place called Helmburn-Linn, in Selkirkshire, where he acted over the same scene that he had done in the morning. The people, it is true, did not get time to rally round their pastor as at the former place, for the first intelligence they had of his approach was from a volley of musketry among them from the top of the linn, which took too sure effect.

The congregation scattered in a moment; and as there were strong fastnesses near at hand, none were taken prisoners, save some old men, and a number of ladies; unfortunately all these were ladies of distinction: the preacher likewise was taken, who suffered afterwards. The soldiers related of this man, that when they came upon the crowd, and fired among them, he was in the middle of his afternoon prayer, and all the people standing uncovered around him; and that for all the shots, and the people flying and falling dead about him, he never so much as paused, nor took down his hands, nor even opened his eyes, but concluded a sentence in the same fervent tone, after they had dragged him from the tent.

At one or other of these unfortunate conventicles, a part of all the chief families of the Pringles, such as Torwoodlee, Whitebank, Fairnilie, and others, were taken prisoners; as well as some of the Scotts of Harden, and the Douglasses of Cavers and Boonjeddart; rich prizes for Clavers, who bore them all in triumph prisoners to Edinburgh.

Drummelzier put his whole interest to the stretch to get these leading and respectable families freed from such a disagreeable dilemma, and succeeded in getting the greater part of them set at liberty, on giving securities. From that time forth, there existed a secret jealousy between him and Clavers; but as their jurisdiction lay

on different sides of the country, they had no further interference with one another.

When Katharine informed him, that his farmer, whom he so much esteemed, was taken away a prisoner, and by whom, he bit his lip, shook his head, and seemed highly incensed. He then questioned her about all the charges against him, and the evidence; requesting her, at the same time, to tell him the truth, in all its bearings, to the most minute scruple; and when he had heard all, he said, that his lordship had other motives for this capture besides these. He lost no time in setting about the most coercive measures he could think of, to procure his liberty. He sent an express to the privy council, and wrote to sundry other gentlemen, whom Katharine knew nothing of; but the destination of Walter being utterly unknown to either of them, the laird was at a loss how to proceed.

He gave her, moreover, a bond of security, signed with his name, and without a direction, to a great amount for her father's appearance at any court, to answer such charges as were brought against him; and with this she was to haste to the place where her father was a prisoner, and present it to the sheriff of the county, or chief magistrate of the burgh of such place, unless it was at Edinburgh, and in that case she was to take no farther care or concern about him.

She hasted home with her wild guide, where she arrived the fourth or fifth day after her departure; and found, to her astonishment, the Chapelhope deserted by man, woman, and boy! Not a living creature remained about the steading, but her father's dog and some poultry! The doors were locked, and the key away; and, hungry and fatigued as she was, she could find no means of admittance. At length, on looking about, she perceived that the cows were not about the house, nor any where in the corn, and concluding that some one must be herding them, she went up the side of the lake to their wonted walk, and found her two brothers attending the cattle.

They told her that the *town* (so they always denominate a farm-steading in that district,) had been so grievously haunted in her absence, both by Brownie and a ghost, that they were all obliged to leave it; that their mother was gone all the way to Gilmanscleuch to her brother, to remain there until she saw what became of her husband; Mass John was taken away by the fairies; and old Nanny was at Riskinhope, where they were also residing and sleeping at night; that the keys of the house were to be had there, but nothing would induce Nanny to come back again to Chapelhope, or at least to remain another night under its roof.

One mischief came thus upon poor Katharine after another; and she was utterly unable to account for this piece of intelligence, having been satisfied when she went away, that she had put every thing in train to secure peace and order about the house, until her return. She rode to Riskinhope for the key, but not one would accompany her home, poor Nanny being lying moaning upon a bed. Jasper sat on the side of the hill, at a convenient distance from the house, until her return; but then took her horse from her, and put it away to the rest, refusing to enter the door. Thus was she left in her father's house all alone. Nanny came over, and assisted her in milking the kine evening and morning; but Katharine remained the rest of the day, and every night, by herself, neither did she press any one much to bear her company. She had no one to send in search of her father, and deliver Drummelzier's bond, at least none that any one knew of, yet it was sent, and that speedily, although to little purpose; for though Walter was sent to Dumfries jail, he remained there but two nights; a party of prisoners, of ten men and two women, being ordered for Edinburgh, under a guard of soldiers, he was mixed indiscriminately with the rest, and sent there along with them.

He always said, that though he was disposed to think well of Clavers before he saw him, yet he never was so blithe in his life as when he got from under his

jurisdiction; for there was an appearance of ferocity and wantonness of cruelty in all his proceedings, during the time that he rode in his train a prisoner, that made the heart of any man, not brutified by inurement to such scenes, revolt at the principles that induced, as well as the government that warranted them. He saw him and his troopers gather the whole vale of Annandale, as a shepherd gathers his sheep in droves, pricking the inhabitants with their swords to urge their speed. When he got thus all the people of a parish, or division of a parish, driven together, he surrounded them with his soldiers, made them kneel by dozens, and take the oath of abjuration, as well as one acknowledging James Duke of York their rightful lord and sovereign; and lastly, made them renounce their right and part in heaven, if ever they repented them of that oath. The first man of such a group, who refused or objected to compliance with this dreadful measure, he took him forthwith behind the ranks and shot him, which summary way of proceeding generally induced all the people to comply. Moreover, the way in which he threatened and maltreated children, and mocked and insulted women, not to mention more brutal usage of them, proved him at once to be destitute of the behaviour and feelings becoming a man, far less those of a gentleman. He seemed to regard all the commonalty in the south and west of Scotland as things to be mocked and insulted at pleasure, as beings created only for the sport of him and his soldiers, while their mental and bodily agonies were his delight. The narrator of this tale confesses that he has taken this account of his raid through the vales of Esk and Annan solely from tradition, as well as the attack made on the two conventicles, where the Pringles, &c., were taken prisoners; but these traditions are descended from such a source, and by such a line, as amounts with him to veracity, while other incidents recorded by Wodrow and Huie fully corroborate them.

Far different were Walter's feelings on parting with the commander of his guard. Serjeant Daniel Roy Mac-

pherson, a noble block from the genuine quarry of nature —rude as it was taken thence, without the mark of hammer or chisel. When he heard that his prisoner was to be taken from under his charge, he made up to him when out of the eye of his commander, and treated him with a parting speech; which, on account of its singularity, is here preserved, though, doubtless, woefully garbled by being handed from one southland generation to another.

"Now he'll pe tahaking you away from mhe pefore as it were yesterdhay; and he'll pe putting you into some vhile dark hole with all te low tamn fwigs that come from te hills of Gallochee and Drummochloonrich, which is a shame and a disgrhace to shut up a shentleman who is chief of a clan among such poor crhazy maniachs, who will pe filling your ears full of their rejoicings in spirit; and of Haiven! and Haiven! just as if they were all going to Haiven! Do they suppose that Haiven is to pe filled full of such poor insignaificant crheatures as they? But I'll pe giving you advice as a friend and prhother; when you come pefore the couhnsel, or any of their commissioners, do not you pe talking of Haiven, and Haiven, and of conscience and covenants. And do not you pe pragging and poasting of one to pe your chief, or to pe of a clan that has not a friend at court; but tell them your own clan, and your claims to be its chief; and if you do not know her true descent, you had better claim Macpherson; she pe as ould and as honourable a clan as any of them all, and more."

Walter said, he trusted still to the proofs of his own loyalty, and the want of evidence to the contrary.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Macpherson; "I tell you the evidence you want is this, if any great man say you ought to live, you will live; if not, you will die. Did not I was telling you that the soholdiers that were found dead in the correi, on the lands that belong to yourself, was evidence enough and more; I would not pe giving a curse for your evidence after that, for the one is much petter than te otner. And it is very well

thought!" continued he, smiling grimly, "if you will pe preaking out into a rage, and pe cursing and tamning them all, you will get free in one moment."

Walter said, that would be an easy ransom, and though it was an error he was too apt to fall into when angry, he could see no effect it could have in this case, but to irritate his prosecutors more and more against him.

"You see no effect! Cot t—n, if you ever can see any effect peyond the top that is on your nose! and you will not pe advised by a man of experience, who would do more for you than he would pe commending of; and if you trust to what you can see, you will pe dancing a beautiful Highland shig in the air to a saulm tune, and that will have a very good effect. I tell you, when you come again to be questioned, I know my Lord Dundee is to be there to pe adducing his proof; take you great and proud offence at some of their questions and their proofs; and you may pe making offer to fight them all one by one, or two by two, in the king's name, and send them all to hell in one pody; you cannot pe tamning them too much sore. By the soul of Rory More Macpherson! I would almost give up this claymore to be by and see that effect. Now you are not to pe minding because I am laughing like a fool, for I'm perfectly serious; if matters should pe standing hard with you, think of the advice of an ould friend, who respects you as the chief of the clan MacLeadle, supposing it to pe as low, and as much fallen down as it may.—Farewell! she pe giving you her hearty Cot's blessing.

Thus parted he with Daniel Roy Macpherson, and, as he judged, an unfortunate change it was for him. The wretch who now took the command of their guard had all the ignorance and rudeness of the former, without any counterbalance of high feeling and honour like him. His name was Patie Ingles, a temporary officer, the same who cut off the head of the amiable Mr White with an axe, at Kilmarnock, carried it to New-mills, and gave it to his party to play a game with at foot-ball, which they did. Ingles was drunk during the greater part of the journey, and

his whole delight was in hurting, mortifying, and mimicking his prisoners. They were all bound together in pairs, and driven on in that manner like coupled dogs. This was effected by a very simple process. Their hands were fastened behind, the right and left arm of each pair being linked within one another. Walter was tied to a little spare Galloway weaver, a man wholly prone to controversy; he wanted to argue every point, on which account he was committed. Yet, when among the Cameronians, he took their principles as severely to task as he did those of the other party when examined by them. He lived but to contradict. Often did he try Walter with different points of opinion regarding the Christian Church. Walter knew so little about them that the weaver was astonished. He tried him with the apologetical declaration. Walter had never heard of it. He could make nothing of his gigantic associate, and at length began a sly inquiry on what account he was committed; but even on that he received no satisfactory information.

Ingles came staggering up with them. "Weel, Master Skinflint, what say you to it the day? This is a pleasant journey, is it not? Eh?—I say, Master, what do they call you! Peal-an'-eat, answer me in this—you see—I say—Is it not delightful? Eh?"

"Certainly, sir," said the weaver, who wished to be quit of him; "very delightful to those who feel it so."

"*Feel* it so!—D—n you, sirrah, what do you mean by that? Do you know who you are speaking to? Eh?—Answer me in this—What do you mean by *Feel it so?* Eh?"

"I meant nothing," returned the weaver, somewhat snappishly, "but that kind of respect which I always pay to gentry like you."

"Gentry like me!—D—n you, sir, if you speak such a —Eh?—Gentry like me!—I'll spit you like a cock pheasant—Eh? Have you any of them in Galloway? Answer me in this, will you? Eh?"

"I'll answer any reasonable thing, sir," said the poor weaver.

"Hout, never head the creature, man," said Walter; "it's a poor drunken senseless beast of a thing."

Ingles fixed his reeling unsteady eyes upon him, filled with drunken rage—walked on, spitting and looking across the way for a considerable space—"What the devil of a whig camel is this?" said he, crossing over to Walter's side. "Drunken senseless beast of a thing! Holm, did you hear that?—Macwhinny, did you?—Eh? I'll scorn to shoot the cusser, though I could do it—Eh? But I'll kick him like a dog—Eh?—Take that, and that, will you? Eh?" And so saying, he kicked our proud-hearted and independent Goodman of Chapelhope with his foot, staggering backward each time he struck.

Walter's spirit could not brook this; and, disregardful of all consequences, he wheeled about with his face toward him, dragging the weaver round with a jerk, as a mastiff sometimes does a spaniel that is coupled to him; and, as Ingles threw up his foot to kick him on the belly, he followed up his heel with his foot, giving him such a fling upwards as made him whirl round in the air like a reel. He fell on his back, and lay motionless; on which, several of the party of soldiers levelled their muskets at Walter. "Ay, shoot," said he, setting up his boardly breast to them—"Shoot at me if you dare, the best o' ye."

The soldiers cocked their pieces.

"Your Colonel himsel durstna wrang a hair o' my head, though fain he wad hae done sae, without first gieing me ower to his betters—Let me see if a scullion amang ye a' dare do mair than he."

The soldiers turned their eyes, waiting for the word of command; and the weaver kept as far away from Walter as the nature of his bonds would let him. The command of the party now devolved on a Serjeant Douglas; who, perhaps nothing sorry for what had happened, stepped in between the soldiers and prisoner, and swore a great oath, that, "what the prisoner said was the truth; and that all that it was their duty to do was, to take the prisoners safe to Edinburgh, as at first ordered; and there give their evidence of this transaction, which

would send the lousy whig to hell at once, provided there was any chance of his otherwise escaping."

They lifted Ingles, and held him up into the air to get breath, loosing meantime his cravat and clothes ; on which he fell to vomit severely, owing to the fall he had got, and the great quantity of spirits he had drunk. They waited on him for about two hours ; but as he still continued unable either to speak or walk, they took him into a house called Granton and proceeded on their destination.

This Douglas, though apparently a superior person to the former commander of the party, was still more intolerant and cruel than he. There was no indignity or inconvenience that he could fasten on his prisoners which he did not exercise to the utmost. They lodged that night at a place called Tweedshaws ; and Walter used always to relate an occurrence that took place the next morning, that strongly marked the character of this petty officer, as well as the licensed cruelty of the times.

Some time previous to this, there had been a fellowship meeting, at a place called Tallo-Linns, of the wanderers that lurked about Chapelhope and the adjacent mountains. About eighty had assembled, merely to spend the night in prayer, reading the Scriptures, &c. The curate of Tweedsmuir, a poor dissolute wretch, sent a flaming account of this in writing to the privy council, magnifying that simple affair to a great and dangerous meeting of armed men. The council took the alarm, raised the hue and cry, and offered a reward for the apprehending of any one who had been at the meeting of Tallo-Linns. The curate, learning that a party of the king's troops was lodged that night in his parish and neighbourhood, came to Tweedshaws at a late hour, and requested to speak with the captain of the party. He then informed Douglas of the meeting, shewed him the council's letter and proclamation, and finally told him that there was a man in a cottage hard by whom he strongly suspected to have formed one at the meeting alluded to in the proclamation There being no conveniency for lodging so many people

at Tweedshaws, Douglas and the curate drank together all the night, as did the soldiers in another party. A number of friends to the prisoners had given them money when they left Dumfries for Edinburgh, to supply as well as they might the privations to which they would be subjected; but here the military took the greater part of it from them to supply their intemperance. About the break of day, they went and surrounded a shepherd's cottage belonging to the farm of Corehead, having been led thither by the curate, where they found the shepherd an old man, his daughter, and one Edward M'Cane, son to a merchant in Lanarkshire, who was courting this shepherdess, a beautiful young maiden. The curate having got intelligence that a stranger was at that house, immediately suspected him to be one of the wanderers, and on this surmise the information was given. The curate acknowledged the shepherd and his daughter as parishioners, but of M'Cane, he said, he knew nothing, and had no doubt that he was one of the rebellious whigs. They fell to examine the youth, but they were all affected with the liquor they had drunk over night, and made a mere farce of it, paying no regard to his answers, or, if they did, it was merely to misconstrue or mock them. He denied having been at the meeting at Tallo-Linns, and all acquaintance with the individuals whom they named as having been there present. Finding that they could make nothing of him whereon to ground a charge, Douglas made them search him for arms; for being somewhat drunk, he took it highly amiss that he should have been brought out of his way for nothing. M'Cane judged himself safe on that score, for he knew that he had neither knife, razor, bodkin, nor edged instrument of any kind about him; but as ill luck would have it, he chanced to have an old gun-flint in his waistcoat pocket. Douglas instantly pronounced this to be sufficient, and ordered him to be shot. M'Cane was speechless for some time with astonishment, and at length told his errand, and the footing on which he stood with the young girl before them, offering at the same time to bring proofs from his own

parish of his loyalty and conformity. He even condescended to kneel to the ruffian, to clasp his knees, and beg and beseech of him to be allowed time for a regular proof; but nothing would move him. He said, the courtship was a very clever excuse, but would not do with him, and forthwith ordered him to be shot. He would not even allow him to sing a psalm with his two friends, but cursed and swore that the devil a psalm he should sing there. He said, "It would not be singing a few verses of a psalm in a wretched and miserable style that would keep him out of hell; and if he went to heaven, he might then lilt as much at psalm-singing as he had a mind." When the girl, his betrothed sweetheart, saw the muskets levelled at her lover, she broke through the file, shrieking most piteously, threw herself on him, clasped his neck and kissed him, crying, like one distracted, "O Edward, take me wi' ye—take me wi' ye; a' the warld sanna part us."

"Ah! Mary," said he, "last night we looked forward to long and happy years—how joyful were our hopes! but they are all blasted at once. Be comforted, my dearest, dearest heart!—God bless you!—Farewell for ever."

The soldiers then dragged her backward, mocking her with indelicate remarks, and while she was yet scarcely two paces removed, and still stretching out her hands towards him, six balls were lodged in his heart in a moment, and he fell dead at her feet. Deformed and bloody as he was, she pressed the corpse to her bosom, moaning and sobbing in such a way as if every throb would have been her last, and in that condition the soldiers marched merrily off and left them. For this doughty and noble deed, for which Serjeant Douglas deserved to have been hanged and quartered, he shortly after got a cornetcy in Sir Thomas Livingston's troop of horse.

Two of the prisoners made their escape that morning, owing to the drunkenness of their guards, on which account the remainder being blamed, were more haughtily and cruelly treated than ever. It is necessary to mention all these, as they were afterwards canvassed at Walter's trial, the account of which formed one of his winter evening

tales as long as he lived. Indeed, all such diffuse and miscellaneous matter as is contained in this chapter, is a great incumbrance in the right onward progress of a tale; but we have done with it, and shall now haste to the end of our narrative in a direct uninterrupted line.

CHAP. XII.

The sudden departure of Katharine from home, after the extraordinary adventure of the curate Clerk in the Old Room, at the crowing of the cock, was a great relief to him, as it freed him from the embarrassment of her company, and gave him an opportunity of telling his own story to the gudewife without interruption, of the success he had in freeing her daughter from the power and fellowship of evil spirits. That story was fitted admirably to suit her weak and superstitious mind; it accorded with any thing nearer than the truth, and perhaps this finished hypocrite never appeared so great a character in the eyes of Maron Linton as he did that day. He spoke of going away to Henderland in the evening, but she entreated him so earnestly to stay and protect her from the power of the spirits that haunted the place, that he deemed it proper to acquiesce, for without the countenance of the family of Chapelhope he was nothing—he could not have lived in his puny cure. She depended on him, she said, to rid the town of these audacious (or, as she called them, *misleared*) beings altogether, for without his interference the family would be ruined. Their servants had all left them—the work remained unwrought, and every thing was going to confusion—she had given Brownie his accustomed wages again and again, and still he refused to leave the house; and without the holy man's assistance in expelling him and his train, their prospects in life were hopeless.

The curate promised to use his highest interest with

Heaven, and assured her that no further evil should come nigh unto her, at least while he remained under her roof; "for were it not," said he, "for the conjunction which they are in with one of the family, they should have been expelled long ere now. That unnatural bond, I hope, by a course of secret conferences, to be able to break asunder, but be not thou afraid, for no evil shall come nigh thy dwelling." He talked with the goodwife in the style that pleased her; flattered her high and pure notions of religion, as well as her piety and benevolence; said evening prayers in the family with zeal and devotion; but how was he startled when informed that he was to sleep again in the Old Room! He indeed knew not that it was haunted more than any other part of the house, or that it was the favourite nightly resort of the Brownie of Bodsbeck, but the apparition that he had seen, and the unaccountable rescue that he had witnessed the night before, preyed on his mind, and he hinted to the goodwife, that he had expected to be preferred to her daughter's room and bed that night, as she was absent; but Maron, too, was selfish; for who is without that great ruling motive? She expected that Brownie would appear; that Mass John would speak to it; and thence forward to be freed from its unwelcome intrusions. To the Old Room he was shewn at a late hour, where the lamp, the Bible, and the *sand-glass* were placed on the little table, at the bed's head, as usual.

It was past eleven when the curate went to sleep. Old Nanny, who was dressed more neatly than usual, sat still at the kitchen fire, expecting every minute the two Covenant men, whom her young mistress had promised to send to her privily, as her companions and protectors through the dark and silent watches of the night until her return. Still nothing of them appeared; but, confident that they would appear, she stirred the embers of the fire, and continued to keep watch with patient anxiety. When it drew towards midnight, as she judged, she heard a noise without, as of some people entering or trying to enter, by the outer door of the Old Room. Concluding that it

was her expected companions, and alarmed at the wrong direction they had taken, she ran out, and round the west end of the house, to warn them of their mistake, and bring them in by the kitchen door. As she proceeded, she heard two or three loud and half stifled howls from the interior of the Old Room. The door was shut, but, perceiving by the seam in the window shutters that the light within was still burning, she ran to the window, which directly faced the curate's bed; and there being a small aperture broken in one of the panes, she edged back the shutter, so as to see and hear the most part of what was going on within. She saw four or five figures standing at the bed, resembling human figures in some small degree—their backs towards her; but she saw a half face of one that held the lamp in its hand, and it was of the hue of a smoked wall. In the midst of them stood the deformed little Brownie, that has often been mentioned and described in the foregoing part of this tale. In his right hand he brandished a weapon, resembling a dirk or carving-knife. The other hand he stretched out, half raised over the curate's face, as if to command attention. "Peace!" said he, "thou child of the bottomless pit, and minister of unrighteousness; another such sound from these polluted lips of thine, and I plunge this weapon into thy heart. We would shed thy blood without any reluctance—nay, know thou that we would rejoice to do it, as thereby we would render our master acceptable service. Not for that intent or purpose are we now come; yet thy abominations shall not altogether pass unpunished. Thou knowest thy own heart—its hypocrisy, and licentiousness—Thou knowest, that last night, at this same hour, thou didst attempt, by brutal force, to pollute the purest and most angelic of the human race—we rescued her from thy hellish clutch, for we are her servants, and attend upon her steps. Thou knowest, that still thou art cherishing the hope of succeeding in thy cursed scheme. Thou art a stain to thy profession, and a blot upon the cheek of nature, enough to make thy race and thy nation stink in the nose of their Creator

—To what thou deservest, thy doom is a lenient one—but it is fixed and irrevocable!"

There was something in that mis-shapen creature's voice that chilled Nanny's very soul while it spoke these words, especially its pronunciation of some of them; it sounded like something she had heard before, perhaps in a dream, but it was horrible and not to be brooked. The rest now laid violent hold of Mass John, and she heard him mumbling in a supplicating voice, but knew not what he said. As they stooped forward, the lamp shone on the floor, and she saw the appearance of a coffin standing behind them. Nanny was astonished, but not yet overcome; for, cruel were the scenes that she had beheld, and many the trials she had undergone!—but at that instant the deformed and grizly being turned round, as if looking for something that it wanted—the lamp shone full on its face, the lineaments of which when Nanny beheld, her eyes at once were darkened, and she saw no more that night. How she spent the remainder of it, or by what means she got to her bed in the kitchen, she never knew; but next morning when the goodwife and her sons arose, poor old Nanny was lying in the kitchen bed delirious, and talking of dreadful and incomprehensible things. All that could be gathered from her frenzy was, that some terrible catastrophe had happened in the Old Room, and that Clerk, the curate, was implicated in it. The goodwife, judging that her favourite had been at war with the spirits, and that Heaven had been of course triumphant, hasted to the Old Room to bless and pay the honour due to such a divine character; she called his name as she entered, but no one made answer; she hasted to the bed, but behold there was no one there! The goodwife's sole spiritual guide had vanished away.

The curate Clerk was never more seen nor heard of in these bounds; but it may not be improper here to relate a circumstance that happened some time thereafter, as it comes no more within the range of this story.

In the month of October, and the memorable year

1688, it is well known that Clavers hasted southward, with all the troops under his command, to assist King James against the Prince of Orange and the protestant party of England, or to sell himself to the latter, any of the ways that he found most convenient. In the course of this march, as he was resting his troops at a place called Ninemile-brae, near the Border, a poor emaciated and forlorn-looking wretch came to him, and desired to speak a word with him. Mr Adam Copland and he were sitting together when this happened; Clavers asked his name and his business, for none of the two recognised him—It was Clerk, the curate (that had been) of Chapelhope and Kirkhope! Clavers said, as there were none present save a friend, he might say out his business. This he declined, and took Clavers a short way aside. Copland watched their motions, but could not hear what Clerk said. When he began to tell his story Clavers burst into a violent fit of laughter, but soon restrained himself, and Copland beheld him knitting his brows, and biting his lip, as he seldom failed to do when angry. When they parted, he heard him saying distinctly, "It is impossible that I can avenge your wrongs at this time, for I have matters of great import before me; but the day may come ere long when it will be in my power, and d—n me if I do not do it!"

The spirits of the wild having been victorious, and the reverend curate, the goodwife's only stay, overcome and carried off bodily, she was impatient, and on the rack every minute that she staid longer about the house. She caused one of her sons take a horse, and conduct her to Gilmanscleuch that night, to her brother Thomas's farm, determined no more to see Chapelhope till her husband's return; and if that should never take place, to bid it adieu for ever.

Nanny went to the led farm of Riskinhope, that being the nearest house to Chapelhope, and just over against it, in order to take what care she was able of the things about the house during the day. There also the two boys remained, and herded throughout the day in a very indif-

ferent manner; and, in short, every thing about the farm was going fast to confusion when Katharine returned from her mission to the Laird of Drummelzier. Thus it was that she found her father's house deserted, its doors locked up, and its hearth cold.

Her anxiety to converse privately with Nanny was great; but at her first visit, when she went for the key, this was impossible without being overheard. She soon, however, found an opportunity; for that night she enticed her into the byre at Chapelhope, in the gloaming, after the kine had left the lone, where a conversation took place between them in effect as follows:

"Alas, Nanny! how has all this happened? Did not the two Covenanters, for whom I sent, come to bear you company?"

"Dear bairn, if they did come I saw nae them. If they came, they were ower late, for the spirits were there afore them; an' I hae seen sic a sight? Dear, dear bairn, dinna gar me gang ower it again— I hae seen a sight that's enough to turn the heart o' flesh to an iceshogle, an' to freeze up the very springs o' life! Dinna gar me gang ower it again, an' rake up the ashes o' the honoured dead—But what need I say sae? The dead are up already! Lord in heaven be my shield and safeguard!"

"Nanny, you affright me; but, be assured, your terrors have originated in some mistake—your sight has deceived you, and all shall yet be explained to your satisfaction."

"Say nae sae, dear bairn; my sight hasna deceived me, yet I have been deceived. The world has deceived me—hell has deceived me—and heaven has winked at the deed. Alack, an' wae's me, that it should sae hae been predestined afore the world began! The day was, an' no sae lang sin' syne, when I could hae prayed wi' confidence, an' sung wi' joy; but now my mind is overturned, and I hae nouther stay on earth, nor hope in heaven! The veil of the Temple may be rent below, and the ark of the testimony thrown open above, but

their forms will not be seen within the one, nor their names found written in the other.

"Peace, peace, for Heaven's sake!—You are verging on blasphemy, and know not what you say."

"Do the reprobate know what they say, or can they forbear saying it? How then can I? I, who am in the bond of iniquity, and the jaws of death eternal?—Where can I fly? When the righteous are not saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?—Ay, dear bairn, weel may ye stare and raise up your hands that gate, but when ye hear my tale, ye winna wonder that my poor wits are uprooted. Suppose sic a case your ain—suppose you had been the bosom companion o' ane for twenty years—had joined wi' him in devotion, e'ening and morning, for a' that time, and had never heard a sigh but for sin, nor a complaint but of the iniquities of the land—If ye had witnessed him follow two comely sons, your own flesh and blood, to the scaffold, and bless his God who put it in their hearts to stand and suffer for his cause, and for the crown of martyrdom he had bestowed on them, and bury the mangled bodies of other two with tears, but not with repining—If, after a' this, he had been hunted as a partridge on the mountains, and for the same dear cause, the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, had laid down his life—If you knew that his grey head was hung upon the city wall for a spectacle to gaze at, and his trunk buried in the wild by strangers—Say you knew all this, and had all these dear ties in your remembrance, and yet, after long years of hope soon to join their blest society above, to see again that loved and revered form stand before your eyes on earth at midnight, shrivelled, pale, and deformed, and mixed with malevolent spirits on dire and revengeful intent, where wad your hope—where wad your confidence—or where wad your wits hae been flown?" Here she cried bitterly; and seizing the astonished Katharine's hand with both hers, and pressing it to her brow, she continued her impassioned and frantic strain.—"Pity me, O dear bairn, pity me! For man hasna pitied me, an' God hasna pitied me! I m

gaun down a floody water. down, down; an I wad fain grip at something, if it were but a swoomin strae. as a last hope, afore I sink a' thegither."

"These are the words of delirium," said Katharine, "and I will not set them down in my memory as spoken by you. Pray the Almighty that they may never be written in his book of remembrance against you; for the veriest downfallen fiend can do no more than distrust the mercy of God in a Redeemer. I tell you, woman, that whatever you may fancy you have seen or heard in the darkness of night, when imagination forms fantasies of its own, of all those who have stood for our civil and religious liberties, who, for the sake of a good conscience, have yielded up all, and sealed their testimony with their blood, not one hair of *their* heads shall fall to the ground, for their names are written in the book of life, and they shall shine as stars in the kingdom of their Father. You have yourself suffered much, and have rejoiced in your sufferings—So far you did well—Do not then mar so fair an eternal harvest—so blest a prospect of a happy and everlasting community, by the sin of despair, that can never be forgiven. Can you, for a moment, while in possession of your right senses, doubt of the tender mercies of your Maker and Preserver? Can you for a moment believe that he has hid his face from the tears and the blood that have been shed for his cause in Scotland? As well may you doubt that the earth bears or the sun warms you, or that he never made a revelation of his will to man."

All the while that Katharine spoke thus, Nanny's eyes were fixed on her, as if drinking every word she uttered into a soul that thirsted for it. A wild and unstable light beamed on her countenance, but it was still only like a sunbeam breaking through the storm, which is ready to be swallowed up by the rolling darkness within. Her head shook as with a slight paralytic affection, and she again clasped the hand which she had never quitted.

"Are ye an angel o' light," said she, in a soft tremulous voice, "that ye gar my heart prinkle sae wi' a joy

that it never thought again to taste? It isna then a strae nor a stibble that I hae grippit at for my last hope, but tne tap of a good tow-widdy saugh; an' a young sapling though it be, it is steevely rootit in a good soil, and sprung frae a seed o' heaven, an' will maybe help the poor drowning wretch to the shore!—An' *hae* I thought sae muckle ill o' you? Could I deem that mild heavenly face, that's but the reflection o' the soul within, the image o' sin and o' Satan, an' a veil o' deceit thrawn ower a mind prone to wickedness? Forgie me, dear, dear saint, forgie me, an' help me better out yet. It surely canna be condemned spirits that ye are connectit wi'? Ah, ye're dumb there!—ye darna answer me to that! Na, na! the spirits o' the just made perfect wad never leave their abodes o' felicity to gabble amang derksome fiends at the dead hour o' the night, in sic a world o' sin and sorrow as this. But I saw *him*, an' heard him speak, as sure as I see your face an' hear the tones o' my ain voice; an', if I lookit nae wrang, there were mae risen frae the dead than ane. It is an awfu' dispensation to think o'! But there was a spirit o' retaliation in him that often made me quake, though never sae as now. O wad ye but tell me what kind o' spirits ye are in conjunction wi'?"

"None but the blest and the happy—None but they who have come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb—None that would harbour such a thought, or utter such a doubt, as you have done to-night, for the empire of the universe—More I may not tell you at present; but stay you here with me, and I will cherish you, and introduce you to these spirits, and you shall be happier with them than ever you have been."

"Will I sae?—Say nae mair!—I wad pit hand to my ain life the night, an' risk the warst or I again met wi' them face to face in the same guise as I saw them at midnight last week. Ye're a wonderfu' creature! But ye're ayont my depth; therefore I'll love ye, an' fear ye, an' keep my distance. Sit down, dear, dear bairn, an' join me in singing a hymn afore we part."

SANG SIXTH.

O father Almighty, O father of light,
I kneel and I tremble before thee,
For darkness surrounds the throne of thy might,
And with terror I fear and adore thee.
I have seen, I have heard, what I not comprehend,
Which has caused my poor reason to waver,
The bodies or spirits of martyred men,
Who shrunk from thy standard, O never,
O never!—O never!
But bled for their God and forgiver.

II.

In the darkness of midnight I saw them appear,
With faces unearthly and sallow,
Their forms were all shrivelled, their features severe,
Their voices unearthly and hollow.
And yet, O great God! it was they, it was they,
Put down by a sinful blasphemer,
They laid down their lives in the moorland away,
And bled for their God and Redeemer,
O Saviour!—Dear Saviour,
Preserve from despondence for ever.

III.

But where can I turn my bewildered eye,
Or where can I fly but to Thee,
Since all the long vales of eternity lie
Concealed in deep darkness from me?
Then here at thy footstool of mercy I bow,
Imploring thy grace to deliver;
For shadows of darkness beleaguer me now,
And I fly to my God and forgiver.
For ever!—O ever!
I'll cling to my Saviour for ever.

Thus they parted: Katharine into her long vacant house, and Nanny over to Riskinhope. The farmer of Riskinhope (David Bryden of Eldin-hope), was ruined by the sequestration of his stock by Clavers, but the shepherds and other servants still lingered about the house for better or for worse. There was not a sheep on that large farm, save about five scores of good ewes, that Davie Tait, the herd of Whithope, had turned slyly over into the hags

of the Yokeburn-head, that day the drivers took away the stock When Clavers made his last raid up by Chapelhope, all the family of Riskinhope fled to the hills, and betook them to cover, every one by himself; and there, with beating hearts, peeped through the heath and the rash-bush, to watch the motions of that bloody persecutor. Perilous was their case that day, for had any of them been found in that situation, it would have been enough; but Davie well knew it was good for him to keep out of the way, for Mr Renwick, and Mr Shields, as well as other wanderers, had been sheltered in his house many a night, and the latter wrote his *Hind let Loose* in a small house at the side of Winterhopeburn. Yet Davie was not a Cameronian, properly speaking, nor a very religious man neither; but the religious enthusiasm of his guests had broke him a little into their manner, and way of thinking. He had learned to make family exercise, not however to very great purpose, for the only thing very remarkable in it was the strong nasal Cameronian whine of his prayer, and its pastoral allusions; but he was grown fond of exhibiting in that line, having learned the Martyr's tune, and the second part of the Dundee, which formed the whole range of his psalmody! Yet Davie liked a joke as well as ever he did, and perhaps as well as any part of divine worship. When one remarked to him that his family music was loud enough, but very discordant,—"Ay," quoth Davie, "but it's a lang gate atween here an' heaven; a' music's good i' the distance; I hae strong faith in that."

That night after Nanny came over, Davie had prayed as usual, and among other things, had not forgot the Brownie of Bodsoeck, that "he might be skelpit wi' the taws o' divine wrath, an' sent back to hell wi' the sperks on his hips; and that the angel of presence might keep watch over their couches that night, to scare the howlaty face o' him away, an' learn him to keep his ain side o' the water."

After prayers the family were crowded round the fading ingle, and cracking of the Brownie and of Davie's prayer. Davie had opened his waistcoat, and thrown off his hose

to warm his feet, and, flattered with their remarks on his abilities, began to be somewhat scurrilous on Brownie. "I think I hae cowed him the night," said he; "he'll fash nane o' us—he may stay wi' his Keatie Laidlaw yonder, an' rin at her biddin. He has a sonsy weel-faur'd lass to bide wi'—he's better aff than some o' his neighbours, Maysey;" and, saying so, he cast a look to his wife that spoke unutterable things; but finding that his joke did not take, after so serious a prayer, he turned again on Brownie, and, as his own wife said, "didna leave him the likeness of a dog." He said he had eaten sax bowes o' good meal to the goodman, an' a' that he had done for't, that ony body kend o', was mending up an auld fail-dike round the corn ae night. In short, he said he was an unprofitable guest—a dirty droich, an' a menseless glutton —an' it was weak an' silly in ony true Christian to be eiry for him." He had not said out the last words, when they heard a whispering at the door, and shortly after these words distinctly uttered:

> "There's neither blood nor rown-tree pin,
> At open doors the dogs go in."

The size of every eye's orbit was doubled in a moment, as it turned towards the door. The light of the fire was shining bright along the short entry between the beds, and they saw the appearance of a man, clothed in black, come slowly and deliberately in, walk across the entry, and go into the apartment in the other end of the house. The family were all above one another in beyond the fire in an instant, and struggling who to be undermost, and next the wall. Nanny, who was sitting on the form beyond the fire, pondering on other matters, leaning her brow on both hands, and all unconscious of what had entered, was overborne in the crush, and laid flat undermost of all.

"Dear, dear bairns, what's asteer? Hout fy! Why troth, ye'll crush the poor auld body as braid as a bloodpercake."

"Ah! the Brownie!—the Brownie!—the Brownie

o' Bodsbeck!" was whispered in horror from every tongue.

Davie Tait luckily recollecting that there was a door at hand, that led to a little milk-house in the other end of the house, and still another division farther from Brownie, led the way to it on all four, at full gallop, and took shelter in the farthest corner of that. All the rest were soon above him, but Davie bore the oppressive weight with great fortitude for some time, and without a murmur. Nanny was left last; she kept hold of the Bible that she had in her lap when she fell, and had likewise the precaution to light the lamp before she followed her affrighted associates. Nothing could be more appalling than her own entry after them—never was a figure more calculated to inspire terror, than Nanny coming carrying a feeble glimmering lamp, that only served to make darkness visible, while her pale raised-like features were bent over it, eager to discover her rueful compeers. The lamp was half-covered with her hand to keep it from being blown out; and her face, where only a line of light here and there was visible, was altogether horrible. Having discovered the situation, and the plight of the family, she bolted the door behind her, and advanced slowly up to them. "Dear bairns, what did ye see that has putten ye a' this gate?"

"Lord sauf us!" cried Davie, from below, "we hae forespoke the Brownie—tak that elbow out o' my guts a wee bit. They say, if ye speak o' the deil, he'll appear. 'Tis an unsonsy and dangerous thing to—Wha's aught that knee? slack it a little. God guide us, sirs, there's the weight of a millstane on aboon the links o' my neck. If the Lord hae forsaken us, an' winna heed our prayers, we may gie up a' for tint thegither!—Nanny, hae ye boltit the door."

"Ay hae I, firm an' fast."

"Than muve up a wee, sirs, or faith I'm gane—Hechowe! the weight o' sin an' mortality that's amang ye."

Davie's courage, that had begun to mount on hearing that the door was bolted, soon gave way again, when he

raised his head, and saw the utter dismay that was painted on each countenance. "Hout, Maysey woman, dinna just mak sic faces—ye are eneuch to fright fock, foreby aught else," said he to his wife.

"O Davie, think what a wheen poor helpless creatures we are!—Does Brownie ever kill ony body?"

"I wish it be nae a waur thing than Brownie," said Dan.

"Waur than Brownie? Mercy on us! Waur than Brownie!—What was it like?" was whispered round.

"Ye mind poor Kirko, the bit Dinscore laird, that skulkit hereabouts sae lang, an' sleepit several nights ben in that end?—Didna ye a' think it was unco like him?"

"The very man!—the very man!—his make, his gang, his claes, an' every thing," was echoed by all.

"An' ye ken," continued Dan, "that he was shot on Dumfries sands this simmer. It is his ghaist come to haunt the place whar he baid, an' prayed sae aften."

"Ower true! Ower true! it's awsome to think o'," was the general remark.

"Let us go to prayers," said Nanny: "it isna a time to creep into nooks on aboon other, an' gie way to despair. There is but Ane that *can* guard or protect us, let us apply there."

"Something has been done that way already," said Davie Tait; "we canna come to handygrips wi' him, an force him to stand senter at our door a' night."

Davie's matter was exhausted on the subject, and he did not much relish going over the same words again, which, he acknowledged, were *rather kenspeckle;* nor yet to venture on composing new ones out of his own head: this made him disposed to waive Nanny's proposal.

"Ay," answered she, "but we maunna haud just wi' saying, gie us this, an' gie us that; and than, because we dinna just get it aff loof, drap the plea an' despair. Na, na, dear bairns, that's nae part o' the christian warfare! we maun plead wi' humility, and plead again, an' never was there mair cause for rousing to exertion than now. The times are momentous, and some great change is draw-

ing near, for the dead are astir—I have seen them mysel'. Yes, the several members that were scattered, and buried apart, are come thegither again—joined, an' gaun aboon the grund, mouthing the air o' heaven. I saw it mysel —Can it be that the resurrection is begun? It is a far away thought for the thing itsel to be as near; but it's a glorious ane, an' there's proof o't. But then the place an' the time are doubtfu'—had it been sun proof I wad hae likit it better. We little wot what to say or think under sic visitations. Let us apply to the only source of light and direction. David, be you a mouth to us."

"A mouth?" said Davie; but recollecting himself, added—"Hum, I understand you; but I hae mouthed mair already than has come to ony good. I like fock to pray that hae some chance to be heard; some fock may scraugh themsels herse, and be nae the better."

"Oh fie, David! speak wi' some reverence," said his wife Maysey.

"I mintit at naething else," said he, "but I hae an unreverent kind o' tongue that nought ever serous-like fa's frae, let my frame o' mind be as it will; an' troth I haena command o' language for a job like this. I trow the prelates hae the best way after a', for they get prayers ready made to their hands, an' disna need to affront their Maker wi' blunders."

"How can ye speak sae the night, David? or how can sic a thought hover round your heart as to flee out at random that gate? If ye will *read* prayers, there's a book, read them out o' that; if the words o' God winna suit the cases o' his ain creatures, how can ye trow the words o' another man can do it? But pray wi' the heart, an' pray in humility, and fearna being accepted."

"That's true; but yet ane maks but a poor figure wi' the heart by itsel."

"Wow, Davie, man," quoth Maysey, his wife, "an' ye mak but a poor figure indeed, when we're a' in sic a plight! Ye hear the woman speaks gude truth; an' ye ken yoursel ye fenced us against the Brownie afore, but

no against Kirky's ghaist; tak the beuk like a man, an pit the fence o' scripture faith round us for that too."

Stupid as Maysey was, she knew the way to her husband's heart. Davie could not resist such an appeal—he took the Bible; sung the 143d psalm, from beginning to end, at Nanny's request; and likewise, by her direction, read the 20th of Revelation; then kneeling down on his bare knees, legs, and feet, as he fled from the kitchen, on the damp miry floor of the milk-house, he essayed a strong energetic prayer as a fence against the invading ghost. But as Davie acknowledged, he had an irreverent expression naturally, that no effort could overcome, (and by the bye, there is more in this than mankind are in general aware of,) and the more he aimed at sublimity, the more ludicrous he grew, even to common ears. There is scarcely a boy in the country who cannot recite scraps of Davie Tait's prayer; but were I to set all that is preserved of it down here, it might be construed as a mockery of that holy ordinance, than which nothing is so far from my heart or intention; but, convinced as I am that a rude exhibition in such a divine solemnity is of all things the most indecent and unbecoming, I think such should be held up to ridicule, as a warning to all Christians never to ask ignorance or absurdity to perform this sacred duty in public. The sublime part of it therefore is given, which was meant as a fence against the spirit that had set up his rest so near. To such as are not acquainted with the pastoral terms, the meaning in some parts may be equivocal; to those who are, the train of thinking will be obvious.

* * * *

"But the last time we gathered oursels before thee, we left out a wing o' the hirsel by mistake, an' thou hast paid us hame i' our ain coin. Thou wart sae gude than as come to the sheddin thysel, an' clap our heads, an' whisper i' our lugs, 'dinna be disheartened, my puir bits o' waefu' things, for though ye be the shotts o' my hale

fauld, I'll take care o' ye, an' herd ye, an' gie ye a' that ye hae askit o' me the night.' It was kind, an' thou hast done it; but we forgot a principal part, an' maun tell thee now, that we have had another visitor sin' ye war here, an' ane wha's back we wad rather see than his face. Thou kens better thysel than we can tell thee what place he has made his escape frae; but we sair dread it is frae the boddomless pit, or he wadna hae ta'en possession but leave. Ye ken, that gang tried to keep vilent leasehaud o' your ain fields, an' your ain ha', till ye gae them a killicoup. If he be ane o' them, O come thysel to our help, an' bring in thy hand a bolt o' divine vengeance, het i' the furnace o' thy wrath as reed as a nailstring, an' bizz him an' scouder him till ye dinna leave him the likeness of a paper izel, until he be glad to creep into the worm-holes o' the earth, never to see sun or sterns mair. But, if it be some puir dumfoundered soul that has been bumbased and stoundit at the view o' the lang Hopes an' the Downfa's o' Eternity, comed daundering away frae about the laiggen girds o' heaven to the waefu' gang that he left behind, like a lost sheep that strays frae the rich pastures o' the south, and comes bleating back a' the gate to its cauld native hills, to the very gair where it was lambed and first followed its minny, ane canna help haeing a fellow-feeling wi' the puir soul after a', but yet he'll find himsel here like a cow in an unco lone. Therefore, O furnish him this night wi' the wings o' the wild gainner or the eagle, that he may swoof away back to a better hame than this, for we want nane o' his company. An' do thou give to the puir stray thing a weel-hained heff and a beildy lair, that he may nae mair come straggling amang a stock that's sae unlike himsel, that they're frightit at the very look o' him.

"Thou hast promised in thy Word to be our shepherd, our guider an' director. Therefore gather us a' in frae the cauld windy knowes o' self-conceit—the plashy bogs an' mires o' sensuality, an' the damp flows o' worldly-mindedness, an' wyse us a' into the true bught o' life, made o' the flakes o' forgiveness and the door o'

loving-kindness; an' never do thou suffer us to be heftit e'ening or morning, but gie lashin' meals o' the milk o' praise, the ream o' thankfu'ness, an' the butter o' good works. An' do thou, in thy good time an' way, smear us ower the hale bouk wi' the tar o' adversity, weel mixed up wi' the meinging of repentance, that we may be kiver'd ower wi' gude bouzy shake-rough fleeces o' faith, a' run out on the hips, an as brown as a tod. An' do thou, moreover, fauld us ower-night, an' every night, in within the true sheep-fauld o' thy covenant, weel buggen wi' the stanes o' salvation, an' caped wi' the divots o' grace. An' then wi' sic a shepherd, an' sic a sheep-fauld, what hae we to be feared for? Na, na! we'll fear naething but sin!—We'll never mair scare at the poolly-woolly o' the whaup, nor swirl at the gelloch o' the ern; for if the arm of our Shepherd be about us for good, a' the imps, an' a' the powers o' darkness, canna wrang a hair o' our heads."

* * * *

All the family arose from their knees with altered looks. Thus fenced, a new energy glowed in every breast. Poor Maysey, proud of her husband's bold and sublime intercession, and trusting in the divine fence now raised around them, rose with the tear in her eye, seized the lamp, and led the way, followed by all the rest, to retake the apartment of Kirky's ghost by open assault. Nanny, whose faith wont to be superior to all these things, lagged behind, dreading to see the sight that she had seen on the Saturday night before; and the bold intercessor himself kept her company, on pretence of a sleeping leg; but, in truth, his faith in his own intercession and fence did not mount very high. All the apartment was searched—every chest, corner, and hole that could be thought of—every thing was quiet, and not so much as a mouse stirring!—not a bed-cover folded down, nor the smallest remembered article missing! All the family saw Kirky's ghost enter in his own likeness, and heard him speak in

his wonted tongue, except old Nanny. It was a great and wonderful victory gained. They were again in full possession of their own house, a right which they never seemed before to have duly appreciated. They felt grateful and happy; and it was hinted by Maysey, Dan, and uncle Nicholas, that Davie Tait would turn out a burning and a shining light in these dark and dismal times, and would supersede Messrs Renwick, Shields, and all the curates in the country. He had laid a visible ghost, that might be the devil for aught they knew to the contrary; and it was argued on all hands, that "Davie was nae sma' drink."

The whole of the simple group felt happy and grateful; and they agreed to sit another hour or two before they went to sleep, and each one read a chapter from the Bible, and recite a psalm or hymn. They did so, until it came to Nanny's turn. She laid her hands across each other on her breast, turned in the balls of her half-closed eyes so that nothing was seen but the white, and, with her face raised upwards, and a slow rocking motion, she sung the following hymn, to a strain the most solemn that ever was heard.

O thou, who dwell'st in the heavens high,
Above yon stars, and within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, nor the moon by night!

Though shining millions around thee stand,
For the sake of one that's at thy right hand,
O think of them that have cost him dear,
Still chained in doubt and in darkness here!

Our night is dreary, and dim our day;
And if thou turnest thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
And have none to look to, and none to trust.

The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They own no Saviour, and fear no God;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,
O turn not thus thy face away!

Our morning dawn is with clouds o'erspread,
And our evening fall is a bloody red;
And the groans are heard on the mountain swarth;
There is blood in heaven, and blood on earth.

A life of scorn for us thou did'st lead,
And in the grave laid thy blessed head;
Then think of those who undauntedly
Have laid down life and all for thee.

Thou wilt not turn them forth in wrath,
To walk this world of sin and death,
In shadowy dim deformity?
O God, it may not—cannot be!

Thy aid, O mighty One, we crave!
Not shortened is thy arm to save.
Afar from thee we now sojourn;
Return to us, O God, return!

This hymn affected the family group in no ordinary degree; it made the hairs of their head creep, and thrilled their simple hearts, easily impressed by divine things, while their looks strongly expressed their feelings. None of them would read or recite any thing farther, but entreated Nanny to say it over again, affirming, with one voice, that "it was an *extrodnar* thing."

"Ah! dear, dear bairns! I dinna ken about it," said she; "he was a good cannie lad that made it, but he mixed wi' the scoffers, and turned to hae his doubts and his failings like mony ane, (Lord forgie us a' for our share in them;) he seems even to have doubted o' the Omnipresence when he penned that, which was far far wrang."

And thus I must close this long and eccentric chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

Next morning Davie Tait was early astir, and not having any thing better to do, he took his plaid and staff and set out towards Whithope-head, to see what was become of his five scores of ewes, the poor remains of a good stock. Davie went slowly up the brae towards Riskinhope-swire, for the events of last night were fresh in his mind, and he was conning a new prayer to suit some

other great emergency; for Davie began to think that by fervent prayer very great things might be accomplished —that perhaps the floods of the earth and the winds of heaven might be restrained in their course; and that even the Hermon Law might be removed out of its place. He had, therefore, his eye fixed on a little green gair before him, where he was determined to try his influence with heaven once more; for his heart was lifted up, as he afterwards confessed, and he was hasting to that little gair to kneel down and ask a miracle, nothing doubting.

Let any one guess, if he can, what Davie Tait was going to ask. It was not that the rains and storms of heaven might be restrained, nor that the mountains might be removed out of their places; but Davie was going to pray, that "when he went over at the Hewn-gate-end, as soon as he came in sight of Whithope, he might see all his master's ewes again; all his old friends, every one of which he knew by head-mark, going spread and bleating on their old walk from the Earl Hill all the way to the Braid-heads." So intent was Davie on this grand project, that he walked himself out of breath against the hill, in order to get quickly at the little gair to put his scheme in execution; but, as he sagely observed, it had been graciously fore-ordained that he should not commit this great folly and iniquity. He paused to take his breath; and in pausing he turned about, as every man does who stops short in climbing a hill. The scene that met Davie's eye cut his breath shorter than the steep—his looks were rivetted on the haugh at Chapelhope—he could scarcely believe his own eyes, though he rubbed them again and again, and tried their effects on all things around.—"Good Lord!" said Davie, "what a world do we live in! Gin a hale synat had sworn, I coudna hae believed this! My sooth, but the Brownie o' Bodsbeck has had a busy night!"

Walter of Chapelhope had ten acres of as good corn as ever grew in a moorland district. Davie knew, that whe he went to his bed the evening before, that corn was all growing in the field, dead ripe, and ready for the sickle; and he had been lamenting that very night that such a

crop should be lost for want of reapers, in a season when there was so much need for it. But now Davie saw that one half of that crop at least was shorn during the night, all standing in tight shocks, rowed and hooded, with their ends turned to the south-west.—Well might Davie exclaim, "My sooth, but the Brownie of Bodsbeck has had a busy night!"

Davie thought no more of his five scores of ewes, nor of his prayer, nor the miracle that was to take place in consequence of that, but turned and ran back to Riskirhope as fast as his feet would carry him, to arouse the rest of the people, and apprise them of this wonderful event that had occurred beneath their noses, as he called it. He did so, and all of them rose with wonder and astonishment, and agreed to go across the lake and look at the Brownie's workmanship. Away they went in a body to the edge of the stubble, but durst not set foot thereon for fear of being affected by enchantment in some way or another; but they saw that the corn had been shorn exactly like other corn, except that it was rather more neat and clean than ordinary. The sheaves were bound in the same way as other bandsters bind them; and in the shocking, the corn-knots were all set outermost. "Weel, is not he a most unaccountable fellow that Brownie of Bodsbeck?" said Davie Tait.

While they were thus standing in a row at the side of the shorn field, wondering at the prowess and agility of Brownie, and trying to make some random calculations of the thousands of cuts that he had made with his hook that night, Katharine went by at a little distance, driving her father's cows afield, and at the same time directing her father's dog far up the hill to turn the ewes from the Quave Brae. She was dressed in her usual neat morning habit, with a white short-gown, green petticoat, and her dark locks bound up with a scarlet snood; she was scolding and cajoling the dog in a blithsome and good-humoured way, and scarcely bestowing a look on the workmanship of her redoubted Brownie, or seeming to regard it.

"Ay, ye may speel the brae, Keatie Laidlaw," said

Davie Tait, apostrophising her, but shaking his head all the while, and speaking in a low voice, that his fellow-servants only might hear—"Ay, ye may speel the brae, Keatie Laidlaw, an' drive your ewes an' your kye where ye like; but wae's me for ye! Ye hae a weel-faurd face o' your ain, an' a mak that's liker to an angel than a thing o' flesh an' blude; but och! what a foul heart ye boud to hae within!—And how are ye to stand the aftercome? There will be a black reckoning with you some day. I wadna that my fit war i' your shoe the night for a' the ewes on the Lang Bank."

Old Nanny went over, as usual, and assisted her to milk the cows, and make the butter and cheese, but spoke no word that day to her young mistress, good or bad. She regarded her with a kind of awe, and often took a long stolen look of her as one does of a dog that he is afraid may be going mad.

As the people of Riskinhope went home, Dan chanced to say jocularly, "He's a clever fellow the Brownie—I wish he would come and shear our croft too."

"Foul fa' the tongue that said it," quoth Davie, "an the heart that thought the ill! Ye think na how easily he's forespoken. It was but last night I said he hadna wrought to the gudeman for half his meat, an' ye see what he has done already. I spake o' him again, and he came in bodily. Ye should take care what ye say here, for ye little ken wha's hearing. Ye're i' the very same predicament, billy Dan, as the tod was in the orchard,—'Afore I war at this speed,' quo' he, 'I wad rather hae my tail cuttit off,'—he hadna the word weel said before he stepped into a trap, which struck, and snapt off his tail—'It's a queer place this,' quo' he; 'ane canna speak a word but it is taen in nettle-earnest.' I' the same way is Brownie likely to guide you; an' therefore, to prevent him taking you at your word, we'll e'en gang an' begin the shearing oursels."

Davie went in to seek out the hooks; he knew there were half-a-dozen lying above the bed in the room where the spirit had been the night before. They were gone!

not a sickle was there !—Davie returned, scratching his head, biting his lip, and looking steadily down to the ground. "It hasna been Kirky's ghost after a'," said he; "it has been Brownie, or some o' his gang, borrowing our hooks."

Davie lost all hope of working any great change in the country by dint of prayer. His faith, which never was great, gave way; but yet he always said, that when he was hasting up to the rash-bush in the little green gair that morning, to pray for the return of his master's ewes, it was at least equal to a grain of mustard-seed.

About eight days after that, when the moon was in the wane, the rest of Walter's corn was all cut down in one night, and a part of the first safely stowed in the barn-yard. About the same time, too, the shepherds began to smear their flocks at a small sheep-house and fold, built for the purpose near to the forkings of the Chapel-hope-burn. It is a custom with them to mix as much tar with grease before they begin as they deem sufficient to smear all the sheep on the farm, or at least one hirsell of them. This the herds of Chapelhope did; but, on the very second morning after they began, they perceived that a good deal of their tar was wanting; and judging that it had been stolen, they raised a terrible affray about it with their neighbours of Riskinhope and Corse-cleuch. Finding no marks of it, old John Hoy said, "We must give it up, callants, for lost; there is nae doubt but some of the fishers about Dryhope has stown it for fish-lights. There are a set of the terriblest poachers live there that's in all the Forest."

In the afternoon John went out to the Ox-cleugh-head, to bring in a houseful of white sheep, and to his utter astonishment saw that upwards of an hundred ewes had been smeared during the night, by the officious and unwearied Brownie of Bodsbeck. "The plague be in his fingers," quoth old John to himself, "gin he haena smeared crocks an' fat sheep, an' a' that has come in his way. This will never do."

Though the very hairs of John's head stood, on coming

near to the sheep that had been smeared by Brownie, yet seeing that his sensible dog Keilder was nothing afraid of them, but managed them in the same way as he did other sheep, John grew by degrees less suspicious of them. He confessed, however, as he was shedding them from the white ones, that there was a ewe of Brownie's smearing came running by very near him, and he could not help giving a great jump out of her way.

All shepherds are accused of indolence, and not, perhaps, without some reason. Though John dreaded as death all connexion with Brownie, yet he rejoiced at the progress they were likely to make in the smearing, for it is a dirty and laborious business, and he was glad by any means to get a share of it off his hands, especially as the season was so far advanced. So John took in to the fold twice as many sheep as they needed for their own smearing, put the crocks and the fat sheep out from among them, and left them in the house to their fate, taking good care to be out of sight of the place before dark. Next morning a certain quantity of tar was again gone, and the sheep were all neatly smeared and keeled, and set to the hill. This practice the shepherds continued throughout smearing-time, and whether they housed many or few at night, they were still all smeared and set to the hill again next morning. The smearing of Chapelhope was finished in less than one-third of its wonted time. Never was the labour of a farm accomplished with such expedition and exactness, although there were none to work, to superintend, or direct it, but one simple maiden. It became the wonder and theme of the whole country, and has continued to be a standing winter evening tale to this day. Where is the cottager, dwelling between the Lowthers and Cheviot, who has not heard tell of the feats of the Brownie of Bodsbeck?

CHAP. XIV

Walter was hardly used in prison for some time, but at last Drummelzier found means of rendering his situation more tolerable. Several of his associates that were conducted with him from Dumfries died in jail; he said they seemed to have been forgotten both by the council and their friends, but they kept up so good a heart, and died with such apparent satisfaction, that he could scarcely be sorry for their release by death, though he acknowledged, that a happiness beyond the grave was always the last kind of happiness that he wished to his friends. His own trial was a fire-side theme for him as long as he lived, but he confounded names, and law terms, and all, so much through other, that, were it given wholly in his own words, it would be unintelligible. It took place on the 12th of November, and Sir George Lockhart and Mr Alexander Hay were his counsel. His indictment bore, that he had sheltered on his farm a set of the most notorious and irreclaimable rebels in the whole realm; that sundry of his majesty's right honest liege subjects had been cruelly murdered there, very near to the prisoner's house, and a worthy curate in the immediate vicinity. It stated the immense quantity of victuals found in his house, and the numbers of fugitive whigs that were seen skulking in the boundaries of his farm; and also how some false delinquents were taken and executed there.

Clavers was present, as he had a right to be when he desired it, and gave strong and decided evidence against him. The time had been, and not long agone, when, if the latter had manifested such sentiments against any one, it had been sufficient for his death-warrant; but the killing time was now nearly over, and those in power were only instituting trials in order to impose heavy fines and penalties, that they might glean as much of the latter vintage of that rich harvest as possible, before the sickle was finally reft from their grasp. Several witnesses were examined

to prove the above accusations, and among the rest Daniel Roy Macpherson, whose deposition was fair, manly, and candid. As soon as his examination was over, he came and placed himself near to Walter, who rejoiced to see him, and deemed that he saw in him the face of a friend.

Witnesses were next called to prove his striking Captain Bruce with his fist, and also tripping the heels from Ingles, and tossing him over a steep, while in the discharge of his duty, whereby he was rendered unable to proceed in the king's business. Walter, being himself examined on these points, confessed both, but tried to exculpate himself as well as he could.

"As to Bruce, my masters," said he, "I didna ken that he was a captain, or what he was; he pu'd up his bit shabble of a sword an' dang aff my bonnet, when I was a free man i' my ain ben-end. I likit nae sic freedoms, as I had never been used wi' them, sae I took up my neive an' gae him a yank on the haffat till I gart his bit brass cap rattle against the wa'. I wonder ye dinna ceete me too for nippin' Jock Graham's neck there, as he ca'd himsel, that day, an' his friend Tam Liviston—There's nae word o' that the day!—Nah! but I could tell an I likit what I hae been put to a' this plague for."

Here the advocate stopped him, by observing that he was wandering from the point in question, and his own counsel were always trembling for him when he began to speak for himself. Being asked what defence he had to offer for kicking and maltreating a king's officer in the discharge of his duty?

"If it was that drunken dirt Ingles that ye mean," said Walter, "I dinna ken what ye ca' a man's duty here, but it surely coudna be a duty, when my hands war tied ahint my back, to kick me i' the wame; an' that's what he was doing wi' a' his pith, whan I gart him flee heels-ower-head like a batch o' skins."

Sir George MacKenzie and Dalrymple of Stair both laughed outright at this answer, and it was some time before the business could proceed. Sir George Lockhart, however, compelled them to relinquish these parts of the

indictment, on account of the treatment offered to the prisoner, and the trial proceeded on the charges previously mentioned, which were found relevant. Walter was utterly confounded at the defence made for him by Sir George Lockhart. He was wont to say, "Aih, but he's a terrible clever body yon Geordie Lockie: od, he kend mair about me, and mair that was in my favour, than I did mysel."

The conclusion of this trial must be given in Walter's own phrase. "I pretendit to be very crouse, an' no ae bit fear'd—aha! I was unco fear'd for a' that—I coudna swally my spittle for the hale day, an' I fand a kind o' foost, foost, foostin about my briskit that I coudna win aneath ava. But when the chield MacKenzie began to clink thegither the evidence against me, gude faith I thought it was a' ower wi' me then; I saw nae outgate, an' lost a' hope; mair than aince I tried to think o' auld Maron Linton an' the bairns, but I could think about naething, for I thought the house was heaving up i' the tae side, and gaun to whommel a' the judges an' jurymen on the tap o' me. He revertit aye to the evidence of Clerk the curate, wha had said that I had a private correspondence wi' the whigs, an' then he brought a' the ither proof to bear upon that, till he made my guilt perfectly plain; an' faith I coudna say that the chiel guessed far wrang. Then my Lord Moray, wha was head judge that day, was just gaun to address the jurymen, an' direct them to hang me, when up gat Geordie Lockie again for the hindmost time; (he had as mony links an' wimples in his tail as an eel, that body,) an' he argyed some point o' law that gart them a' glowr; at last he said, that it was hard, on a point of life an' death, to take the report of a man that wasna present to make oath to the information he had gi'en, which might be a slander to gain some selfish end; and he prayed, for the satisfaction of the jury, that his client might be examined on that point, (he ca'd me aye *a client*, a name that I abhorred, for I didna ken the meaning o't, but I trowed it meant nae good,) for, says he, he has answered very freely, and much to the point, a' that ye hae speered at him. I was just considering what I

should say, but I could get nought to say ava, when I was startit wi' a loud Hem! just amaist at my elbow. I naturally liftit up my een, very stupit-like, I dare say, to see what it was; and wha was it but the queer Highland chap, Roy Macpherson, makin' sic faces to me as ye never saw. I thought he was wanting to mak me recollect something, but what it was I coudna tell. I was dum-foundered sae, that when the judge put the question to me about Clerk I never answered a word, for I was fore-foughten wi' another thought. At length I mindit the daft advice that honest Macpherson gae me at parting with me in Dumfries, which was sic a ridiculous advice I had never thought o't mair. But now, thinks I to mysel, things canna be muckle waur wi' me; the scrow's come fairly to the neb o' the miresnipe now; an' never had I better reason to be angry than at the base curate whom I had fed an' clad sae aften. Sae I musters a' my wrath up into my face, and when the judge, or the advocate, put the question again, I never heedit what it was, but set up my birses an' spak to them as they had been my herd callants. What the deil are ye a' after? quoth I. Curse the hale pack o ye, do you think that auld Wat Laidlaw's a whig, or wad do aught against his king, or the laws o' his country? They ken little about him that say sae! I aince fought twa o' the best o' them armed wi' swords, an' wi' nought but my staff I laid them baith flat at my feet; an' had I ony twa o' ye on Chapel-hope-flow thegither, if ye dared to say that I was a whig or a traitor to my king, I wad let ye find strength o' arm for aince. Here the wily chap Geordie Lockie stappit me in great agitation, and beggit me to keep my temper, and answer his lordship to the point, what defence I had to make against the information given by Clerk the curate? He the wretch! said I: he kens the contrair o' that owel weel; but he kend he wad be master an' mair when he gat me away frae about the town. He wantit to wheedle my wife out o' ilk thing she had, an' to kiss my daughter too, if he could. Vile brock! gin I war hame at him I'll dad his head to the wa'; ay, an' ony twa o' ye forby,

quo' I, raising my voice, an' shaking that neive at them, —ony twa o' ye that dare set up your faces an' say that I'm a whig or a rebel.—A wheen d—d rascals, that dinna ken what ye wad be at!

"The hale court was thunnerstruck, an' glowred at ane anither like wullcats. I gae a sklent wi' my ee to Daniel Roy Macpherson, an' he was leaned ower the back o' the seat, an' fa'n into a kink o' laughing. The hale crowd ahint us got up wi' a great hurrah! an' clappit their hands, an' I thought the fock war a' gaen mad thegither. As soon as there was a wee quiet, my lord the Earl o' Moray he speaks across to Clavers, an' he says: 'This winna do, my lord; that carl's nae whig, nor naething akin to them. Gin that be nae a sound worthy man, I never saw ane, nor heard ane speak.' An' wi' that the croud shoutit an clappit their hands again. I sat hinging my head then, an' looking very blate, but I was unco massy for a' that. They then spak amang themsels for five or sax minents, and they cried on my master Drummelzier, an' he gaed up an' crackit wi' them too; an' at last the judge tauld me, that the prosecution against me was drappit for the present, an' that gin I could raise security for twa thousand merks, to appear again if cited before the first of June, 1686, I was at liberty to go about my business. I thankit his lordship; but thinks I to mysel, ye're a wheen queer chaps! Ye shoot fock for praying an' reading the bible, an' whan ane curses an' damns ye, ye ca' him a true honest man! I wish ye be nae the deil's bairns, the halewort o' ye! Drummelzier an' Lockie cam' security for me at aince, an' away I sets for hame, as weel satisfied as ever I was a' my life, that I mind o'.

"Weel, when I came out to the closs at the back o' the prison, a' the fock croudit about me; an' *he* shook hands wi' me; an' the young chaps they hurra'd an' waved their caps, an' cried out, Ettrick Forest for ever!—Auld Braid-Bonnet for ever,—hurra! An' I cam up the Lawn-Market, an' down the Bow, wi' sic an army at my tail, as I had been gaun away to fight Boddell-Brigg ower again.

"I now begoud to think it wad be as weel to gie the

lads the slip, for my army was gathering like a snaw-ba', an' I little wist how sic a hobbleshue might end; sae I jinkit into Geordie Allan's, at the West-Port, where I had often been afore, when selling my eild ewes and chasers; an' I whispered to them to keep out my sodgers, for there were too many of them for the house to haud; but they not perfectly understanding my jest, I was not well entered ere I heard a loud altercation at the head o' the stair, an' the very first aith that I heard I knew it to be Macpherson."

"Py Cot's preath, put she shall pe coing in; were not she her friend and counshel?"

"You his counsel? A serjeant of dragoons his counsel? That winna do. He charged that nae sodgers should get in. Get aff wi' your Hieland impudence—brazen-faced thief!"

"Fat? Tief? Cot t—n y' mack-en dhu na bhaish! M'Leadle!—Trocho!—Hollo! Cresorst!"

"I ran to the door to take the enraged veteran in my arms, and welcome him as my best friend and adviser, but they had bolted the inner door in his face, through which he had run his sword amaist to the hilt, an' he was tugging an' pu'ing at it to get it out again, swearing a' the time like a true dragoon. I led him into my room, an' steekit the door o't, but there he stood wi' his feet asperr, and his drawn sword at arm's length ahint his back, in act to make a lounge at the door, till he had exhausted a' his aiths, baith in Gaelic an' English, at the fock o' the house, and then he sheathed his sword, and there was nae mair about it.

"I speered what I could do to oblige him?"

"Hu, not creat moach at hall, man; only pe kiffing me your hand. Py McTavish, More, put if you tit not stonish tem! Vas not I peen telling you tat him's hearty curse pe te cood?"

"My certy," quo' I, "but ye did do that, or I wad never hae thought o't; ye're an auld-farrant honest chiel! I am sorry that I canna just now make ye sic a present as ye deserve; but ye maun come out an' see me."

"Present! Poo, poo, poo! Teol more take te present tat pe coing petween friends, and she may have sharper works tan pe coing visits; put not te more, she pe haifing small favour to seek."

"Od, man," says I, "ye hae been the mean o' preserving my life, an' ye sanna ax a thing that I'll refuse, e'en to my ain doughter. An' by the by, serjeant, gin ye want a good wife, an' a bonny ane, I'll gie ye sic a tocher wi' my Keatie, as never was gi'en wi' a farmer's lassie i' the Forest."

"Hu! Cot pe plessing you! She haif cot wife, and fery hexcellent boddach, with two childs after him."

"What is it then, serjeant? Gin the thing be in my power, ye hae naething ado but to say the word."

"Do you know tat her nainsell pe coosin to yourself?"

"Od, man," quo' I, "that's hardly possible, or else the taen o' us has come o' the wrang side o' the blanket."

"Now do you just pe holding your paice for a fery less time, for you must halways pe spaik spaiking, without knowing fat to say, unless I were putting it into your haid. I haif tould ould Simon Glas Macrhimmon, who knows all the pedigrees from the creation of the world, and he says that te Lheadles are Macphersons; for, in the days of Rory More of Ballindalloch and Invereshie, tere was te Gordons, who would pe making grheat prhogress on te Sassenach, and tere went down wit Strabogie of te clan Ahnderson, and te clan Grhaham, and one Letulloch Macpherson of Strathneshalloch, vit as bould a clan after her as any and mhore; and they would pe toing creat might upon the Sassenach, and they would pe killing her in tousands, and ten she cot crheat lhands out of King Robert on te Bhorder, and Letulloch he had a whoule country to himself. But te people could not pe putting her nhame into worts, and instead of Letulloch tey called her *Leadlea*, and te Sassenach she called her *Little*, so that all tese are of Macpherson, and you may pe te chief, and te forward son of te crheat Strathneshalloch himself. Now tat I would pe te tog, and te shame, and te tisgrhace, not to help my owhn poor clansman and prhother out of te evil,

tat would pe worse eneuch; and te ting tat I would pe asking of you is tis, tat you will always look upon a Macpherson as a prhother until te end of te world, and pe standing py her as long as tere is peing one trop of plood in your whole poty."

"Gude faith, serjeant," says I, "I never was sae happy as to find, that the man to whom I hae been sae muckle obliged is sic a noble disinterested chiel; an' there's my hand, I'll never gie up the cause of a Macpherson, if he's in the right."

"Hu! Never mind your *right!* a clansman speak of the right! Any man will stand py me when I am in te right, put wit a prhother I must always pe in te right. No right or wrong tere,!—Poo, poo!"

"Od, man," quo' I, "that's a stretch o' billyhood that I was never up to afore, but sin' ye say't, may I never see the Hermon Law again gif I winna stand by it. Come, then, we'll hae a stoup o' brandy, or a bottle o' wine thegither, for a parting cup."

"Hu!—no, no! None of your prandies or your wines for me!—I must pe on duty in less than an hour, and I would not pe tasting any of your tamn prandies or wines. No, no!—Cot pless you!—And should she never pe seeing your face again, you will pe ———"

"He could say nae mair, for the muckle round tears were coming hopping down ower his weather-beaten cheek, but he gae my hand a hard squeeze an' a shake, an' brak out at the door; an' that was my last sight of honest Daniel Roy Macpherson, a man that I hae met few like! I was tauld lang after, that he fell fighting like a lion against the Campbells, at the battle o' Killiecranky, and that, to the last day o' his life, he spake o' his kinsman, ould MacLeadle."

CHAPTER XV.

It was on the inauspicious night of All-Hallow-eve, that Walter arrived again at his own house, after so long an absence; but some of the farmers of Manor-Water, his acquaintances, were so overjoyed at seeing him again, that they persuaded him to go in, taste of their cheer, and relate his adventures and his trial to them; and so long was he detained in this way, that it was dark before he left Dollar-Burn; yet so anxious was he to get home to his family, and all unconscious that it was Hallow-E'en the great jubilee of the fairies and all the spirits of these mountain regions, he set out on his journey homeward, across the dreary moors of Meggat-dale. Walter found his way full well, for he knew every brae, height, and declivity by the way, and many delightful little dreams was he cherishing in his heart, how he would surprise Maron an' the bairns by his arrival, and how extravagantly delighted his excellent and generous dog Reaver would be; for he often said, "he had mair sense about him than what was a beast's good right;" but, above all, his mind dwelt most on his dear lassie Kate, as he called her. He had been informed by Drummelzier of all that she had done for him, who gave her a character so high before some friends of his who were present, that Walter never was so proud in his life, and he longed, with all a father's fondness, to clasp "his bit dear kind-heartit lassie" again in his arms.

With all these delightful and exhilarating thoughts glowing in his breast, how could that wild and darksome road, or indeed any road, be tedious to our honest goodman? For, as to the evil spirits with whom his beloved Keatie was in conjunction, the idea had died away like a thing of the imagination, and he barely spent a thought upon it. He crossed the Meggat about eleven o'clock in the night, just as the waning moon began to peep over the hills to the south-east of the lake,—but such scenes,

and such adventures, are not worth a farthing, unless described and related in the language of the country to which they are peculiar.

"I fand I was come again into the country o' the fairies an' the spirits," said Walter; "an' there was nae denying o't; for when I saw the bit crookit moon come stealing o'er the kipps o' Bowerhope-Law, an' thraw her dead yellow light on the hills o' Meggat, I fand the very nature an' the heart within me changed. A' the hills on the tae side o' the loch war as dark as pitch, an' the tither side had that ill-hued colour on't, as if they had been a' rowed in their winding sheets; an' then the shadow o' the moon it gaed bobbing an' quivering up the loch fornent me, like a streek o' cauld fire. In spite o' my teeth I turned eiry, an' the mair I feucht against it I grew the eiryer, for whenever the spirits come near ane, that kind o' feeling comes on.

"Weel, just as I was gaun round the end o' the Wedder-Law, a wee bit aboon the head o' the Braken Wood, I sees a white thing on the road afore me. At the first it appeared to be gaun away, but at length I saw it coming nearer an' nearer me, keeping aye a little aboon the road till I came amaist close to it, an' then it stood stane-still an' glowred at me. What in the wide world can it be that is here at sic an untimely time o' night as this? thinks I to mysel. However, I steps aye on, an' wasna gaun to mak nor meddle wi't ava, till at last, just as I was gaun by, it says in a soft low voice,—"Wow, friend, but ye gang late the night!"

"Faith, no muckle later than yoursel," quo' I, "gin it be your will."

"O'er late on sic a night!" quoth the creature again; "o'er late on Hallow-E'en, an' that ye will find."

"It elyed away o'er the brow, an' I saw nae mair o't. "Lord sauf us!" quo' I to mysel, "is this Hallow-E'en? I wish I war safe at hame, or in amang Christian creatures o' ony kind!—Or had I but my fine dog Reaver wi' me, to let me ken when the fairies are coming near me—Goodness to the day! I may be amang the mids o' them

ere ever I ken what I'm doing." A' the stories that ever I heard about fairies in my life came linkin into my mind ane after anither, and I almaist thought I was already on my road to the Fairy land, an' to be paid away to hell, like a kane-cock, at the end o' seven years. I likit the boding o' the apparition I had met wi' unco ill, but yet I had some hopes that I was o'er muckle an' o'er heavy metal for the fairies. Hout, thinks I, what need I be sae feared? They'll never take away ane o' my size to be a fairy—Od, I wad be the daftest-like fairy ever was seen.

"I had naething for't but to stride on as fast as I could, an' on I comes till I comes to the bit brae at the side o' the Ox-Cleuch-Lea, an' there I heard something fistling amang the brakens, an' making a kind o' wheenge, wheenge, wheenging, that gart a' my heart loup to my mouth; an' what was this but my poor dog Reaver, coming creeping on his wame, an' sae fain to meet me again that he hardly kend what he was doing. I took him up in my arms an' clappit him, an' said a' the kind things to him that I could, an' O sic a wark an' fidgetting as he made! But yet I couldna help thinking there was a kind o' doufness and melancholy in his looks. What ails ye, Reaver man? quo' I. I wish a' may be weel about Chapelhope the night; but ye canna tell me that, poor fallaw, or else ye wad. He sometimes lickit my stocking wi' his tongue, an' sometimes my hand, but he wadna gang away afore me as he used to do, cocking his tail sae massy-like; an' I feared sair that a' wasna right about hame, an' can hardly tell ony body how I felt,—fock's ain are aye their ain!

"At length I cam' amaist close to the bit brow o' the Lang Bank that brought me in sight o' my ain house, but when I lookit ower my shoulder Reaver was fled. I grew fearder than ever, an' wistna what to think; an' wi' that I sees a queer-like shapen thing standing straight on the road afore me. Now, thinks I, this is the Brownie o' Bodsbeck; I wadna face him for a' the warld; I maun try to gie him the slip. Sae I slides aff the road, an' down a bit howe into the side o' the loch

thinking I wad get up within the brae out o' sight o' him —But aha! there was he standing straight afore me on the shore. I clamb the brae again, and sae did he. Now, thinks I, his plan is first to pit me out o' my reason, an' then wear me into the loch and drown me; I'll keep an open side wi' him. Sae up the hill I scrambles wi' a' my speed, an' doun again, and up again, five or six times; but still he keepit straight afore me. By this time I was come by degrees very near him, an' waxed quite desperate, an' desperation made me crouse. 'In the name o' God,' cries I, 'what are ye that winna let me by to my ain house?"

"Did you see a woman on your way?" said the creature in a deep solemn voice.

"Yes, I did," answered I.

"Did she tell you any thing?" said the apparition again.

"No," said I.

"Then I must," said the creature. "You go no nearet to your own house to-night"

"Say you sae?" said I; "but I'll gang to my ain house the night, though sax like you stood atween me an' it."

"I charge you," said the thing again, "that you go not nearer to it. For your own sake, and the sakes of those that are dearest to you, go back the gate you came, and *go not* to that house."

"An' pray wha may you be that's sae peremptory?" said I.

"A stranger here, but a friend to you, Laidlaw. Here you do not pass to-night."

I never could bide to be braved a' my life. "Say you sae, friend?" quo' I; "then let me tell ye, stand out o' my way; or, be ye brownie or fairy—be ye ghaist, or be ye deil—in the might o' Heaven, I sall gie ye strength o' arm for aince; an' here's a cudgel that never fell in vain."

"So saying, I took my stick by the sma' end wi' baith my hands, an' heaving it ower my shoulder I cam' straight

on to the apparition, for I hardly kend what I was doing; an' my faith it had gotten a paik! but it had mair sense than to risk it; for when it saw that I was dementit, it e'en steppit quietly aff the road, and said, wi' a deep grane, "Ye're a wilfu' man, Laidlaw, an' your wilfu'ness may be your undoing. Pass on your ways, and Heaven protect your senses."

"I dredd sair I was doing wrang, but there was something in my nature that wadna be contrair'd; sae by I went, an' lookit full at the thing as I past. It had nouther face nor hands, nor head nor feet; but there was it standing like a lang corn sack. L—d tak me, (as Serjeant Macpherson said,) if I kend whether I was gaun on my feet or the crown o' my head.

"The first window that I came to was my ain, the ane o' that room where Maron and I slept. I rappit at it wi' a rap that wont to be weel kend, but it was barred, an' a' was darkness and vacancy within. I tried every door and window alang the foreside o' the house, but a wi' the same effect. I rappit an' ca'd at them a', an named every name that was in the house when I left it, but there was nouther voice, nor light, nor sound. 'Lord have a care o' me!' said I to mysel, 'what's come o' a' my fock? Can Clavers hae been here in my absence an' taen them a' away? or has the Brownie o' Bodsbeck eaten them up, stoop an' roop? For a' that I hae wearied to see them, here I find my house left unto me desolate. This is a waesome welcome hame to a father, an' a husband, an' a master!—O what will come o' puir auld Wat now?"

"The Auld Room was a place I never thought o' ganging to; but no kenning what to mak o' mysel, round the west end o' the house I gaes towards the door o' the Auld Room. I soon saw through the seam atween the shutters that there was a light in it, an' kenning weel that there was a broken lozen, I edged back the shutter naturally to see what was gaun on within—May never a father's e'e again see sic a sight as mine saw!—There was my dear, my only daughter Katharine, sitting on the

bed wi' a dead corpse on her knee, and her hands round its throat; and there was the Brownie o' Bodsbeck, the ill-faurd, runkled, withered thing, wi' its eildron form and grey beard, standin at the bed side hauding the pale corpse by the hand. It had its tither hand liftit up, and was mutter, muttering some horrid spell, while a crew o' the same kind o' grizly bearded phantoms were standing round them. I had nae doubt but there had been a murder committit, and that a dissection was neist to take place; and I was sae shockit that I was just gaun to roar out. I tried it twice, but I had tint my voice, and could do naething but gape.

"I now fand there was a kind o' swarf coming o'er me, for it came up, up, about my heart, an' up, up, o'er my temples, till it darkened my een; an' I fand that if it met on the crown o' my head I was gane. Sae I thought it good, as lang as that wee master bit was sound, to make my escape, an' aff I ran, an' fell, an' fell, an' rase an' ran again. As Riskinhope was the nearest house, I fled for that, where I wakened Davie Tait out o' his bed in an unco plight. When he saw that I was a' bedaubit wi' mire o'er head an' ears, (for I had faun a hunder times,) it was impossible to tell wha o' us was maist frightit.

"Lord sauf us, goodman," quo' he, "are ye hangit?"

"Am I hangit, ye blockhead!" says I; "what do ye mean?"

"I m-m-mean," says Davie, "w-w-war ye ek-ek-execute?"

"Dinna be feard for an auld acquaintance, Davie," quo' I, "though he comes to you in this guise."

"Guise!" said Davie, staring, and gasping for breath —"Gui-gui-guise! Then it se-e-e-eems ye *are* dead?"

"Gin I were dead, ye fool," quoth I, "how could I be here? Give me your hand."

"Uh-uh-uh-uuuh!" cried Davie, as I wore him up to the nook, and took haud o' his hand by force. "Uh, goodman, ye are flesh and blude yet! But O ye're cauld an' ugsome!"

"Davie," quoth I, "bring me a drink, for I hae seen something o'er-bye, an' I'm hardly just mysel."

Davie ran and brought me a hale bowie-fu' o' milk. "Tak a gude waught, goodman," quo' he, "an' dinna be discouraged. Ye maun lay your account to see and hear baith, sic things as ye never saw or heard afore, gin ye be gaun to bide here. Ye needna wonder that I thought ye war dead,—the dead are as rife here now as the living—they gang amang us, work amang us, an' speak to us; an' them that we ken to be half-rotten i' their graves, come an' visit our fire-sides at the howe o' the night. There hae been sad doings here sin ye gaed away, goodman!"

"Sad doings I fear, indeed, Davie!" says I. "Can ye tell me what's become o' a' my family?"

"Troth can I, goodman. Your family are a' weel Keatie's at hame her lievahlane, an' carrying on a' the wark o' the farm as weel as there war a hunder wi' her. Your twa sons an' auld Nanny bide here; an' the honest gudewife hersel she's away to Gilmanscleuch. But oh, gudeman, there are sad things gaun on o'er-by yonder; an' mony a ane thinks it will hae a black an' a dreadfu' end. Sit down an' thraw aff your dirty claes, an' tell us what ye hae seen the night."

"Na, na, Davie! unless I get some explanation, the thing that I hae seen the night maun be lockit up in this breast, an' be carried to the grave wi' it. But, Davie, I'm unco ill; the cauld sweat is brekking on me frae head to foot. I'm feared I gang away athegither."

"Wow, gudeman, what can be done?" quo' Davie. "Think ye we sudna tak the beuk?"

"I was sae faintish I couldna arguy wi' the fool, an' ere ever I wist he has my bonnet whuppit aff, and is booling at a sawm; and when that was done, to the prayin' he fa's, an' sic nonsense I never heard prayed a' my life. I'll be a rogue gin he wasna speakin' to his Maker as he had been his neighbour herd; an' then he was baith fleetching an' fighting wi' him. However, I came something to mysel again, an' Davie he thought proper to ascribe it a' to his bit ragabash prayer."

Walter spent a restless and a troubled morning till daylight, and Davie said, that wearied as he was, he believed he never closed his een, for he heard him frequently turning in the bed, and moaning to himself; and he heard him once saying, with deep sighs as if weeping,—"O my poor Keatie Laidlaw! what is to become o' her! My poor lost, misled lassie! Wa'es my heart for her! I fear she is ruined for this world—an' for the aftercome, I dare hardly venture to think about it!—O wae's me for my poor luckless bairn!"

CHAP. XVI.

Next morning Walter and his two sons, and old Nanny, went all over to Chapelhope together, just as the cows came to the lone; and the farmer was sundry times remarking by the way that "daylight had mony een!" The truth was, that the phantoms of superstition had in a measure fled with the shadows of the night, which they seldom fail to do. They, indeed, remain in the bosom, hid, as it were, in embryo, ready to be embodied again at the fall of the long shadow in the moon-light, or the evening tale round the fading embers; but Walter at this time, perhaps, regarded the visions of last night as dreams scarcely remembered, and less believed, and things which in the open day he would have been ashamed to have acknowledged.

Katharine had begun a milking, but when she beheld her father coming across the meadow, she left her leglen and ran home. Perhaps it was to put his little parlour in order, for no one of the family had set foot within that house but herself for three weeks—or perhaps she did not choose that their meeting should be witnessed by other eyes. In short, she had something of importance to put to rights—for home she ran with great haste; and Walter, putting his sons to some work to detain them,

followed her all alone. He stepped into the parlour, but no one being there, he sat down on his elbow chair, and began to look about him. In a few seconds his daughter entered—flung herself on her father's knee and bosom—clasped her arms about his neck—kissed him, and shed a flood of tears on his breast. At first he felt somewhat startled at her embrace, and his arms made a feeble and involuntary effort to press her away from him; but she grew to him the closer, and welcomed him home with such a burst of filial affection and tenderness, that nature in a short time regained her empire over the father's heart; and there was to be seen old Walter with his large hands pressing her slender waist, keeping her at a little distance from him on his knee, and looking stedfastly in her face, with the large tear rolling in his eye. It was such a look as one sometimes takes of the corpse of one that was dearly beloved in life. Well did she read this look, for she had the eye of the eagle for discernment; but she hid her face again on his shoulder, and endeavoured, by familiar inquiries, to wean him insensibly from his reserve, and draw him into his wonted freedom of conversation with her.

"Ye ken o'er weel," said he at length, "how deep a haud ye hae o' this heart, Keatie. Ye're my ain bairn still, and ye hae done muckle for my life—but"———

"Muckle for your life!" said she, interrupting him—"I have been but too remiss. I have regretted every hour that I was not with you attending you in prison, administering to all my father's wants, and helping to make the time of bondage and suspense pass over more lightsomely; but grievous circumstances have prevented me. I have had sad doings here since you went away, my dear father—there is not a feeling that can rack the human heart has not been my share. But I will confess all my errors to my father, fall at his knees, and beg his forgiveness—ay, and I hope to receive it too."

"The sooner ye do sae the better then, Keatie," said he—"I was here last night, an' saw a sight that was enough to turn a father's heart to stane."

"*You were here last night!*" said she emphatically, while her eyes were fixed on the ground—"You were here last night! Oh! what shall become of me!"

"Ay, weel may ye say sae, poor lost and undone creature! I was here last night, though worn back by some o' your infernals, an' saw ye in the mids o' your dreadfu' game, wi' a' your bike o' hell round about ye. I watna what your confession and explanation may do; but without these I hae sworn to myself, and I'll keep my aith, that you and I shall never night thegither again in the same house, nor the same part o' the country—ay, though it should bring down my grey hairs wi' sorrow to the grave, I'll keep that aith."

"I fear it will turn out a rash vow," said she, "and one that we may all repent to the last day that we have to live. There is danger and jeopardy in the business, and it is connected with the lives and souls of men; therefore, before we proceed farther in it, relate to me all the circumstances of your trial, and by what means you are liberated."

"I'll do that cheerfully," said Walter, "gin it war but to teach you compliance."

He then went over all the circumstances of his extraordinary trial, and the conditions on which he was discharged; and ended by requiring her positively to give him the promised explanation.

"So you are only then out on bail," said she, "and liable to be cited again on the same charges?"

"No more," was the reply.

"It is not then time yet for my disclosure," said she, "and no power on earth shall wring it from me; therefore, my dear father, let me beg of you to urge your request no farther, that I may not be under the painful necessity of refusing you again."

"I hae tauld ye my determination, Keatie," returned he; "an' ye ken I'm no very apt to alter. If I should bind ye in a cart wi' my ain hands, ye shall leave Chapelhope the night, unless ye can avert that by explaining your connections to me. An' why should ye no?—Things can never appear waur to my mind than they are

just now—If hell itself had been opened to my e'e an' I had seen you ane o' the inmates, I coudna hae been mair astoundit than I was yestreen. I'll send ye to Edinburgh, an' get ye safely put up there, for I canna brook things ony langer in this state. I winna hae my family scattered, an' made a byeword and an astonishment to the hale country this gate—Outher tell me the meaning o't, or lay your account to leave your father's house this day for ever."

"You do not know what you ask, father—the thing is impossible. Was ever a poor creature so hard bestead! Will not you allow me a few days to prepare for such a departure?"

"No ae day, nor ae hour either, Kate. Ye see this is a situation o' things that canna be tholed ony langer."

She sat down as if in deep meditation, but she neither sobbed nor wept. "You are only out on bail," said she, "and liable to be tried again on the same grounds of charge?"

"Ay, nae mair," said Walter; "but what need ye harp on that? I'm safe enough. I forgot to tell you that the judges were sae thoroughly convinced of my loyalty and *soundness*, (as they ca'd it) that they wadna risk me to the vote of a jury; an' that the bit security they sought was naething but a mere sham to get honourably quit of me. I was likewise tauld by ane that kens unco weel, that the king has gotten ither tow to tease than persecuting whigs ony langer, an' that there will soon be an order put out of a very different nature. There is never to be mair blood shed on account of the covenanted reformation in Scotland."

When Walter began his speech, his daughter lifted up her downcast eyes, and fixed them on his face with a look that manifested a kind of hopeless apathy; but as he advanced, their orbs enlarged, and beamed with a radiance as if she had been some superior intelligence. She did not breathe—or, if she did, it stole imperceptibly from between her parted ruby lips. "What did you say, my dear father?" said she.

"What did I say!" repeated Walter, astonished and nettled at the question—"What the deil was i' your lugs, that ye didna hear what I said? I'm sure I spake out. Ye are thinking o' something else, Kate."

"Be so good as repeat every word that you said over again," said she, "and tell me whence you drew your intelligence."

Walter did so; repeating it in still stronger and more energetic language than he had done before, mentioning at the same time how he had his information, which could not be doubted.

"It is enough, my dear father," said she. "Say not another word about it. I will lay open all my errors to my father this instant—come with me, and I will show you a sight!"

As she said this, she put her arm in her father's to lead him away; but Walter looked about him with a suspicious and startled eye, and drew somewhat back.

"You must go instantly," continued she, "there is no time so fit; and whatever you may see or hear, be not alarmed, but follow me, and do as I bid you."

"Nane o' your cantrips wi' me, Kate," said Walter—"I see your drift weel eneugh, but ye'll find yoursel disappointit. I hae lang expectit it wad come to this; but I'm determined against it."

"Determined against what, my dear father?"

"Ye want to mak a warlock o' me, ye imp o' mischief," said Walter; "but I hae taen up my resolution there, an' a' the temptations o' Satan sanna shake it. Nah! Gudefaith, auld Wat o' the Chapelhope's no gaun to be led away by the lug an' the horn to the deil that gate."

Katharine's mien had a tint of majesty in it, but it was naturally serious. She scarcely ever laughed, and but seldom smiled; but when she did so, the whole soul of delight beamed in it. Her face was like a dark summer day, when the clouds are high and majestic, and the lights on the valley mellowed into beauty. Her smile was like a fairy blink of the sun shed through these clouds, than

which, there is nothing in nature that I know of so enlivening and beautiful. It was irresistible;—and such a smile beamed on her benign countenance, when she heard her father's wild suspicions expressed in such a blunt and ardent way; but it conquered them all—he went away with her rather abashed, and without uttering another word.

They walked arm in arm up by the side of the burn, and were soon out of sight of Nanny and the boys. Walter was busy all the way trying to form some conjecture what the girl meant, and what was to be the issue of this adventure, and began to suspect that his old friends, the Covenant men, were some way or other connected with it; that it was they, perhaps, who had the power of raising those spirits by which his dwelling had been so grievously haunted, for he had heard wonderful things of them. Still there was no co-indication of circumstances in any of the calculations that he was able to make, for his house had been haunted by Brownie and his tribe long ere he fell in with the fugitive Covenanters. None of them had ever given him the least hint about the matter, or the smallest key to it, which he believed they would have done; nor had he ever mentioned a word of his connection with them to one of his family, or indeed to any one living. Few were the words that passed between the father and daughter in the course of that walk, but it was not of long duration.

They soon came to the precipitate linn on the South Grain, where the soldiers had been slain. Katharine being a little way before, began to scramble across the face of the rock by a path that was hardly perceptible. Walter called after her, "Where are ye gaun, Keatie? It's impossible to win yont there—there's no outgate for a mouse."

"We will try," answered she; "it is perhaps not so bad as it looks—Follow me—you have nothing to fear."

Walter followed; for however much he was affrighted for brownies, and fairies, and dead corpses, and all these awful kind of things, he was no coward among rocks and

precipices. They soon reached a little dass in the middle of the linn, or what an Englishman would call a small landing-place. Here she paused till her father reached her, and pointed out to him the singularity of their situation, with the burn roaring far below their feet, and the rock fairly overhanging them above.

"Is it not a romantic and tremendous spot?" said she.

"It is that!" said Walter, "an' I believe you and I are the first that ever stood on it."

"Well, this is the end of our journey," said she; and, turning about, she began to pull at a bush of heath that grew between two rocks.

"What can she be gaun to do wi' the heather?" thought Walter to himself, when instantly a door opened, and showed a cavern that led into the hill. It was a door wattled with green heath, with the tops turned outward so exactly, that it was impossible for any one to know but that it was a bush of natural heath growing in the interstice. "Follow me, my dear father," said she, "you have still nothing to fear;" and so saying she entered swiftly in a stooping posture. Walter followed, but his huge size precluded the possibility of his walking otherwise than on all fours, and in that mode he fairly essayed to follow his mysterious child; but the path winded—his daughter was quite gone—and the door closed behind him, for it was so constructed as to close of itself, and as Walter expressed it,—"There was he left, gaun boring into the hill like a moudiwort, in utter darkness." The consequence of all this was, that Walter's courage fairly gave way, and by an awkward retrograde motion, he made all the haste he was able back to the light.—He stood on the shelve of the rock at the door for several minutes in confused consternation, saying to himself, "What in the wide world is com'd o' the wench? I believe she is gane away down into the pit bodily, an' thought to wile me after her; or into the heart of the hill, to some enchantit cave, amang her brownies, an' fairies, an' hobgoblins. Gudeness have a care o' me, gin ever I saw the like o' this!" Then losing all patience, he opened the

door, set in his head, and bellowed out,—"Hollo, lassie! —What's com'd o' ye? Keatie Laidlaw—Hollo!" He soon heard footsteps approaching, and took shelter behind the door, with his back leaning to the rock, in case of any sudden surprise, but it was only his daughter, who chided him gently for his timidity and want of confidence in her, and asked how he could be frightened to go where a silly girl, his own child, led the way? adding, that if he desired the mystery that had so long involved her fate and behaviour to be cleared up, he behoved to enter and follow her, or to remain in the dark for ever. Thus admonished, Walter again screwed his courage to the sticking place, and entered in order to explore this mysterious cave, following close to his daughter, who led him all the way by the collar of the coat as he crept. The entrance was long and irregular, and in one place very narrow, the roof being supported here and there by logs of birch and alder. They came at length into the body of the cave, but it was so dimly lighted from above, the vent being purposely made among rough heath, which in part overhung and hid it from view without, that Walter was almost in the middle of it ere ever he was aware, and still creeping on his hands and knees. His daughter at last stopped short, on which he lifted his eyes, and saw indistinctly the boundaries of the cave, and a number of figures standing all around ready to receive him. The light, as I said, entered straight from above, and striking on the caps, and bonnets which they wore on their heads, these shaded their faces, and they appeared to our amazed goodman so many blackamoors, with long shaggy beards and locks, and their garments as it were falling from their bodies piece-meal. On the one side, right over against him, stood a coffin, raised a little on two stones; and on the other side, on a couch of rushes, lay two bodies that seemed already dead, or just in the last stage of existence; and, at the upper end, on a kind of wicker chair, sat another pale emaciated figure, with his feet and legs wrapt up in flannel, a napkin about his head, and his body wrapped in an old duffel cloak that had once belonged

to Walter himself. Walter's vitals were almost frozen up by the sight,—he uttered a hollow exclamation, something like the beginning of a prayer, and attempted again to make his escape, but he mistook the entrance, and groped against the dark corner of the cavern. His daughter pulled him by the arm, entreating him to stay, and addressing the inmates of that horrid den, she desired them to speak to her father, and explain the circumstances of their case, for he was still bewildered, and the scene was too much for him to bear.

"That we will do joyfully," said one, in a strong intelligent voice.

Walter turned his eyes on the speaker, and who was it but the redoubted Brownie of Bodsbeck, so often mentioned before, in all his native deformity; while the thing in the form of a broad bonnet that he wore on his head, kept his features, grey locks and beard, wholly in the shade; and, as he approached Walter, he appeared a being without any definitive form or feature. The latter was now standing on his feet, with his back leaning against the rock that formed the one side of the cave, and breathing so loud, that every whiff sounded in the caverned arches like the rush of the winter wind whistling through the crevices of the casement.

Brownie approached him, followed by others.

"Be not alarmed, goodman," said the creature, in the same solemn and powerful voice; "you see none here but fellow-creatures and Christians—none who will not be happy to bestow on you their blessing, and welcome you as a father."

He stretched forth his hand to take hold of our goodman's. It was bent to his side as by a spasm, and at the same time a volley of breath came forth from his capacious chest with such a rush, that it was actually like the snort of a horse that is frightened in the dark. The Brownie, however, laid hold of it, stiff as it was, and gave it a squeeze and a hearty shake. "You are welcome, sir!" continued the shapeless mass, "to our dismal habitation. May the God of heaven particularly bless you in your *amily*, and in all your other concerns!"

The naming of this name dispelled Walter's wild apprehensions like a charm, for though he was no devotee, yet his mind had a strong bias to the superstitions of the country in which he was bred; therefore this benediction, pronounced in such a tone of ardour and sublimity of feeling, had a powerful effect on his mind. But the circumstance that proved the most effective of all, was perhaps the sensible assurance gained by the shaking of hands, that Brownie was really and truly a corporeal being. Walter now held out his hand to all the rest as they came forward one by one, and shook hands heartily with them all, while every one of them blessed him in the name of their Maker or Redeemer. Walter was still involved in mystery, and all this while he had never uttered a word that any man could make meaning of; and after they had all shook hands with him, he looked at the coffin; then at the figures on the couch; then at the pale wretch on the wicker-seat, and then at the coffin again.

"Let us fully understand one another," said Katharine. "Pray, Brown, be so good as detail the circumstances of this party as shortly as you can to my father, for, as is natural, he is still perplexed and bewildered."

"You see here, before you, sir," said the little hunchbacked figure, "a wretched remnant of that long persecuted, and now nearly annihilated sect, the covenanted reformers of the west of Scotland. We were expelled from our homes, and at last hunted from our native mountains like wolves, for none of our friends durst shelter any of us on their grounds, on pain of death. Even the rest of the persecuted disowned us, and became our adversaries, because our tenets were more stern and severe than theirs; for we acted on the principle of retaliation as far as it lay in our power, holding that to be in consistency with the laws of God and man; therefore were we expelled from their society, which indeed we disdained.

"We first came to Bodsbeck, where we got shelter for a few weeks. It was there that I was first supposed by the menials, who chanced to see me, to be a Brownie,

and that superstitious idea the tenant thought meet to improve for our safety, but on the approach of Lag's people he dismissed us. We then fled to Leithenhall, from whence in a few days we were again compelled to fly; and at last came to this wild, the only place in the south that soldiers had never searched, or could search with any degree of success. After much labour we completed this cave, throwing the stuff into the torrent below, so that the most minute investigator could not distinguish the smallest difference in the linn, or face of the precipice; and here we deemed we might live for years without being discovered; and here we determined to live, till God should see fit, in his own good time, to send some relief to his persecuted church in these lands.

"But alas, the worst evil of all awaited us! We subsisted for a considerable time by bringing victuals over night from a great distance, but even the means of obtaining these failed us; so that famine, and the dampness of the air here, we being compelled to lie inactive in the bowels of the earth for days and nights together, brought on us a malignant and pestilential fever. In three days from its first appearing, one half of our number were lying unable to move, or lift an eye. What could we do? The remnant could not fly, and leave their sick and wounded brethren to perish here unseen. We were unable to carry them away with us, and if we had, we had no place to which we could have conveyed them. We durst not apply to you, for if you had taken pity on us, we knew it would cost you your life, and be the means of bereaving your family of all your well-earned wealth. In this great extremity, as a last resource, I watched an opportunity, and laid our deplorable case before that dear maid, your daughter—Forgive these tears, sir; you see every eye around fills at mention of her name—She has been our guardian angel—She has, under Almighty Providence, saved the lives of the whole party before you—has supplied us with food, cordials, and medicines: with beds, and with clothing, all from her own circumscribed resources. For us she has braved every danger, and suf-

fered every privation; the dereliction of her parents, and the obloquy of the whole country. That young man, whom you see sitting on the wicker chair there, is my only surviving son of five—he was past hope when she found him—fast posting to the last goal—her unwearied care and attentions have restored him; he is again in a state of convalescence—O may the Eternal God reward her for what she has done to him and us!

"Only one out of all the distressed and hopeless party has perished, he whose body lies in that coffin. He was a brave, noble, and pious youth, and the son of a worthy gentleman. When our dear nurse and physician found your house deserted by all but herself, she took him home to a bed in that house, where she attended him for the last seven days of his life with more than filial care. He expired last night at midnight, amid our prayers and supplications to heaven in his behalf, while that dear saint supported his head in his dying moments, and shed the tear of affliction over his lifeless form. She made the grave-clothes from her own scanty stock of linen—tied her best lawn napkin round the head; and"———

Here Walter could contain himself no longer; he burst out a crying, and sobbed like a child.

"An' has my Keatie done a' this?" he said, in a loud broken voice—"Has my woman done a' this, an' yet me to suspect her, an' be harsh till her? I might hae kend her better!" continued he, taking her in his arms, and kissing her cheek again and again. "But she shall hae ten silk gowns, an' ten satin anes, for the bit linen she nas bestowed on sic an occasion, an' a' that she has wared on ye I'll make up to her a hunder an' fifty fauld."

"O my dear father," said she, "you know not what I have suffered for fear of having offended you; for I could not forget that their principles, both civil and religious, were the opposite of yours—that they were on the adverse side to you and my mother, as well as the government of the country."

"Deil care what side they war on, Kate!" cried Walter, in the same vehement voice; "ye hae taen the side

o' human nature; the suffering and the humble side, an' the side o' feeling, my woman, that bodes best in a young unexperienced thing to tak. It is better than to do like yon bits o' gillflirts about Edinburgh; poor shilly-shally milk-an'-water things! Gin ye but saw how they cock up their noses at a whig, an' thraw their bits o' gabs; an' downa bide to look at aught, or hear tell o' aught, that isna i' the tap fashion. Ye hae done very right, my good lassie—od, I wadna gie ye for the hale o' them, an they war a' hung in a strap like ingans."

"Then, father, since you approve, I am happy. I have no care now save for these two poor men on that couch, who are yet far from being out of danger."

"Gudeness guide us!" said Walter, turning about, "I thought they had been twa dead corpse. But now, when my een are used to the light o' the place, I see the chaps *are* living, an' no that unlife-like, as a body may say."

He went up to them, spoke to them kindly, took their wan bleached sinewy hands in his, and said, he feared they were still very ill?

"Better than we have been," was the reply—"Better than we have been, goodman. Thanks to you and yours."

"Dear father," said Katharine, "I think if they were removed down to Chapelhope, to dry comfortable lodgings, and had more regular diet, and better attendance, their health might soon be re-established. Now that you deem the danger over, will you suffer me to have them carried down there?"

"Will I no, Kate? My faith, they shall hae the twa best beds i' the house, if Maron an' me should sleep in the barn! An' ye sal hae naething ado but to attend them, an' nurse them late an' aire; an' I'll gar Maron Linton attend them too, an' she'll rhame o'er bladds o' scripture to them, an' they'll soon get aboon this bit dwaum. Od, if outher gude fare or drogs will do it, I'll hae them playin' at the pennystane wi' Davie Tait, an' prayin' wi' him at night, in less than twa weeks."

"Goodman," said old Brown, (for this celebrated

Brownie was no other than the noted Mr John Brown, the goodman of Caldwell)—"Goodman, well may you be proud this day, and well may you be uplifted in heart on account of your daughter. The more I see and hear of her, the more am I struck with admiration; and I am persuaded of this, that, let your past life have been as it may, the Almighty will bless and prosper you on account of that maid. The sedateness of her counsels, and the qualities of her heart, have utterly astonished me—She has all the strength of mind, and energy of the bravest of men, blent with all the softness, delicacy, and tenderness of feminity—Neither danger nor distress can overpower her mind for a moment—tenderness does it at once. If ever an angel appeared on earth in the form of woman, it is in that of your daughter."—

"I wish ye wad haud your tongue," said Walter, who stood hanging his head, and sobbing aloud. The large tears were not now dropping from his eyes—they were trickling in torrents. "I wish ye wad haud your tongue, an' no mak me ower proud o' her. She's weel eneugh, puir woman————It's a—It's a shame for a great muckle auld fool like me to be booin an' greetin like a bairn this gate!—but deil tak the doer gin I can help it!—I watna what's ta'en me the day!—She's weel eneugh, puir lassie. I daresay I never learned her ony ill, but I little wat where she has gotten a' the gude qualities ye brag sae muckle o', unless it hae been frae Heaven in gude earnest; for I wat weel, she has been brought up but in a ramstamphish hamely kind o' way wi' Maron an' me.—But come, come! let us be done wi' this fuffing an' blawing o' noses, an' making o' wry faces. Row the twa puir sick lads weel up, an' bring them down in the bed-claes to my house. An' d'ye hear, callants—gudesake get your beards clippit or shaven a wee, an' be something warldlike, an' come a' down to Chapelhope; I'll kill the best wedder on the Hermon-Law, an' we shall a' dine heartily thegither for aince; I'll get ower Davie Tait to say the grace, an' we'll be as merry as the times will allow."

They accepted the invitation, with many expressions

of gratitude and thankfulness, and the rays of hope once more enlightened the dejected countenances that had so long been overshadowed with the gloom of despair.

"But there's ae thing, callants," said Walter, "that has astonished me, an' I canna help speering. Where got ye the coffin sae readily for the man that died last night?"

"That coffin," said Brown, "was brought here one night by the friends of one of the men whom Clavers caused to be shot on the other side of the ridge there, which you saw. The bodies were buried ere they came; it grew day on them, and they left it; so, for the sake of concealment, we brought it into our cave. It has been useful to us; for when the wretched tinker fell down among us from that gap, while we were at evening worship, we pinioned him in the dark, and carried him in that chest to your door, thinking he had belonged to your family. That led to a bloody business, of which you shall hear anon. And in that coffin, too, we carried off your ungrateful curate so far on his journey, disgraced for ever, to come no more within twenty miles of Chapelhope, on pain of a dreadful death in twenty-four hours thereafter; and I stand warrandice that he shall keep his distance. In it we have now deposited the body of a beloved and virtuous friend, who always foretold this, from its first arrival in our cell.—But he rejoiced in the prospect of his dissolution, and died as he had lived, a faithful and true witness; and his memory shall long be revered by all the just and the good."

CHAP. XVII.

I HATE long explanations, therefore this chapter shall be very short; there are, however, some parts of the

foregoing tale, which require that a few words should be subjoined in elucidation of them.

This John Brown was a strenuous and desperate reformer. He was the son of a gentleman by a second marriage, and half-brother to the Laird of Caldwell. He was at the battle of Pentland, with five brave sons at his back, two of whom were slain in the action, and he himself wounded. He was again at Bothwell Bridge with the remaining three, where he was a principal mover of the unhappy commotions in the army that day, owing to his violent irreclaimable principles of retaliation. A little before the rout became general, he was wounded by a musket bullet, which grazed across his back, and deprived him of all power. A dragoon coming up, and seeing him alive, struck him again across the back with his sword, which severed the tendons, and cut him to the bone. His sons had seen him fall, and, knowing the spot precisely, they returned overnight, and finding him still alive, they conveyed him to a place of safety, and afterwards to Glasgow, where he remained concealed in a garret in a friend's house for some months; and, after great sufferings in body and mind, recovered of his wounds; but, for want of surgical assistance, he was so crooked and bowed down, that his nearest friends could not know him; for in his youth, though short in stature, he was strong and athletic. At length he reached his own home, but found it ransacked and desolate, and learned that his wife was carried to prison, he knew not whither. His powerful eloquence, and wild Cameronian principles, made him much dreaded by the other party; a high reward was offered for apprehending him, so that he was driven to great straits, yet never failed to wreak his vengeance on all of the persecuting party that fell within his power, and he had still a number of adherents.

At length there was one shot in the fields near Kirkconnel that was taken for him, and the promised reward actually paid; on which the particular search after him subsided. His two youngest sons both died for the same cause with the former, but James, his third son, always

kept by his father, until taken prisoner by Clavers as he was fishing one day in Coulter Water. Clavers ordered him to be instantly shot, but the Laird of Coulteralloes being present, interceded for him, and he was detained a prisoner, carried about from place to place, and at length confined in the jail at Selkirk. By the assistance of his father and friends he effected his escape, but not before being grievously wounded; and, by reason of the hurts he received, and the fever that attacked them in the cave, when Katharine was first introduced there, he was lying past hope; but, by her unwearied care and attention, he, with others, was so far recovered as to be able to sit up, and walk about a little. He was poor Nanny's own son; and this John Brown was her husband, whom she had long deemed in another and a happier state—No wonder that he was shocked and affrighted when she saw him again in such a form at midnight, and heard him speak in his own natural and peculiar voice. Their meeting that day at Chapel-hope must be left to the imagination; it is impossible for any pen to do it justice.

It is only necessary to add, that Walter seems to have been as much respected and beloved by his acquaintaness and domestics, at least as any neighbour or master of the present day, as will appear from the few following remarks. The old session-clerk and precentor at Ettrick said, "it was the luckiest thing that could have happened that he had come home again, for the poor's ladle had been found to be a pund Scots short every Sunday since he and his family had left the church." And Sandy Cunningham, the conforming clergyman there, a very honest inoffensive man, remarked, "that he was very glad to hear the news, for the goodman always gave the best dinners at the visitations and examinations of any farmer in his parish; and one always felt so comfortable in his house." Davie Tait said, that "Divine Providence had just been like a stell dike to the goodman. It had bieldit him frae the bitter storm o' the adversary's wrath, an' keepit a' the thunder-bolts o' the wicked frae brekking on his head, that, for his part, he wad sit down on his knees an' thank

Heaven, Sunday and Saturday, for his return, for he could easily lend his master as muckle siller as wad stock a' Riskinhope ower again, an' there was little doubt but he wad do it." Even old John of the Muchrah remarked, "that it was just as weel that his master was come back, for he had an unco gude e'e amang the sheep when ought was gaun wrang on the hill, an' the ewes wadna win nae mair into the hogg fence o' the Quave Brae, i' the day time at ony rate."

If there are any incidents in this Tale that may still appear a little mysterious, they will all be rendered obvious by turning to a pamphlet, entitled, A CAMERONIAN'S TALE, *or The Life of John Brown, written by himself.* But any reader of common ingenuity may very easily solve them all.

THE

WOOL-GATHERER.

Love is a passion so capricious, so violent, and so productive of whimsical expedients, that there is no end of its varieties. Dramas may be founded, plots arranged, and novels written on the subject, yet the simple truth itself generally outlasts them all. The following story, which relates to an amiable family still existing, is so like a romance, that perhaps the word of a narrator is insufficient to stamp it with that veracity to which it is entitled. The principal incidents, however, are set down precisely as they were related to me; only I have deemed it meet to change the designations of the individuals, so far that they cannot be recognised by any one not previously acquainted with the circumstances.

The late Laird of Earlhall dying in the fiftieth year of his age, as his grave-stone intimates, left behind him a widow, and two sons both in their minority. The eldest was of a dashing impatient character—he had a kind and affectionate heart, but his actions were not always tempered with prudence. He entered at an early age into the army, and fell in the Peninsular war when scarcely twenty-two years of age. The estate thus devolved wholly on the youngest, whose name for the present shall be Lindsey, that being his second Christian name, and the one by which his mother generally called him. He had been intended for the law, but on his brother's death gave up the study, as too laborious for his easy and care-

less disposition. He was attached to literature; and after his return home his principal employment consisted in poring over his books, and managing a little flower-garden in which he took great delight. He was studious, absent, and sensible, but paid little attention to his estate, or the extensive farm which he himself occupied.

The old lady, who was a stirring, talkative, industrious dame, entertained him constantly with long lectures on the ill effects of idleness. She called it the *blight* of youth, the *grub* of virtue, and the *mildew* of happiness; and sometimes, when roused into energy, she said it was *the devil's langsettle* on which he plotted all his devices against human weal. Lindsey bore all with great patience, but still continued his easy and indolent way.

The summer advanced—the weather became peculiarly fine—labourers were busy in every field, and the shepherd's voice, and the bleating of his flocks, sounded from the adjacent mountains by break of day. This lively and rousing scene gave a new edge to the old lady's remonstrances; they came upon poor Lindsey thicker and faster, like the continued dropping of a rainy day, until he was obliged in some degree to yield. He tried to reason the matter with her, in somewhat near to the following words; but there, lawyer as he was, he had no chance. He was fairly overcome.

"My dear mother," said he, "what does all this signify?—Or what is it that I can effect by my superintendance? Our farmers are all doing well, and pay their rents regularly; and as for our farm-servants, they have each of them filled the same situation so long and so creditably, that I feel quite awkward when standing looking over them,—it looks as if I suspected their integrity, which has been so often proved. Besides, it is a leading maxim with me, that if a man, and more particularly a woman, know or believe that trust is reposed in them, they will, in ten out of eleven instances, deserve it; but if once they see that they are suspected, the feeling towards you is changed, and they will in a little time as likely deserve the one as the other. Our wealth is an-

nually increasing, at least as fast as necessary, and it is my principal wish, that every one under us may be as easy and comfortable as possible."

This was true, for the old lady being parsimonious in the extreme, their riches had increased rapidly since the death of the late laird. As for Lindsey, he never spent anything, save some trifle that he laid out yearly in payment of Reviews, and new books, and in relieving some poor families in the neighbourhood. The article of dress he left entirely to his mother: whatever she bought or made for him he approved of, and whatever clothes or linen she laid down in his chamber, he put on without any observations. He acted upon the same principle with regard to his meals, but he sometimes was obliged to insist on a little addition being made to the comforts of the family servants, all of whom loved him as a friend and benefactor. He could at any time have swayed his mother so far as to make her a little more liberal towards the men-servants, but with regard to the maids he had no such power. She and they lived at constant variance, —an irreconcileable jealousy seemed always to subsist between them, and woe to them if the young laird interested himself in their favour! Matters being in this state, he was obliged to witness this mutual animosity; this tyranny on the one hand, and discontent on the other, without having the power to amend it.

"But then, my dear Lindsey," returned she to his former remonstrance, "making allowance for a' that you say—allowing that your weel-spoken arguments are a foundit in truth, for laith wad you be to say an untruth, an' I never heard an argument that wasna sound come out o' your mouth,—but then I say, what's to hinder you to gang a fishing like other gentlemen, or shooting moor-cocks, an' paetricks, an' black-cocks, as a' ither country men o' your age an' station do? Some manly exercise in the field is absolutely necessary to keep your form robust, your colour fresh, and your mind active; an', indeed, you maunna be discontentit nor displeased, if I insist on it, while the weather is so fine."

"With regard to fowling, my dear mother, I am perfectly ignorant; I know nothing about the sport, and I never can delight in it, for often has it given me pain to see others pursuing it. I think the pleasure arising from it can scarcely originate in any thing else than a principle of cruelty. Fishing is little better. I never regret the killing of an ox, or sheep, by which we have so much necessary food for one life, but I think it hard to take a precious life for a single mouthful."

"His presence be about us! Lindsey! what's that ye say? Wha heard ever tell of a trout's precious life? Or a salmon's precious life? Or a ged's precious life? Wow, man, but sma' things are precious i' your een! Or wha can feel for a trout? A cauldrife creature that has nae feeling itsel; a greedy grampus of a thing, that worries its ain kind, an' eats them whenever it can get a chance. Na, na, Lindsey, let me hear nae mair o' sickan lang-nebbit fine-spun arguments; but do take your father's rod, like a man, and a gentleman, and gang a-fishing, if it were but an hour in the day; there are as many hooks and lines in the house as will serve you for seven years to come; an' it is weel kend how plenty the trouts are in your ain water. I hae seen the day when we never wanted plenty o' them at this time o' the year."

"Well, well," said Lindsey, taking up a book, "I shall go to please you, but I would rather be at home."

She rung the bell, and ordered in old John the barn-man, one well skilled in the art of angling. "John," said she, "put your master's fishing-rod and tackle in order, he is going a-fishing at noon."

John shrugged up his shoulders when he heard of his master's intent, as much as to say, "sic a fisher as he'll mak!" however, he went away in silence, and the order was quickly obeyed.

Thus equipt, away trudged Lindsey to the fishing for the first time in his life; slowly and indifferently he went, and began at the first pool he came to. John offered to accompany him, to which he assented, but this the old lady resisted, and bid him go to his work; he, however

watched his master's motions slyly for some time, and on joining his fellow labourers remarked, that "his master was a real saft hand at the fishing."

An experienced angler certainly would have been highly amused at his procedure. He pulled out the line, and threw it in again so fast, that he appeared more like one threshing corn than angling; he, moreover, fixed always upon the smoothest parts of the stream, where no trout in his right senses could possibly be inveigled. But the far greater part of his employment consisted in loosening the hook from different objects with which it chanced to come in contact. At one time he was to be seen stooping to the arm-pits in the middle of the water, disengaging it from some officious twig that had intercepted its progress; at another time on the top of a tree tearing off a branch on which it had laid hold. A countryman happening to pass by just as he stood stripped to the shirt cutting it out of his clothes, in which it had fastened behind, observed, by way of friendly remark, that "they were fashous things them hooks.' Lindsey answered, that "they certainly had a singular knack of catching hold of things."

He went through all this without being in the least disconcerted, or showing any impatience; and towards dinner-time, the trouts being abundant, and John having put on a fly that answered the weather, he caught some excellent fish, and might have caught many more had he been diligent; but every trout that he brought ashore took him a long time to contemplate. He surveyed his eye, his mouth, and the structure of his gills with tedious curiosity; then again laid him down, and fixed his eyes on him in deep and serious meditation.

The next day he needed somewhat less persuasion from his mother to try the same amusement; still it was solely to please her that he went, for about the sport itself he was quite careless. Away he set the second day, and prudently determined to go farther up the water, as he supposed that part to be completely emptied of fish where he had been the day before. He sauntered on

in his usual thoughtful and indifferent mood, sometimes throwing in his line without any manner of success. At length, on going over an abrupt ridge, he came to a clear pool where the farmers had lately been washing their flocks, and by the side of it a most interesting female, apparently not exceeding seventeen years of age, gathering the small flakes of wool in her apron that had fallen from the sheep in washing; while, at the same time, a beautiful well-dressed child, about two years old, was playing on the grass. Lindsey was close beside her before any of them were aware, and it is hard to say which of the two were most surprised. She blushed like scarlet, but pretended to gather on, as if wishing he would pass without taking any notice of them; but Lindsey was rivetted to the spot; he had never in his life seen any woman half so beautiful, and at the same time her array accorded with the business in which she was engaged. Her form was the finest symmetry; her dark hair was tucked up behind with a comb, and hung waving in ringlets over her cheeks and brow, "like shadows on the mountain snow;" and there was an elegance in the model of her features, arms, and hands, that the youth believed he had never before seen equalled in any lady, far less a country girl.

"What are you going to do with that wretched stuff, lassie," said Lindsey; "it has been trampled among the clay and sand, and is unfit for any human use."

"It will easily clean again, sir," said she, in a frank and cheerful voice, "and then it will be as good as ever."

"It looks very ill; I am positive it is for no manner of use."

"It is certainly, as you say, not of great value, sir; but if it is of any, I may as well lift it as let it lie and rot here."

"Certainly, there can be no harm in it; only I am sorry to see such a girl at such an employment."

"It is better doing this than nothing," was the reply.

The child now rolled himself over to get his face turned towards them; and, fixing his large blue eyes on Lindsey,

looked at him with the utmost seriousness. The latter observing a striking likeness between the girl and the child, had no doubt that she was his sister; and, unwilling to drop the conversation, he added, abruptly enough, "Has your mother sent you to gather that stuff?"

"I have neither father nor mother, sir."

"But one who supplies both their places, I hope. You have a husband, have not you?"

"Not as yet, sir; but there is no time lost."

She blushed; but Lindsey coloured ten times deeper when he cast his eyes on the child. His heart died within him at the thoughts that now obtruded themselves; it was likewise wrung for his imprudence and indelicacy. What was his business whether she was married or not, or how she was connected with the child? She seemed likewise to be put into some confusion at the turn the conversation was taking; and, anxious to bring it to a conclusion as soon as possible, she tucked up the wool in her apron below one arm, and was lifting up the child with the other to go away, when Lindsey stepped forward, saying, "Will not you shake hands with me, my good little fellow, before you go?"

"Ay," said the child, stretching out his little chubby hand; "how d'ye doo, sil?"

Lindsey smiled, shook his hand heartily, and put a crown piece into it.

"Ah, sir, don't give him that," said she, blushing deeply.

"It is only a play-thing that he must keep for my sake."

"Thank you sil," said the child. "Great muckle shilling, mamma."

This last appellation, *mamma*, struck Lindsey motionless;—he had not another word to say;—while the two went away prattling to one another.

"Vely lalge fine-looking shilling, mamma."

"Ay, it is a very bonny shilling, dear," said she, kissing him, and casting a parting look at the petrified fisher.

"Mamma, mamma!" repeated Lindsey to himself an hundred times, trying it with every modulation of his voice. "This is the most extraordinary circumstance I ever witnessed. Now, who in the world can comprehend that thing called woman?—Who would not have sworn that that rural beauty there was the most pure, innocent, and untainted of her sex?—And yet, behold! she has a fine boy running at her side, and calling her *mamma!*—Poor girl, is she not to be pitied?—When one thinks how some tender parent might rejoice over her, anticipating so much better things of her! It is plain she has been very indifferently used by the world—most cruelly used—and is she the less interesting on that account? I wish I knew how to make her some amends."

Thus reasoned our moral fisher with himself, keeping all the while a sidelong glance towards her, till he saw her enter a little neat white-washed cottage not far from the side of the stream; there were sundry other houses inhabited by cottagers in the hamlet, and the farm-house stood at the head of the cluster. The ground belonged to Lindsey, and the farmer was a quiet sober man, a widower, with a large family. Lindsey now went up the water a-fishing every day; and though he often hovered a considerable while at the washing-pool, and about the crook opposite to the cot, pretending all the while to be extremely busy fishing, he could never get another sight of the lovely Wool-gatherer, though he desired it above all present earthly things; for, some way or other, he felt that he *pitied* her exceedingly; and though he was not greatly *interested* in her, yet he was very much so in the *child*—he was *certain it was the child* that interested him so much—nevertheless, he was sorry too on account of the mother, for she seemed *very gentle*, and *very amiable*, and must have been abominably used; and therefore he could not help feeling *very sorry for her indeed*, as well as deeply *interested in the child*. On the second and third day that he went up, little George came out paddling to meet him at the water side, on which he always sent him in again with a fish in one hand, and some

little present in the other; but after that, he appeared no more, which Lindsey easily perceived to originate in the Wool-gatherer's diffidence and modesty, who could not bear the idea of her little man receiving such gifts.

The same course was continued for many days, and always with the same success, as far as regarded the principal motive, for the trouts were only a secondary one—the beauteous Wool-gatherer was thenceforward invisible. After three weeks' perseverance, it chanced to come on a heavy rain one day when he was but a little way above the farm-house. Robin the farmer, expecting that he would fly into his house until the shower abated, was standing without his own door to receive him; but he kept aloof, passed by, and took shelter in the Wool-gatherer's cottage; though not without some scruples of conscience as to the prudence of the step he was taking. When he went in she was singing a melodious Scottish air, and plying at her wheel. "What a thoughtless creature she must be," said he to himself; "and how little conscious of the state to which she has fallen." He desired her to go on with her song, but she quitted both that and her wheel instantly, set a chair for him, and sitting down on a low form herself, lighted sticks on the fire to warm and dry him, at the same time speaking and looking with the utmost cheerfulness, and behaving with all that ease and respect as if she had been his equal, and an old intimate acquaintance. He had a heart of the greatest integrity, and this was the very manner that delighted him; and indeed he felt that he was delighted in the highest degree by this fair mystery. He would gladly have learned her story, but durst not hint at such a thing for fear of giving her pain, and he had too much delicacy to inquire after her at any other person, or even to mention her name. He observed that though there was but little furniture in the house, yet it was not in the least degree like any other he had ever seen in such a cottage, and seemed very lately to have occupied a more respectable situation. Little George was munching at a lump of dry bread, making very slow progress. He kept his eyes fixed on his benefactor, but

said nothing for a considerable time, till at length he observed him sitting silent as in pleasing contemplation; he then came forward with a bounce upon his knee, and smiled up in his face, as much as to say, "You are not minding little George?"

"Ah, my dear little fellow, are you there? Will you have a muckle shilling of me to-day?"

"Na, na; be vely solly. Mamma quite angly. She scold me."

"Well, but since you have never come to help me to catch the fish for so long a time, I will only give you a very little one to-day."

"Dear sir, if you would not distress me, don't mind him: he is a little impudent fellow.—Go off from the gentleman, George."

George clapped both his hands upon his head, and went back without hesitation, gloomed at his mamma, and took again up his luncheon of dry bread.

"Nay, pardon me," continued Lindsey; "but you must always suffer me to give my little new acquaintance something." So saying, he put a guinea into the child's hand.

"Hank you, sil," said George.—"O no be angy, mamma—only ittle wee halfpenny—ook ye, mamma."

"Oh sir," said she, "you distress me by these presents. I have no need of money, and what can he do with it but throw it away?"

"Nay, nay; pray don't notice it; that is nothing between two friends like George and me."

Lindsey dried himself; talked of indifferent matters and then took the child on his knee and talked to him. The conversation had as yet been as free and unrestrained as possible, but Lindsey, by a blunder quite natural to a studious and absent man, cut it short at once. "Tell me your name, good lad?" said he to the child. "Let me hear you say your name?

"George," was the reply.

"But what more than George? Tell me what the call you more than George?"

"Just Geoge, sil. Mamma's Geoge."

"Pray, what is my young friend's surname?" said Lindsey, with the greatest simplicity.

The Wool-gatherer stooped to the floor as if lifting something, in order that she might keep her face out of the light; two or three times an answer seemed trembling on her tongue, but none came. There was a dead silence in the cot, which none had the courage to break. How our unfortunate fisher's heart smote him! He meant only to confer happiness, in place of which he had given unnecessary pain and confusion. The shower was past; he arose abruptly, said, "Goodb'ye, I will call and see my little George to-morrow," and home he went, more perplexed than ever, and not overmuch pleased with himself. But the thing that astonished him most of all was, the cheerful serenity of her countenance and manners under such grievous misfortunes. He did not know whether to blame or approve of her for this; however, he continued to go up the water for the most part every day, and seldom failed to call at the cot. He meant no ill—he was certain he meant no harm to any one—it was only to *see the child* that he went, and why should any man be ashamed to go and see a child? Very well reasoned, gentle fisher! but beware that this is not the reverse of what you feel within. At all events, it is the world that must judge of your actions and mine, not we ourselves. Scandal is a busy vixen, and none can make fame fly so fast on an errand as she.

Robin, the farmer, was hurt in the tenderest part that day when his laird went by his door, and took shelter in the Wool-gatherer's cot; and, on going in, he mentioned it in such a way, that his old-maiden sister, Meg, took note of it, and circulated it among the men-servants, with strong injunctions of secrecy. The continuation of his visits confirmed their worst suspicions; it was now no longer a matter of doubt with them what was going on, but an obvious certainty. The shameful and sudden attachment was blabbed from tongue to tongue, until every ear in the parish had drunk the delicious draught, save those of the parties implicated, and the old lady, the ori-

ginal cause of all. When he was seen go into the cot, an event that was strictly watched, the lasses would smile to each other,—the ploughmen broke jests upon it,—and Meg would hold up both her hands and say,—"Hech wow, sirs! I wonder what our young gentles will turn to by an' by. It winna be lang till marriage be out o' the fashion a' thegither, an' the fock that pretend to be Christians a' living through other like the wild Tartarers."

Little wist the old lady of what was going on! She dreamed not once of a beautiful stranger among the cottagers at Todburn (the name of Robin's farm), that was working such deray, else woe would have been to her and all concerned; for there was nothing short of the sin not to be forgiven, that she dreaded so much as her son forming any attachment or connexion with the country maidens. She had been congratulating herself mightily on the success of her expedient, in making him take such delight in a manly and healthful exercise, and one which led him insensibly to be acquainted with his people, and every part of his estate. She had even been boasting aloud of it to every one with whom she conversed; indeed her conversation with others was mostly about her son, for he being her only surviving child, she loved him with her whole heart, and her cares were all for him.

It happened one day that a little pert girl had come down from one of the cottages at Todburn to buy some milk, which the lady supplied to them from her dairy, and while skimming and measuring it, she fell into conversation with this little sly and provoking imp.

"Did you see my son fishing in the water as you came down?"

"Na, na, mim; he was safe landit or I came away. He was fishing wi' Hoy's net."

"Safe landit? Fishing wi' Hoy's net?—How do you mean?"

"He was gane in to take a rest, mim,—that's a'."

"Oh, that was a'—was it? I'm glad to hear o' that. I never knew he had called upon his tenants, or looked after them at all!"

"I trow he disna look muckle after them, mim. He's keener o' lookin' after something else."

"Oh ay, the trouts! To be sure they hae almaist gane between him an' his wits for some time; but he'll aye be seeing something o' his land, an' something o' his fock. It was I that persuaded him to it. There are some lucky hits in life."

"Ay, an' some lucky misses too, mim, that some think he likes as weel."

"He's sae tender-hearted, I believe he may be as happy oft to miss the fish as to hit them; but that will soon wear away, as I tell him. He's tender hearted to a fault."

"An' there's mae tender heartit nor him. There's some other kind o' misses forbye trouts up the water."

"What is it you say?"

"I'll say nae mair about it—ane may very easily speak muckle nonsense."

"Didna ye say that my son was gane into Robin's house afore ye came away?"

"I never said sic a word, begging your pardon, mim. He wadna gang into Robin's, though it war raining auld wives and Jeddart staves."

"What house was he gone into then?"

"Into Jeany's, mim."

"Jeany's! What Jeany?"

"I dinna ken what they ca' her mair than Jeany. Little George's mother, ye ken, that lives at the head o' the Washing-green."

"Jeany!—Little George's mother!—That lives at the head o' the Washing-green!—Wha is she? Where comes she frae? Has she a husband?"

"Na, na, mim—nae husband."

The lady breathed as short as if in the heat of a fever—hasted out to the air, and then returned with equal haste into the house, without being able to accomplish anything, for her hands trembled like the aspen leaf; and, finally, after ordering the girl to send Robin down to her immediately, she took to her bed, and lay brooding over

the great calamity of her son's shameful attachment. These low-bred women were her bane; especially if they were beautiful, she loathed, she hated, and, if she could, would have cleared the country of them. This, therefore, was a great trial; and before Robin arrived, she had made out to herself a picture of as many disagreeable objects as ever a distempered imagination conceived. Instead of a genteel respected wife, the head of a lovely family, a disgraceful connexion, and an illegitimate offspring! Ills followed on ills, a dreadful train! She could think of nothing else, and the more she thought of it the worse did the consequences appear. Before her messenger *reached* Robin, she had regularly determined on the young woman's dismissal from the estate, and, if possible. from the district.

We shall pass over a long conversation that took place between the old dame and Robin. It was maintained with great bitterness on the one hand, and servility on the other; but the final resolution was, that Jane should be ordered to depart from Todburn that night, or early the next morning; and if she refused, Robin was to bribe her to a compliance with any moderate sum of money, rather than that she should be suffered to remain longer; for the lady sagely observed, she might corrupt and lead astray all the young men in the country side, and would likely, at the long run, cost the parish more than if it were to maintain a company of soldiers. Last of all, it was decreed that their proceedings should be kept a profound secret from Lindsey.

Robin went home; and waiting upon Jane, told her abruptly to prepare for her immediate departure from the house that she occupied, for that she could not be longer there; and that he would be answerable for her furniture until she sent for it, or otherwise disposed of it; that she needed not to ask any questions as to his motives, for that he was obliged to do as he did, and the thing was decided that she was not to remain longer there.

She answered not a word; but, with the tears in her eyes, and many a half-smothered sob, she packed up a

small bundle of clothes, and, taking that below her arm and little George on her back, she went away, having first locked the door and given the key to the farmer. "Farewell, Robin," said she; "you are turning two very helpless and friendless creatures out to the open fields; but think you, you may not rue this on a day when you cannot help it?"

Robin was affected, but he was obliged to do as he was desired, and therefore made no defence, but said simply, "Farewell! Farewell!—God help thee, poor thing!"—He then kept an eye on her, that she might not communicate with any of the rest until she was fairly across the end of the Todburn-Law, and he was agreeably surprised at seeing her take that direction.

As soon as she got out of sight of her late dwelling, she sought a retired spot by the side of a clear mountain rivulet, where she sat down and gave free vent to her tears. "My poor child," said she, clasping little George to her breast, "what is now to become of us, and where will our sorrows terminate? Here we are turned out on the wide world, and have neither house nor home to cover our heads; we have no bed now, George, but the cold earth, and no covering but that sky that you see over us."

"O no geet, mamma—no geet; Geoge vely wae," said the child, clasping her neck in return, and sobbing aloud; "no geet, else Geoge tuln bad child, and geet too."

"No, for your sake, my dear, I will not greet; therefore cheer up thy little kind heart, for there is One who will provide for us still, and will not suffer two helpless inexperienced beings like you and I to perish."

"Geoge like 'at man."

"It is no man that we must now depend on, my dear; we must depend on God, who will never forsake us."

"Geoge like God."

Here she kissed him and wept anew, yet was all the while trying to console him. "Let us be of good cheer, George; while I have health I will work for you, for you have no one else on earth that cares for you."

"But no geet, mamma, I tell you; Geoge wulk too. When Geoge tuln geat big man, Geoge wulk mole 'an two mans."

Here their tender prattle was interrupted by a youth named Barnaby, who was close at their side before they observed him. He was one of Robin's servants, who herded a few young sheep at the back of the hill where Jane was sitting. He was fifteen years of age, tall and thin, but had fine features, somewhat pitted with the small-pox. He had an inexhaustible fund of good humour and drollery, and playing the fool among the rest of the servants to keep them laughing was his chiefest delight; but his folly was all affected, and the better part of his character lay concealed behind the screen of a fantastic exterior. He never mended his clothes like the rest of the servant lads, but suffered them to fall into as many holes as they inclined; when any expostulated with him on the subject, he said, "he likit them nae the waur o' twa or three holes to let in the air;" and, in truth, he was as ragged a youth as one would see in a summer day. His hat was remarkably broad-brimmed and supple, and hung so far over his eyes, that, when he looked any person in the face, he had to take the same position as if looking at a vertical star. This induced him often, when he wanted to see fairly about him, to fold in the fore part of the brim within the crown, which gave it the appearance of half a hat, and in this way was he equipped when he joined Jane and little George. They had been intimately acquainted from the first; he had done many little kind offices for her, and had the sagacity to discover that there was something about her greatly superior to the other girls about the hamlet; and he had never used the same freedom with her in his frolics that he was wont to do with them.

"What ails you, Jeany?" said he; "I thought I heard you greeting."

"No, no, Barnaby; I do not ail any thing; I was not crying."

"Why, woman, you're *crying* yet, as you call it; tell

me what ails you, and whar ye're gaun this wild gate?"

"I'm going to leave you, Barnaby. I am going far from this."

"I fear ye're gaun awa frae us a'thegither. Hae ye been obliged to leave your ain wee house for want o' meat?"

"I had plenty of meat; but your master has turned me out of my cot at an hour's warning; he would not even suffer me to remain overnight, and I know of no place to which I can go."

"O, deil be i' the auld hard-heartit loon! Heard ever ony body the like o' that?—What ailed him at ye? Hae ye done ony thing, Jeany, or said ony thing wrang?"

"It is that which distresses me. I have not been given to know my offence, and I can form no conjecture of it."

"If I had a hame, Jeany, ye should hae a share o't. I dinna ken o' ane I wad make mair welcome, even though I should seek a bed for mysel. War ye at my father's cottage, I could insure you a month's good hamely lodging, but it is far away, an' a wild road till't. I hae indeed an auld aunt about twa miles frae this, but she's no muckle to lippen to, unless it come frae her ain side o' the house; an' then she's a' hinny and joe. If ye like I'll gang that length wi' ye, an' try if she'll put ye up a while till we see how matters turn."

Jane was now so much confused in her mind, that, not being able to form any better measure for the present, she arose and followed her ragged conductor, and they arrived at his aunt's house before sunset.

"My dear aunt," said Barnaby, "here is a very good an' a very helpless lassie turned away frae her hame this same day, and has nae place to gang to; if ye'll be sae good, an' sae kind, as to let her stay a while wi' you, I will do ten times as muckle for you again some ither day."

"My faith, stirra!" said she, setting up a face like a firebrand, and putting her arms a-kimbo—"My faith,

man, but ye're soon begun to a braw trade!—How can ye hae the assurance, ye brazen-faced rascal, to come running to me wi' a hizzy an' bairn at your tail, an' desire me to keep them for ye? I'll sooner see you an' her, an' that little limb, a' hung up by the links o' the neck, than ony o' ye sal crook a hough or break bread wi' me."

"There's for't now! There's for't! When the deil gets in, the fire maun flee out!—But, aunt, I ken the first word's aye the warst wi' ye; ye're never sae ill as ye say. Think like a Christian. How wad ye hae likit, when ye war as young, to hae been turned out to the open hills wi' a bairn in your arms?"

"Hear to the tatterdemallion!—Christian! Bairn i' *my* arms!—ye impudent, hempy-looking tike that ye are! Pack out o' my house, I say, or I'll gar the bluid blind your een—ay, an' your bit toastit pie too! Gang after your braw gallaunt, wi' your oxterfu' ket!—A bonny pair, troth!—A light head makes a heavy fitt!"

Barnaby retired with his back foremost, facing up to his aunt all the way till fairly in the open fields, for fear of actual violence; but the epithets he bestowed on her there in the bitterness of his heart cannot here be set down. Jane trembled, yet was obliged to smile at his extravagance, for it had no bounds; while his aunt stood in her door, exulting and calling after him every thing that she could construe to mortify and provoke him. Tears for a space choked his utterance; at length he forced out the following sentence in volleys.

"Wae—wae be to the—the auld randy—witch!—Had I but the—owrance o' the land for ae day—I—I should gar some look about them. My Master an' she hae this wark to answer for yet; they'll get their dichens for't some day—that's ae comfort! Come away, Jeany—they'll squeal for this—let them tak it!—Come away, Jeany."

"Where would you have me to go now, Barnaby?"

"Out-by aff that auld witch at ony rate! I'll hae ye put up though I should travel a hunder mile."

"Let me beseech you to return to your flock, and

trouble yourself no farther about my infant and me. Heaven will take care of us."

"It disna look very like it just now. I dinna arguy that it is wrang to trust in Heaven—only, gin we dinna use the means, Heaven's no obliged to work miracles for us. It is hard upon the gloamin', an' there is not another house near us; if we sit down and trust, ye'll hae to sleep in the fields, an' then baith you an' that dear bairn may get what ye will never cast. Let us make a wee exertion the night, and I hae resolved what ye shall do to-morrow."

"And what shall I do to-morrow, Barnaby?"

"Go with me to my parents; they hae nae doughter o' their ain, an' my mither will be muckle the better o' your help, an' they will baith be very glad to see you, Jeany. Gudeness be thankit! the warld's no just a' alike. I' the mean time my pickle gimmers dinna need muckle at my hand just now, sae I'll gae an' ax my master for a day to see my fock, and gang fit for fit wi' ye the morn."

She fixed her humid eyes on him in pleasing astonishment; she had never before witnessed such earnest and disinterested benevolence; the proposal was made in such a way that she could not refuse it, else she saw that she would give a kind and feeling heart pain. "I have a great mind to make trial of your expedient, good Barnaby," said she; "all parts of the country are now alike to me; I must go somewhere; and as it is but a hard day's journey, I will go and see the parents of so good a lad."

"Now that's spoken like yoursel, an' I'm glad to hear ye say't—But what's to come o' ye the night?"

"I have some victuals with me, and I can lie in the fields this pleasant night: it is a good one to begin with, for who knows what's before one?"

"I canna think o' that ava. If ye war to lay that bonny red cheek on the cauld dew, an' the wind blawin' i' little George's face, there wad some sleep nane the night; but there is a little snug sheep-house in our Hope, a wee bit frae this; let us gang ther', an' I will take little

George in my bosom, an' hap *you* wi' my plaid.—O, but I forget—that will never do," continued he, in a melancholy tone, and looking at his ragged doublet and riven clothes. Away, however, to the sheep-cot they went, where they found plenty of old hay, and Jane instantly proposed that he should go home and leave them alone, get leave of his master, and join them next morning.

"But I dinna ken about it," said Barnaby, hanging his head and looking serious; "that linn's an unco uncanny place for bogles; an' by this time o' night they'll be keeking ower the black haggs o' the Cairny Moss to see what's gaun on. If ony o' them war to come on ye here, they might terrify you out o' your wits, or carry ye baith aff, lith and limb—Is the callant baptized?"

Jane answered in the affirmative, smiling; and farther assured him, that he needed to be under no apprehensions on account of spirits, for she was perfectly at ease on that score, having a good assurance that no spirit had power over her.

"Ay, ye are maybe a gospel minister's bairn, or an auld Cameronian; that is, I mean come o' the saints and martyrs—they had unco power—I hae heard o' some o' them that fought the deil, hand to fist, for an hour and forty minutes, and dang him at the last—yethered him and yerked him till he couldna mou' another curse. But these times are gane! yet it's no sae lang sin' auld Macmillan (ye hae heard o' auld Macmillan?) was coming through that linn i' the derk wi' twa o' his elders, an' they spak o' the bogle, but Macmillan jeered at it; an' when they came to the tap o' yon steep brae they stoppit to take their breath, and there they heard a loud nichering voice come out o' the how o' the linn, an' it cried,

"Ha, ha, Macky! had ye been your lane,
Ye should never hae crackit through either wood or water again."

"Say ye sae, fause loon," quo' the auld hardy veteran; "than be at your speed, for I'll gang through that wood my lane in spite o' your teeth, an' a' hell at your back."

An' what does the carl do, but leaves his twa elders

yonder, standin glowrin i' the howe night, an' trodges his way back through the linn to the very farrest side o't—said the hunder-an'-ninth psalm against him, an' came back wi' never a turned hair on his head. But yet for a that, Jeany, dinna lippen ower muckle to bygane things; there have been fairy raids i' the Hope, an' mony ane ill fleyed. I could tell ye sic a story of a wicked laird here!"

Jane entreated him not to tell it that night, but amuse them with it to-morrow as they journeyed. He was passive—left them his plaid—went home and got leave of absence from his master for two days, but hinted nothing of what had passed in the Hope. He was again back at the sheep-house by the time the sun rose; and, early as it was, he found Jane walking without, while little George was sleeping soundly on the hay, wrapped in the plaid. She said she had got a sound and short sleep, but awakening at dawn she had stepped out to taste the fresh mountain air, and see the sun rise. When they lifted the child he was somewhat fretful—a thing not customary with him; but he was soon pacified, and they proceeded without delay on their journey.

Until once they had cleared the boundaries of the farm of Todburn, Barnaby was silent, and looked always around with a jealous eye, as if dreading a surprise. When his fellow traveller asked the reasons of his anxiety, he remained silent; but as soon as they got fairly into the next glen he became as gay and talkative as ever. She deemed it to be some superstitious dread that discomposed him, but was left to guess the cause.

"Jeany," said he, "you said you had a short and sound sleep last night—so had I. Pray, did you dream ony?"

"Not that I remember of; but I put no faith in dreams."

"Weel, how different fock's bodies, or their souls, or something about them maun be frae ane anither! For I'm come this length in the warld, an' I never yet dreamed a regular dream, in a sound sleep, that I didna get as plainly read to me as the A, B, C. I had a strange dream last night, Jeany, an' it was about you. I am sure

I'll live to see it fulfilled; but what it means even now, I canna in the least comprehend."

"Well, Barnaby, suppose you give us it. I have read the Book of Knowledge, and may lend you a hand at the interpretation."

"I thought I saw ye lying in a lonesome place, an' no ane in the wide world to help or heed ye, till there was a poor bit black mootit-like corby came down frae the hills an' fed ye. I saw it feeding ye, an' I thought ye war as contentit, an' as bonny, an' as happy as ever. But ere ever I wist, down comes there a great majestic eagle some gate frae about the e'e-bree o' the heavens, an' cleeks ye away up to the lowne bieldy side o' a sunny hill, where ye had a' braw things. An' I dinna ken how it was, I thought ye war a she eagle sitting amang your young, an' I thought aye ye war a woman too, an' I coudna separate the tane frae the tither; but the poor bit plottit forefoughen corby gaed alang w'ye, an' ye war kind o him, an' fed him in your turn, an' I saw him hoppin, an' pickin, an' dabbin round about ye, as happy as ever I saw a beast, an' the eagle didna chase him away, but was kind to him; but somehow, or I wakened, I thought it was the confusedest thing I ever saw. Na, ye needna laugh nor smile, for we'll baith live to see it read."

"Believe me, Barnaby, it will never be apparent; you may force circumstances to agree with it, but these will not be obvious ones."

"It's needless for me to arguy wi' you unless I can bring things hame to your ain conscience; but can ye say that ye never got a dream read?"

"Never that I noted; for I never thought of them."

"Or, for instance, have ye never, when you saw a thing for the first time, had a distinct recollection of having seen it sometime afore?"

"Never."

"How wonderfu'! I have done so a thousand an' a thousand times. I have remembered of having seen exactly the same scene, the same faces, the same looks, and heard the same words, though I knew all the while that

I never had seen them in reality; and that I could only have seen them in some former vision, forgotten, or perhaps never remembered."

She now saw clearly that dreams, visions, and apparitions, were Barnaby's region of existence—His very thoughts and language seemed elevated whenever he entered on the subject; and it being a trait in the shepherd's character that she had never thought of before, she resolved to encourage it, and asked for a single instance of that strange foresight alluded to.

"You'll surely acknowledge," said Barnaby, "that it is impossible I could ever have come up that strait swire before with a bairn on my back, an' a young woman gaun beside me exactly like you; an' that while in that condition, I should have met wi' a bull an' a cow coming out o' the path by themsels, an' thought o' yon craig for a shelter to the bairn that I was carrying; yet when that happened about an hour ago, I remembered so distinctly of having gone through it some time long before, that I knew every step that would next be taken, and every word that would next be said. It made me very thoughtful; but I can remember nothing of where or when I dreamed it, or what was the issue.

"There was another instance that I'll never forget. The winter afore last, I gaed out wi' my father in the morning to help him to gather the sheep; for the rime had sitten down, an' the clouds war creepin, and we kend the drift wad be on. Weel, away we sets, but a' the hills were wrappit i' the clouds o' rime as they had been rowed in a fleece o' frosty woo, an' we couldna see a stime; we were little better than fock gaun *graiping* for sheep; an' about twal o'clock, (I mind it weel,) just when I was in the very straitest and steepest part o' the Shielbrae-Hope, the wind gae a swirl, an' I lookit up an saw the cloud screwing up to heaven—the brow o' the hill cleared, an' I saw like a man cringing and hanging ower the point o' the rock, an' there was seven white ewes an' a black ane gaun bleetin in a raw yont aneath him. That was a'; but the sight strak me motionless.

I mindit that I had seen the very thing afore; the very clouds—the very rocks—an' the man standing courin' and keekin' ower, wi' the white rime hingin' about his lugs like feathers; an' I mindit that it ended ill—it endit awsomely!—for I thought it endit in death. I could speak nae mair a' that day; for I expectit that either my father or I wad never gang hame living He aften said to me, 'What ails ye, callant? Are ye weel eneugh? Od, ye're gane stupid.' We saved some sheep, an' lost some, like mony ane, for it was a dreadfu' afternoon; however, we wan baith safe hame. But that night, afore we gaed to bed, our neighbour, auld Robin Armstrong, was brought into our house a corp. Our fock had amaist gane out o' their judgment; but the very features, the white rime frozen about the cauld stiff een, an' the ice-shogles hangin' at the grey hair, war nae new sight to me: I had seen them a' before, I kendna when. Ah, Jeany! never tell me that we haena some communication wi' intelligences, far ayont our capacity to comprehend."

The seriousness of Barnaby's manner made it evident to his fellow traveller that he believed in the reality of every word he had said; there was an inconceivable sublimity in the whole idea, and she fancied herself going to reside, perhaps for a season, in the regions of imagination and romance, and she asked him if his father and mother had faith in dreams an' apparitions?

"Aye, that they hae," answered he; "ye had need to tak care how ye dispute the existence of fairies, brownies, and apparitions there; ye may as weel dispute the gospel o' Sant Matthew. We dinna believe in a' the gomral fantastic bogles an' spirits that fley light-headed fock up an' down the country, but we believe in a' the apparitions that warn o' death, that save life, an' that discover guilt. I'll tell you what we believe, ye see.

"The deil an' his adgents, they fash nane but the gude fock; the Cameronians, an' the prayin' ministers, an' sic like. Then the bogles, they are a better kind o' spirits, they meddle wi' nane but the guilty; the murderer, an' the mansworn, an' the cheater o' the widow an'

fatherless, they do for *them*. Then the fairies, they're very harmless; they're keener o' fun an' frolic than aught else; but if fock neglect kirk ordinances, they see after *them*. Then the brownie, he's a kind o' half-spirit half-man; he'll drudge an' do a' the wark about the town for his meat, but then he'll no work but when he likes for a' the king's dominions. That's precisely what we a' believe here awa', auld an' young; an' I'll tell ye twa or three stories that we a' ken to be true, an' which I wadna misbelieve for a' that I'm worth.

"Sandy Shiel, the herd o' the Birky-Cleuch, was standing afore his sheep ae fine day in winter. The snaw had been drifted ower the brae-head to the size of another hill, but it was blawn bare aneath; an' there was Sandy standin' i' the sun afore his sheep whistling an' singing, and knitting a stocking. Ere ever he wist there comes a broken leggit hare by his very foot—Every Scotsman's keen of a hunt—Sandy flings the plaid frae him, an' after the hare what he can streik, hallooing, and crying on his dog to kep. As he gaed o'er the brow he was close upon her, an' had up his stick just to knock her dead—Tut! the hare vanished in a moment! Sandy jumpit round about an' round about—'What the devil's come o' my hare now? Is she santit? or yirdit? or flown awa'?'—Sandy lookit up into the air, but she wasna to be seen there neither. She was gane, an' for ever! Sandy was amaist swarf'd, the cauld sweat brak on him, an' he clew his head. 'Now, gude faith, I hae seen muckle,' quo' Sandy, 'but the like o' that I saw never.' Sandy trodged back, wantin' his hare, to lift his plaid. But what think ye? The hale volume o' snaw on the hill aboon had shot away and buried the plaid fifty feet deep; it was nae mair seen till the month o' May. Sandy kneeled down amang the snaw and thankit his Maker; he saw brawly what the hare had been.

"I'll tell you another that I like still better. The shepherd's house at Glen-Tress, in Tweeddale, had ance been a farm-steading, but it was at the time this happened inhabited by an honest respectable shepherd, his wife

and six children. One evening after the sun had set, the eldest girl came running in, crying, 'Bless me, sirs, come here—Here is the grandest lady coming to the house that ever was seen in the world.' They all ran to the door, young and old, and they every one saw her coming at the distance of only about twenty paces—She was never more seen! But that very moment the house fell in, gable and all, with a dreadful crash; and thus a worthy family was saved from momentary destruction. Ah! I wadna hae given that man's feelings of gratitude that night toward his Maker and Preserver, for a' the dogmas of a thousand cauld-heartit philosophers!"

"Nor would I," said Jane; and they walked on in deep silence.

Barnaby always carried the child one half of the way as nearly as they could agree, but after carrying him often two miles, he would contend that it was but one; they got plenty of bread and milk at the farm-houses and cottages as they passed, for there was no house of accommodation near the whole of their track. One time, after they had refreshed and rested themselves, Jane reminded her conductor that he had promised the evening before to entertain her on their journey with the story of the profligate laird.

"That's an awfu' story," said Barnaby, "but it is soon tauld. It was the Laird o' Ettrickhaw; he that biggit his house amang the widow's corn, and never had a day to do weel in it. It isna yet a full age sin' the foundation-stane was laid, an' for a' the grandeur that was about it, there's nae man at this day can tell where the foundation has been, if he didna ken afore. He was married to a very proud precise lady, come o' high kin, but they greed aye weel eneugh till bonny Molly Grieve came to the house to serve. Molly was as light-hearted as a kid, an' as blithe as a laverock, but she soon altered. She first grew serious, then sad, and unco pale at times; an' they whiles came on her greetin by hersel. It was ower weel seen how matters stood, an' there was nae mair peace about the house. At length it was spread ower a'

the parish that the lady had gotten Molly a fine genteel service in Edinburgh, an' up comes hurkle-backit Charley Johnston, the laird's auld companion in wickedness, wi' a saddle an' a pad to take her away. When they set her on ahint him, Molly shook hands wi' a' the servants, but couldna speak, for she little kend when she would see them again. But, instead o' taking her away i' the fair daylight, i' the ee o' God an' man, he took her away just when the lave war gaun to their beds: an' instead o' gaeing the road to Edinburgh, they war seen riding ower the Cacra-cross at twal o'clock at night. Bonny Molly Grieve was never seen again, nor heard of mair in this world! But there war some banes found about the Alemoor Loch that the doctors said had belanged to a woman. There was some yellow hair, too, on the scull, that was unco like Molly's, but nae body could say.

"Then there was a fine strapping lass came in her place, a farmer's daughter, that had mony a lad running after her, but it wasna a year and a half till a service was to provide in Edinburgh for her too. Up came hurkle-backit Charley to take her away, but no gin they should a' hae sutten down on their knees wad she gae wi' him; she grat an' pray'd, an' they fleeched an' flatt; but she stayed in the parish in spite o' their teeth, an' shamed them a'. She had a son, but Charley got him to take to the nursing, far away some gate, an' there was nae body ony mair fashed wi' him.

"It wad be endless to tell ye ower a' their wickedness, for it can hardly be believed. Charley had mony sic job to do, baith at hame and at a distance. They grew baith odious in the country, for they turned aye the langer the waur, and took less pains to hide it; till ae night that the laird was walking at the back o' his garden, in the moonlight. It was thought he was waiting for a woman he had some tryste with, but that was conjecture, for he never said sae. At length he saw ane coming towards him, and hasted to meet her, but just as he approached, she held up her hand at him, as it war to check him, or make him note who she was; and when he lookit in her

face, and saw what it was like, he uttered a loud cry, and fell senseless on the ground. Some fock heard the noise, and ran to the place, and fand him lying streekit in a deep dry seuch at the back of the garden. They carried him in, and he soon came to himself; but after that he was never like the same man, but rather like ane dementit. He durst never mair sleep by himsel while he lived: but that wasna lang, for he took to drinking, and drank, and swore, and blasphemed, and said dreadfu' things that folk didna understand. At length, he drank sae muckle ae night out o' desperation, that the blue lowe came burning out at his mouth, and he died on his ain hearth-stane, at a time o' life when he should scarcely have been at his prime.

"But it wasna sae wi' Charley! He wore out a lang and hardened life; and, at the last, when death came, he coudna die. For a day and two nights they watched him, thinking every moment would be the last, but always a few minutes after the breath had left his lips, the feeble cries of infants arose from behind the bed, and wakened him up again. The family were horrified; but his sons and daughters were men and women, and for their ain sakes they durstna let ane come to hear his confessions. At last, on the third day at two in the morning, he died clean away. They watched an hour in great dread, and then streekit him, and put the dead-claes on him, but they hadna weel done before there were cries, as if a woman had been drowning, came from behind the bed, and the voice cried, 'O, Charlie, spare my life!—Spare my life! For your own soul's sake and mine, spare my life!' On which the corpse again sat up in the bed, pawled wi' its hands, and stared round wi' its dead face. The family could stand it nae langer, but fled the house, and rade and ran for ministers, but before any of them got there, Charley was gane. They sought a' the house and in behind the bed, and could find naething; but that same day he was found about a mile frae his ain house, up in the howe o' the Baileylee-linn, a' torn limb frae limb, an' the dead-claes beside him. There war twa cor-

bies seen flying o'er the muir that day, carrying something atween them, an' fock suspectit it was Charley's soul, for it was heard makin' a loud maen as they flew o'er Alemoor. At the same time it was reportit, that there was to be seen every morning at two a clock, a naked woman turfelling on the Alemoor loch, wi' her hands tied behind her back, and a heavy stane at her neck. It's an awsome story. I never dare tell it but in the middle o the day, and even then it gars a' my flesh creep; but the hale country has heard it, and God only kens whether it be true or no. It has been a warning to mony ane."

Our fair wanderer asked for no more ghost stories. The last had sufficed her,—it having been even more shocking than the former ones were delightful; so they travelled on, conversing about common or casual events, save that she gave him a short sketch of her history, whereof to inform his parents, with strong injunctions of secrecy. They came in view of his father's cottage before sunset. It was situated in the very wildest and most romantic glen in the shire of Peebles, at the confluence of two rough but clear mountain streams, that ran one on each side of the house and *kailyard*, and mingled their waters immediately below these. The valley was level, green, and beautiful, but the hills on each side, high, steep, and romantic; and while they cast their long black shadows aslant the glen, the beams of the sun were shed over these like streamers in the middle air. It was a scene of tranquillity and repose, if not indeed the abode of the genii and fairies. Jane's heart danced within her when her eye turned to the varied scenery of the mountains, but again sunk when it fell on the cottage at which she was going to seek a retreat. She dreaded her reception, knowing how equivocal her appearance there must be; but she longed and thirsted for such a retreat, and as she was not destitute of money, she determined to proffer more for her board than she could well afford to pay, rather than be refused. Barnaby also spoke less as they advanced up the glen, and seemed struggling with a kind of dryness about his tongue which would not suffer him

to pronounce the words aright. Two fine shaggy healthy-looking collies came barking down the glen to meet them, and at a timid distance behind them, a half grown puppy, making more noise than them both. He was at one time coming brattling forward, and barking fiercely, as if going to attack them, and at another, running yelping away from them with his tail between his legs. Little George laughed as he had been tickled at him. When the dogs came near, and saw that it was their old fire-side acquaintance and friend, they coured at his feet, and whimpered for joy; they even licked his fair companion's hand, and capered around her, as if glad to see any friend of Barnaby's. The whelp, perceiving that matters were amicably made up, likewise ventured near; and though he had never seen any of them before, claimed acquaintance with all, and was so kind and officious that he wist not what to do; but at last he fell on the expedient of bearing up the corner of Jane's mantle in his mouth, which he did all the way to the house.—George was perfectly delighted.

"I think," said Jane, "the kindness of these creatures betokens a hearty welcome within!"

"Ay, that it does," answered Barnaby; "a dog that is brought up with a man in a wild place, is always of the very same disposition with himself."

Strangers seldom approached that sequestered spot—passengers never. They observed, while yet at a good distance, Barnaby's mother standing amid her burly boys at the end of the cottage, watching their approach, and they heard her calling distinctly to her husband, "Aigh! Geordie, yon's our ain Barny, I ken by auld Help's motions; but wha she is that he's bringing wi' him, is ayont my comprehension."

She hurried away in to put her fire-side in some order, and nought was then to be seen but two or three bare-headed boys, with their hair the colour of peat-ashes, setting their heads always now and then by the corner of the house, and vanishing again in a twinkling. The old shepherd was sitting on his divot-seat, without the

door, mending a shoe. Barnaby strode up to him. "How are ye the night, father?"

"No that ill, Barny lad—is that you? How are ye yoursel?" said a decent-looking middle-aged man, scratching his head at the same time with the awl, and fixing his eyes, not on his son, but the companion that he had brought with him. When he saw her so young, so beautiful, and the child in her arms, the inquiring look that he cast on his son was unutterable. Silence reigned for the space of a minute. Barnaby made holes in the ground with his staff—the old shepherd began again to sew his shoe, and little George prattled to his mamma. "It's a vely good bonny halp, mamma; Geoge nevel saw sic a good halp."

"An' how hae ye been sin' we saw ye, Barny?"

"Gaylys!"

"I think ye hae brought twa young strangers wi' ye?"

"I wat have I."

"Whar fell ye in wi' them?"

"I want to speak a word to you, father."

The old shepherd flung down his work, and followed his son round the corner of the house. It was not two minutes till he came back. Jane had sat down on the sod-seat.

"This is a pleasant evening," said he, addressing her

"It is a very sweet evening," was the reply.

"Ye'll be weary; ye had better *gang in* an' rest ye."

She thanked him, and was preparing to go.

"It's a muckle matter," continued he, "whan fock can depend on their ain. My Barny never deceived me a his life, an' you are as welcome here as heart can mak ye. The flower in May is nae welcomer than ye are to this bit shieling, and your share of a' that's in it. Come your ways in, my bonny woman, an' think nae shame. Ye shall never be lookit on as either a beggar or borrower here, but just ane o' oursels." So saying he took her hand in both his, and led her into the house.

"Wife, here's a young stranger our son has brought

to bide a while wi' ye; mak her welcome i' the mean time, an' ye'll be better acquaintit by and by."

"In troth I sal e'en do sae. Come awa in by to the muckle chair—Whar is he himsel, the muckle duddy feltered gouk?"

"Ah, he's coming, poor fellow—he's takin a tune to himsel at the house-end—there's a shower i' the heads wi' Barny—his heart can stand naething—it is as saft as a snaw-ba', an' far mair easily thawed, but it is aye in the right place for a' that."

It was a happy evening; the conversation was interesting, and kept up till a late hour; and when the old couple learned from Jane of the benevolent disinterested part that their son had acted, their eyes glowed with delight, and their hearts waxed kinder and kinder. Before they retired to rest, the old shepherd performed family worship, with a glow of devotional warmth which Jane had never before witnessed in man. The psalm that he sung, the portion of Scripture that he read, and the prayer that he addressed to the throne of grace, savoured all of charity and benevolence to our fellow creatures. The whole economy of the family was of that simple and primitive cast, that the dwellers in a large city never dream of as existing. There was to be seen contentment without affluence or ambition, benevolence without ostentation, and piety without hypocrisy; but at the same time such a mixture of gaiety, good sense, and superstitious ideas, blent together in the same minds, as was altogether inscrutable. It was a new state of existence to our fair stranger, and she resolved with avidity to improve it to the best advantage.

But we must now leave her in her new habitation, and return with Barnaby to the families of Earlhall and Todburn. Lindsey went up the water every day fishing as he had done formerly, but was astonished at observing from day to day, that his fair Wool-gatherer's cottage was locked, and no smoke issuing from it. At first he imagined that she might have gone on a visit, but at length began to suspect that some alteration had taken

place in her circumstances; and the anxiety that he felt to have some intelligence, whether that change was favourable or the reverse, was such that he himself wondered at it. He could not account for it even to his own mind. It was certainly *the child* that so much interested him, else he *could not* account for it. Lindsey might easily have solved the difficulty had he acquiesced freely in the sentiments of his own heart, and acknowledged to himself that he was in love. But no!—all his reasoning, as he threw the line across the stream and brought it back again, went to disprove that. "That I can be in love with the girl is out of the question—there is no danger of such an event; for, in the first place, I would not wrong her, or abuse her affections, for the whole world; and in the next, I have a certain rank and estimation to uphold in society. I am a proprietor to a large extent—a freeholder of the county—come of a good family, at least by the father's side, and that I should fall in love with and marry a poor Wool-gatherer, with a"———! He was going to pronounce a word, but it stuck, not in his throat, but in the very utmost perceptible avenues that lead to the heart. "It is a very fine child, however,—I wish I had him under my protection, then his mother might come and see him; but I care not for that, provided I had the child. I'll have that child, and for that purpose I will inquire after the mother directly."

He went boldly up to the cot, and peeped in at the little window. The hearth was cold, and the furniture neatly arranged. He examined the door, but the step and threshold had not been swept as they wont for many days, and the green grass was beginning to peep up around them. "There is something extremely melancholy in this!" said he to himself. "I could not endure the veriest wretch on my estate to be thus lost, without at least inquiring after him."

He turned his eyes to the other cottages, and to the farm-house, but lacked the courage to go boldly up to any of them, and ask after the object of his thoughts.

He returned to the fishing, but caught no fish, or if he did it was against his will.

On Barnaby's return he made some sly inquiries about the causes that induced to Jane's removal without effect, the farmer had kept all so snug. But haverel Meg, (as they called her for a nick-name,) his sister, knew, and though she was an excellent keeper of secrets among her own sex, yet she could not help blabbing them sometimes to the young fellows, which her brother always accounted a very ridiculous propensity;—whether or not it is a natural one among old maids, the relater of this tale does not pretend to decide; he is induced to think it is, but is not dogmatic on that side, not having bestowed due consideration on the subject.

One day, when Barnaby came home to his breakfast rather later than usual, and while he was sitting hewing away at a good stiff bicker of paritch, mixed with butter milk, his excellent dog Nimrod all the time sitting with his head leaned on his master's knee, watching the progress of every spoonful, thinking the latter was rather going near him that day in their wonted proportions—while Barnaby, I say, was thus delightfully and busily employed, in comes Meg, bare-footed, with a clean white wrapper and round-eared cap on. "Barny, will ye hae time to help me to the water wi' a boucking o' claes? Ye'll just only hae to carry the tae end o' the hand-barrow to the water, wait till I sinde up the sarks, an' help me hame wi' them again."

"That I will, Miss Peggy, wi' heart an' hand."

"Miss Peggy! Snuffs o' tobacco! Meg's good enough! Troth, I'm nane o' your molloping, precise flegaries, that want to be *miss'd*, an' *beckit*, an' *bowed* to. Na, sooth! Meg's good enough; plain downright *Meg o' the Todburn.*"

"Weel, weel; haud your tongue, I'll do a' that ye bid me, an' mair, Meg, my bonny woman."

"How war a' your focks, Barny, when ye war ower seeing them?"

"Unco weel, an' they're muckle behadden to you for your kind speering."

"I kend your father weel; he's a good cannie man."

"I wish he had beltit your shoulders as aft as he has done mine, ye maybe wadna hae said sae muckle for him."

"Ay, it's weel o' you to say sae; but he's a douse, respectable man, and he's no disgraced in his son."

Barnaby rose with his bicker in his hand; gave it a graceful swing, as a gentleman does his hat when he meets a lady, made a low bow, and set down Nimrod his share of the paritch.

When they went to the river Barnaby sat him down on the bank, and Meg went into the running stream, and began with great agility, and much splashing, to wash up her clothes. Barnaby perceived her smiling to herself, and was sure that a volley of some stuff or other was forthcoming. She cast her eyes towards the laird's house, then looked up the water, then down. in case any one might be angling on it; and after perceiving that there was nobody within a mile of them, she spoke as follows to Barnaby, in a half whisper, lest any one should overhear her.

"Gude sauf us to the day, Barny man! What think ye o' our laird?"

"Very muckle. I think him a decent worthy lad."

"Decent! Shame fa' *his* decency!—I watna what will be countit *un*decent soon! Sae ye haena heard o' his shamfu' connexion wi' the bit prodigal, dinnagood lassie, that was here?"

"Never."

"It's a' ower true though; but say nae a word about it. My billy Rob was obliged to chase her out o' the country for it; an' a burnin shame an' a disgrace it was to the laird to take up wi' the likes o' her.—Deil a bit o' her has the pith o' a pipe-stapple!—Fich, fy! Away wi' your spindle-shankit babyclouts—they're no the gear."

"As ye say, Meg. I like nane o' the women that *stand pon trifles.*"

"Stand on trifles!—Ha! ha! that's real good! that's devilish clever for a—young man! Ha! ha!—Tut! that

water's weetin' a' my claes.—Wad ye hae made sic a choice, Barny?"

"D'ye think that I'm blind? or that I dinna ken what's what?—Na, na, Meg! let me alane; I'm no sae young a cat but I ken a mouse by a feather."

"If a' our young men had the sense o' you, Barny, some o' them might get a pock an' a wheen rustit nails to jingle in't; they might get something better than a bit painted doll, wi' a waist like a thread-paper, an' hae nought ado foreby but to draw in the chair an' sit down; but *they'll* rin after a wheen clay-cakes baken i' the sun, an' leave the good substantial ait-meal bannocks to stand till they moul, or be pouched by them that draff an' bran wad better hae mensed!—Tut! I'm ower deep into the stream again, without ever thinkin' o't."

"That's a' ower true that ye hae been sayin', Meg —ower true, indeed! But as to your news about the laird and Jane, I dinna believe a word o't."

"Oh! it's maybe no true, ye ken! It's very likely a lee! There's naething mair likely, than that a' their correspondence was as pure as the morning snaw. For a laird, ye ken, worth three thousand pund o' yearly rental, to frequent the house o' a bit lassie for an hour ilka day, an' maybe ilka night to, wha kens; ye ken it's a' fair! there's nought mair likely than that they're *very* innocent! An' *sic* a ane too as she is! little better, I trow, than she should be, gin a' war kend. To be sure she has a son, *that* may arguy *something* for her decency. But after a', I dinna blame *her*, for I ken by mysel———"

"Haud your tongue now, Meg, my bonny quean; for I ken ye are gaun to lee on yoursel, an' speak nonsense into the bargain."

"Ah! Barny! but ye are a queer ane!" (then in a whisper.) "I say—Barny—What do ye think o' the bit farm o' Hesperslack? How wad ye like to be tenant there yoursel, an' hae servants o' your ain?"

"I haena thought about that yet; but yonder's my master keekin ower the knowe; he'll be thinkin I'm stayin unco lang frae my sheep."

"Ah! is my billy Rob yonder?—No a *word* ye ken now, Barny. No a cheip aboon your breath about yon.'

Sad and heavy were Barnaby's reflections that day as he herded his sheep all alone. "And *this* is the girl that I have taken and recommended so warmly to my parents! I do not believe the hateful slander; but I will go and inform them of all. It is proper they should know all that I know, and then let them judge for themselves. Poor luckless Jeany! I fear she is a ruined creature, be she as innocent and harmless as she will!"

Barnaby was resolved to go, but day past on after day, and still he had not the heart to go and tell his parents, although every whisper that he heard tended rather to strengthen suspicion than dispel it.

On the very day that we left Lindsey in such distress for the loss of his amiable Wool-gatherer, Barnaby and he met by the side of the stream, at the foot of the Todburn-Hope. They were both alike anxious to speak to one another, but neither of them had the courage to begin, although both were burning to talk on the same theme. Lindsey fished away, swimming the fly across the ripple as dexterously and provokingly as he was able. Barnaby stood and looked on in silence; at length a yellowfin rose. "Aigh, that was a great chap! I wish your honour had hookit that ane."

"It was better for him that I did not. Do you ever fish any?"

"O yes. I gump them whiles."

"*Gump* them? pray what mode of fishing is that?"

"I guddle them in aneath the stanes an' the braes like."

"I do not exactly understand the terms nor the process. Pray will you be so good," continued he, holding out the fishing-rod to Barnaby, "as give me a specimen how you *gump* the fish?"

"Od bless you, sir, I can do naething wi' that goad; but if ye'll gang wi' me a wee piece up the Todburn-Hope, or up to the Rowntree-Linn, I'll let ye see gumping to perfection."

On being assured that it was not above half a mile to either of the places, the laird accompanied Barnaby without hesitation, to witness this pastoral way of fishing. By the way their converse became very interesting to both parties, but we cannot interrupt the description of such a favourite rural sport just now. Let it suffice that their discourse was all concerning a fair unfortunate, of whom the reader has heard a good deal already, and of whom he shall hear more in due time.

They crossed over a sloping ground, at the bottom of a green steep hill, and soon came into the Todburn-Hope. It was a narrow level valley between two high hills, and terminated in the haunted linn, above the sheep-house formerly mentioned. Down this narrow vale the Tod Burn ran with a thousand beautiful serpentine windings, and at every one of these turns there were one or two clear deep pools, overhung by little green banks. Into the first of these pools Barnaby got with his staff, plunging and poaching to make all the fish take into close cover; then he threw off his ragged coat, tucked up the sleeves of his shirt to the shoulders, tying them together behind, and into the pool he got again, knees and elbows, putting his arms in below the green banks, into the closest and most secret recesses of the trouts. There was no eluding him; he threw them out one after another, sometimes hitting the astonished laird on the face, or any other part of the body without ceremony, for his head being down sometimes close with the water, and sometimes below it, he did not see where he flung them. The trouts being a little startled at this momentary change from one element to another, jumped about on the grass, and cast so many acute somersets, that the laird had greater difficulty in getting hold of them the second time to put them into his basket, than Barnaby had at first; and when the latter had changed the scene of plunder to a new pool, Lindsey was commonly to be seen beside the old one, moving slowly about on his hands and knees. "I think ye're pinched to catch them on the dry grund, sir," said Barnaby to him.

"No, no," returned he, with the utmost simplicity:

"but I was looking lest some of them had made their way among the long grass and eluded me; and besides they are so very active and slippery that I seldom can keep the hold of them that I get."

As they were going from one of these little pools to another, he said to our shepherd, "So this is what you call *gumping?*"

"Yes, sir, this is gumping, or *guddling*, onv o' them ye like to ca't."

"I do not think this is altogether a fair way of fishing."

"Now, I think it is muckle fairer than the tither way, sir. Your way is founded on the lowest artifice and deceit, but I come as an avowed enemy, and let them escape me if they can. I come into a family as a brave mountain robber, or freebooter; but you come as a deceitful friend, promising to treat the family with all good things, that you may poison them every one unawares. A mountaineer's sports are never founded on cunning; it's a' sheer and main force wi' us."

Lindsey confessed that the shepherd's arguments had some foundation in nature and truth, but that they savoured of a period exempt from civilization and the fine arts. "At all events," said he, "it is certainly the most downright way of fishing that I ever beheld." In short, it was not long till the laird was to be seen wading in the pools, and *gumping* as busily as the other; and, finally, he was sometimes so intent on his prey, that the water was running over his back, so that when he raised himself up it poured out torrents from his fine Holland shirt and stained cambrick ruffles. "Ye hae settled the pletts o' your sark," said Barnaby. Never did the family of Earlhall behold such a basket of trouts; and never had its proprietor such a day's sport at the fishing, as he had at the *gumping* or *guddling* the trouts among the links of the Todburn-Hope.

Though the sport occupied their minds completely during the time they were engaged in it, yet it was only a relaxation from concerns of a more serious nature. From Barnaby's information the laird now saw exactly how

the land lay; and though he got no hint of the part that his mother had acted in it, yet he rather suspected, for he well knew her sentiments regarding all the young and beautiful part of her own sex. Barnaby gave him no notice that he had ever seen the girl after her dismissal, or that he knew to what part of the world she had retired; and before they parted he desired him to tell his master to come down and speak with him that night.

Robin came as appointed; Lindsey and his mother were sitting by themselves in the parlour when the servant announced him; he was ordered to join them, and as soon as he came in, Lindsey said, "Come away, Robin, I had a piece of information within these few days of you, that has somewhat distressed me, and I sent for you to make inquiry concerning it. What reasons had you for turning away the poor stranger girl and child from her cot before the term of your agreement expired?"

Robin looked to the window, then to the lady, and then to the window again, and finally looked down to the carpet, twirled his bonnet with both hands, and remained silent.

Though a strong and speaking look of appeal was turned on the old lady by Robin from time to time, yet she, hearing her son speak in that determined manner, likewise sat still without opening her lips.

"Why don't you answer me?" continued Lindsey. 'I ask you simply what were your reasons for turning her away? you certainly must be able to state them."

"Hem! We war feared, sir—we war feared that she was a bad ane."

"You were *afraid* she was bad? Had you no other proofs of her badness farther than your own fears?"

"Indeed, sir, I never saw ony ill behaviour about the lassie. But ye ken weel enough that ane wha had forsaken the paths o' virtue and honesty sae early as it appears she had done, wi' sic an enchanting manner, an weelfaured face into the boot, was rather a dangerous neighbour for sae mony young chiels."

"I think what Robin says is very true, and good sense," said the old lady

"You certainly ought to have taken all these things into consideration before you bargained with her at first, Robin," said Lindsey. "I suppose you cannot argue that she is either grown younger or more beautiful since that period? I rather suspect, Robin, that you have used this young woman extremely ill; and if you cannot give any better reasons for your severity towards her, I can find out a method of forcing you to make an ample retribution."

"Indeed then, sir, sin' I maun tell the truth, I will tell the truth; it was my lady, your worthy mother there, that persuaded, and *ordered* me to turn her away; for we had observed how great a favourite she was with you, and dreaded the consequences."

"It is then exactly as I suspected. You two have done me a great injury, and one that will not be easily wiped away. I hope neither of you intended it; but I would gladly know what trait in my character justified the conclusion you made; I think you might both have known my dispositions better than to have so readily believed that I would injure youth and beauty, that had already been unfortunate in the world—that I would add to her state of wretchedness, by annihilating for ever that innate principle of virtue and modesty, inherent in every young female's breast, which never man loved more, or delighted more to view, exerting all its primitive and untainted sway. If you had reflected at all, you could not have believed me capable of it. You have taken the readiest means in your power of injuring my character in the eyes of the world. It must naturally be concluded, that there was a profligate and criminal intercourse subsisting between us, which rendered such an act of cruelty and injustice necessary. You have hurt my honour and my feelings, and wronged a defenceless and amiable young woman. It is on my account that she is thus innocently suffering, and I am determined, for my own satisfaction, to see her righted, as far as redress is in my power, though equivalent for an injured reputation there is none; but every vile insinuation on my account shall be fairly dispelled

To make, therefore, an end of all reflections at once, I warn you, Robin, that if she is not found, and restored to her rights in less than a fortnight at farthest, you need not be surprised if *you* are some day removed on as short notice as you gave to her."

The old lady and farmer had an inward view of matters in a different light: They perceived that the world would say he had brought her back to keep her there as his mistress, but this elegant and inflated harangue they were unable to answer. The young man's conscience was hurt, and they were no casuists. The lady, it is true, uttered some involuntary sounds as he was speaking, but it was not easy to determine whether they were groans or hems of approbation. If one might have judged from her countenance, they were like the former, but the sounds themselves were certainly modulations of the latter. She was dependant on her son! Robin was studying a friendly reply, by way of remonstrance, all the time of the speech: but Robin was a widower, had a good farm, a large family, and was a tenant at will, and the conclusion of the said speech was a stumbling-block to Robin.

Pray, gentle reader, did you ever see a country maiden baking pease-meal bannocks? If you ever did you must have noted, that before she committed them one by one to the gridiron, she always stood straight up, with her head gracefully turned to one side, and moulded them with her two hands to an orb, as nearly resembling the full moon as she could. You must likewise have remarked, that while engaged in this becoming part of her avocation, she was never once looking at her work, but that while her head had that sly cast to the one side, her eyes were ever and anon fixed on the window, noting what was going on without, looking perhaps for her lad coming from the hill, or whistling at the plough. If you have ever seen this, you can easily comprehend the attitude I mean—if you have never, it is a great pity!

Exactly in such a situation stood our honest farmer, Robin Muckerland, plying his bonnet round with both hands in the same way—his head was likewise turned to

one side, and his eyes immoveably fixed on the window—it was the girl's position to a hair. Let any man take his pen and describe the two attitudes, there is not the slightest shade of difference to be discerned—the one knee of both is even slackened and bent gently forward, the other upright and firm, by its own weight made steadfast and immoveable. Yet how it comes I do not comprehend, and should like much to consult my friend, David Wilkie, about it—it is plain that the attitudes are precisely the same, yet the girl's is quite delightful—Robin's was perfectly pitiable. He had not one word to say, but baked his bonnet and stood thus.

"This is my determination," continued Lindsey, "and you may pay what attention to it you please."

"Od, sir, I'm excessively vexed at what has happened, now when ye hae letten me see it in its true light, an' I sal do what I can to find her again, an' mak her what amends I am able. But, od ye see, naebody kens where she's ye see. She may be gane into the wild Highlands, or away to that outlandish country ayont the sea that they ca' Fife, an' how am I to get her? therefore, if I canna an' dinna get her, I hope you will excuse me, especially as neither the contrivance nor the act was mine."

"You and my honoured mother settle that betwixt you. I will not abate a tittle of that I have said; but to encourage your people in the search, or whomsoever you are pleased to employ, I shall give ten guineas to the person who finds her and restores her to her home."

"Aweel, son Lindsey," said the lady, moving her head like the pendulum of a clock, "your mother meant ye good, an' nae ill, in what she has done; but them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. For the sake o' Robin and his family, and no for the neighbourhood o' this whilly-wha of a young witch, I shall gi'e the body that finds her half as muckle."

"And I," said Robin, "shall gi'e the same, which will make up the reward to twenty guineas, an' it is mair than I can weel spare in sic hard times. I never saw better come o' women's schemes, as I say whiles to my titty Meg."

The company parted, not on the most social terms; and that night, before Robin dismissed his servants to their beds, he said, "Lads, my master informs me that I am to be plaguit wi' the law for putting away that lassie Jeany an' her bit brat atween term days. I gie ye a' your liberty frae my wark until the end o' neist week, if she be not found afore that time, to search for her; and whoever finds her, and brings her back to her cottage, shall have a reward o' twenty guineas in his loof."

A long conversation then ensued on the best means of recovering her; but Barnaby did not wait on this, but hasted away to the stable loft, where his chest stood at the head of his bed, dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, and went without delay to the nearest stage where horses were let out for hire, got an old brown hack equipped with a bridle, saddle, and pad, and off he set directly for his father's cottage, where he arrived next morning by the time the sun was up.

To describe all Barnaby's adventures that night would take a volume by itself, for it was the very country of the ghosts and fairies that he traversed. As his errand was, however, solely for good, he was afraid for none of them meddling with him, save the devil and the water-kelpie; yet so hardly was he beset with these at times, that he had no other resource but to shut his eyes close, and push on his horse. He by this resolute contrivance got on without interruption, but had been so near his infernal adversaries at times, that twice or thrice he felt a glow on his face as if a breath of lukewarm air had been breathed against it, and a smell exactly resembling (he did not like to say brimstone, but) *a coal fire just gaun out!*—But it is truly wonderful what a man, with a conscience void of offence towards God and towards his neighbour, will go through!

When the daylight began to spring up behind the hills of Glenrath, what a blithe and grateful man was Barnaby! "The bogles will be obliged to thraw aff their black claes now," said he, "an' in less than half an hour the red an' the reen anes too. They'll hae to pit on their

pollonians o' the pale colour o' the fair daylight, that the e'e o' Christian maunna see them; or gang away an' sleep in their dew-cups an' foxter-leaves till the gloaming come again. O, but the things o' this warld are weel contrived!"

Safely did he reach the glen, at the head of which his father's cottage stood, with its little kail-yard in the forkings of the burn; there was no dog, nor even little noisy pup, came out to give note of his approach, for his father and canine friends had all gone out to the heights at a very early hour to look after the sheep. The morning was calm and lovely; but there was no sound in the glen save the voice of his mother's grey cock, who was perched on the kail-yard dike, and crowing incessantly. The echoes were answering him distinctly from the hills; and as these aerial opponents were the only ones he ever in his life had to contend with, he had learned to value himself extremely on his courage, and was clapping his wings, and braving them in a note louder and louder. Barnaby laughed at him, although he himself had been struggling with beings as unreal and visionary during the whole night; so ready we are to see the follies of others, yet all the while to overlook our own!

The smoke was issuing from his mother's chimney in a tall blue spire that reached to the middle of the hill: but when there, it spread itself into a soft hazy cloud, and was resting on the side of the green brae in the most still and moveless position. The rising sun kissed it with his beams, which gave it a light woolly appearance, something like floating down; it was so like a vision that Barnaby durst scarcely look at it. "My mither's asteer," said he to himself, "I ken by her morning reek; she'll be fiking up an' down the house, an' putting a' things to rights; an' my billies they'll be lying grumphing and snoring i' their dens, an' Jeany will be lying waking, listening what's gaun on, an' wee George will be sniffing an' sleeping sound in her bosom. Now I think, of a' things i' the warld a young mother an' her first son is the maist interesting—if she has been unfortunate it is ten times mair

sae—to see how she'll sit an' look at him!—(here Barnaby blew his nose.)—I was my mother's first son: if she had been as bonny, an' as gentle, an' as feele as Jeany, aih! but I wad hae likit weel!"

No one being aware of Barnaby's approach, he rode briskly up to the door and rapped, causing at the same time his horse's feet make a terrible clamping on the stones. His mother, who had been sweeping the house, came running out with the heather besom in her hand. "Bless my heart, callant, is that you? Sic a gliff as I hae gotten w'ye! What's asteer w'ye? or whar ir ye gaun sae early i' the morning on that grand cut-luggit beast?"

"I'm turned a gentleman now, mother, that's a'; an' I thought I wad g'ye a ca' as I gaed by for auld lang syne—Hope ye're all well?"

"Deed we're a' no that ill. But, dear Barny, what ir ye after?—Hae ye a' your senses about ye?"

"I thank ye, I dinna miss ony o' them that I notice. I'm come for my wife that I left w'ye—How is she?"

"*Your* wife! Weel I wat ye'll never get the like o' her, great muckle hallanshaker-like guff.

"Haud your tongue now, mother, ye dinna ken wha I may get; but I can tell ye o' something that I'm to get. If I take hame that lassie Jeany safe to her house, ony time these ten days, there's naebody kens where I hae her hidden, an' I'm to get twenty guineas in my loof for doing o't."

"Ay, I tauld ye sae, my dear bairn."

"Ye never tauld me sic a word, mother."

"I hae tauld ye oft, that ae good turn never misses to meet wi' another, an' that the king may come i' the beggar's way."

"Ramsay's Scots Proverbs tell me that."

"It will begin a bit stock to you, my man; an' I sal say it o' her, gin I sude never see her face again, she's the best creature, ae way an' a' ways, that ever was about a poor body's house. Ah, God bless her!—she's a dear creature!—Ye'll never hae cause to rue, my man, the pains ye hae ta'en about her."

Jane was very happy at meeting with her romantic and kind-hearted Barnaby again, who told her such a turn as affairs had taken in her favour, and all that the laird had said to him about her, and the earnest inquiries he had made; and likewise how he had put Robin to his shifts. She had lived very happy with these poor honest people, and had no mind to leave them; indeed, from the day that she entered their house she had not harboured a thought of it; but now, on account of her furniture, which was of considerable value to her, and more particularly for the sake of Barnaby's reward, she judged it best to accompany him. So after they had all taken a hearty breakfast together at the same board, the old shepherd returned thanks to the Bestower of all good things, and then kissing Jane, he lifted her on the horse behind his son. "Now fare-ye-weel, Jeany my woman," said he; "I think you will be happy, for I'm sure you deserve to be sae. If ye continue to mind the thing that's good, there is Ane wha will never forsake ye; I come surety for him. An' if ever adversity should again fa' to your lot, ye shall be as welcome to our bit house as ever, and to your share o' ilka thing that's in it; an' if I should see you nae mair, I'll never bow my knee before my Maker without remembering you. God bless you, my bonny woman! Fareweel."

Jane dropped a tear on her benefactor's hand, for who could stand such unaffected goodness? Barnaby, who had folded his plaid and held little George on it before him, turned his face towards the other side of the horse, and contracted it into a shape and contortion that is not often seen, every feature being lengthened extremely the cross way; but after blowing his nose two or three times he recovered the use of his rod, with which he instantly began a thrashing his nag, that he might get out of this flood of tenderness and leave-taking. It is not easy to conceive a more happy man than he was that day, he was so proud of his parents' kindness to Jane, and of the good he thought he was doing to all parties, and, besides, the twenty guineas was a fortune to him. He

went on prating to George, who was quite delighted with the ride on such a grand horse; yet at times he grew thoughtful, and testified his regret for the horse, lest he should be tired with carrying them all. "Geoge vely solly fol peole holse, Balny! Geoge no like to be a holse."

Many were the witch and fairy tales that Barnaby related that day to amuse his fellow travellers. He set down Jane and George safe at their cottage before evening, and astonished Robin not a little, who was overjoyed to see his lost gimmer and lamb (as he termed them,) so soon. He paid Barnaby his twenty guineas that night in excellent humour, making some mention, meantime, of an old proverb, "They that hide ken where to seek," and without delay sent information to the mansion-house that Jane was found, and safely arrived at her own house, a piece of news which created no little stir at Earlhall.

The old lady had entertained strong hopes that Jane would not be found; or that she would refuse to return after the treatment she had met with, and the suspicions that were raised against her; in short, she wished her not to return, and she hoped she would not, but now all her fond hopes were extinguished, and she could see no honourable issue to the affair. It was like to turn out a love intrigue; a low and shameful business, her son might pretend what he chose. She instantly lost all command of her temper, hurried from one part of the house to another, quarrelled with every one of the maid servants, and gave the two prettiest ones warning to leave their places.

Lindsey was likewise a little out of his reason that night, but his feelings were of a very different kind. He loved all the human race; he loved the little birds that sang upon the trees almost to distraction. The deep blue of the heavens never appeared so serene—the woods, the fields, and the flowers never so delightful! such a new and exhilarating tone did the return of this beautiful girl (child, I mean) give to his whole vital frame. "What a delightful world this is!" said he to himself; "and

how happy might all its inhabitants live, if they would suffer themselves to do so!" He did not traverse the different apartments of the house with the same hasty steps as his mother did, but he took many rapid turns out to the back garden, and in again to the parlour

In the middle of one of these distant excursions his ears were assailed by the discordant tones of anger and reproach—Proud and haughty contumely on the one side, and the bitter complaints of wronged but humble dependence on the other.

"This is some one of my mother's unreasonable imputations," said he to himself; "it is hard that the fairer and more delicate part of my servants, who are in fact *my* servants, receiving meat and wages from me, and whom I most wish to be happy and comfortable in their circumstances should be thus harassed and rendered miserable—I will interfere in spite of all obloquy." He went in to the fore-kitchen, "What is the matter? What is the meaning of all this disturbance here?"

"Matter, son! The matter is, that I will not be thus teased and wronged by such a worthless scum of menials as your grieve has buckled on me. I am determined to be rid of them for the present, and to have no more servants of his hiring."

So saying, she bustled away by him, and out of the kitchen. Sally, one of the maidens that wrought a-field, whose bright complexion and sly looks had roused the lady's resentment, was standing sobbing in a corner. "What is this you have done, Sally, thus to irritate my mother?"

"I hae done naething ava that's wrang, sir; but she's never aff my tap; an' I'm glad I'm now free frae her. Had she tauld me my fault, an' turned me away, I wad never hae regrettit; but she has ca'd me sic names afore a' these witnesses, that I'll never get mair service i' the country. I see nae right ony body has to guide poor servants this gate."

"Nor I either, Sally; but say no more about it; I know you to be a very faithful and conscientious servant,

for I have often inquired; remain in your place, and *do not* go away—remember I order it—give nó offence to my mother that you can avoid—be a good girl, as you have heretofore been, and here is a guinea to buy you a gown at next fair."

"Oh, God bless him for a kind good soul!" said Sally, as he went out, and the benediction was echoed from every corner of the kitchen.

He rambled more than half-way up the river side to Todburn; but it was too late to call and see *the dear child* that night, so he returned—joined his mother at supper; was more than usually gay and talkative, and at last proposed to invite this fair rambler down to Earlhall to breakfast with them next morning. The lady was almost paralyzed by this proposal, and groaned in spirit!

"Certainly, son! certainly! your house is your ain; invite ony body to it you like; nane has a better right! a man may keep ony company he chooses. Ye'll hae nae objections, I fancy, that I keep out o' the party?"

"Very great objections, mother; I wish to see this girl, and learn her history; if I call privately, you will be offended; is it not better to do this before witnesses? And I am likewise desirous that you should see her, and be satisfied that she is at all events worthy of being protected from injury. Let us make a rustic party of it, for a little variety—we will invite Robin, and his sister Miss Margaret, and any other of that class you choose."

"O certainly! invite them ilk ane, son—invite a' the riff-raff i' the parish; your mother has naething to say."

He was stung with this perversity, as well as with his love for *the child* on the other hand—he did invite them, and the invitation was accepted. Down came Robin Muckerland, tenant of the Todburn, dressed in his blue and gray thread-about coat, with metal buttons, broader than a Queen Ann's half-crown, dark corduroy breeches, and drab-coloured leggums (the best things, by the bye, that ever came in fashion;) and down came haverel Meg, his sister *alias* Miss Peggy, for that day, with her cork-heeled shoon, and long-waisted gown, covered with broad

stripes, like the hangings of an ancient bed. She had, moreover, a silken bonnet on her head for laying aside in the lobby, under that a smart cap, and under that, again, an abundance of black curly hair, slightly grizzled, and rendered more outrageously bushy that morning by the effects of paper-curls over night. Meg was never seen dressed in such style before, and I wish from my heart that any assembly of our belles had seen her. She viewed the business as a kind of *show of cattle* before the laird, in the same way as the young ladies long ago were brought in before King Ahasuerus: and she was determined to bear down Jane to the dust, and carry all before her. The very air and swagger with which she walked was quite delightful, while her blue ribbon-belt, half a foot broad, and proportionally long, having been left intentionally loose, was streaming behind her, like the pennon of a ship. "It is rather odd, billy Rob," said she, "that we should thus be invited alang wi' our ain cottar—However the laird's ha' levels a'—if she be fit company for him, she maunna be less for us—fock maun bow to the bush that they seek beild frae."

"E'en sae, Meg; but let us see you behave yoursel like a woman the day, an' no get out wi' ony o' your volleys o' nonsense."

"Deed, Rob, I'll just speak as I think; there sall naething gyzen i' my thrapple that my noddle pits there. I like nane o' your kind o' fock that dare do naething but chim chim at the same thing ower again, like the gouk in a June day. Meg maun hae out her say, if it sude burst Powbeit on her head."

As they came down by the washing-green, Jane joined them, dressed in a plain brown frock, and leading little George, who was equipt like an earl's son; and a prettier boy never paddled at a mother's side.

The old lady was indisposed that day, and unable to come down to breakfast; and it was not till after the third visit from her son, who found he was like to be awkwardly situated with his party, that she was prevailed on to appear. Robin entered first, and made his obeisance

Meg came in with a skip and a courtesy, very like that of the water-owzel when she is sitting on a stone in the middle of the stream. Poor Jane appeared last, leading her boy; her air was modest and diffident, yet it had nothing of that awkward timidity, inseparable from low life, and a consciousness that one has no right to be there, The lady returned a slight nod to her courtesy, for she had nearly dropt down when she first cast her eyes upon her beauty, and elegance of form and manner. It was the last hope that she had remaining, that this girl would be a vulgar creature, and have no pretensions to that kind of beauty admired in the higher circles; now that last hope was blasted. But that which astonished every one most, was the brilliancy of her eyes, which all her misfortunes had nothing dimmed; their humid lustre was such, that it was impossible for any other eye to meet their glances without withdrawing abashed. The laird set a seat for her, and spoke to her as easily as he could, but of that he was no great master; he then lifted little George, kissed him, and, setting him on his knee, fell a talking to him. "And where have you been so long away from me, my dear little fellow? Tell me where you have been all this while."

"Fal away, at auld Geoldie's, little Davie's falel, ye ken; him 'at has 'e fine bonny 'halp wi' a stipe down hele, and anolel down hele.—Little Davie vely good till Geoge, an vely queel callant."

Every one laughed aloud at George's description of the whelp, and his companion little Davie, save Jane, who was afraid he would discover where their retreat had been, rather prematurely. Breakfast was served; the old lady forced a complaisance and chatted to Meg, who answered her just with what chanced to come uppermost, never once to the point or subject on which she was previously talking; for all the time the good old dowager was addressing her, she was busied in adjusting some part of her dress—looking at the shape of her stays—casting a glance at the laird, and occasionally at Jane—then adjusting a voluptuous curl that half-hid her grey eye. She likewise occasion-

ally uttered a vacant hem! when the lady paused; and, as soon as she ceased, began some observation of her own. Robin was quite in the fidgets. "Dear Meg, woman, that's no what her ladyship was speaking about. That's no to the purpose ava."

"Speak ye to the purpose then, Rob. Ye think nae-body can speak but yoursel, hummin an' hawin. Let us hear how weel ye'll speak to the purpose.—Whisht, sirs! haud a' your tongues; my billy Rob's gaun to mak a speech."

"Humph!" quoth Robin, and gave his head a cast round.

"Humph!" returned Meg, "what kind of a speech is that? Is that to the purpose? If that be to the purpose, a sow could hae made that speech as weel as you, and better. The truth is, mem, that our Rob's aye wantin to be on his hich horse afore grit folk; now I says till him, Rob, says I, for you to fa' to afore your betters, and be tryin to speak that vile nicky-nacky language they ca English, instead o' being on your hich horse then, ye are just like a heron walkin on stilts, an' that's but a daft-like beast. Ye sude mind, says I,—Rob, man, says I, that her ladyship's ane o' our ain kind o' fock, an' was bred at the same heck an' manger wi' oursels; an' although she has lightit on a good tethering, ye're no to think that she's to gi'e hersel airs, an' forget the good auld haemilt blude that rins in her veins."

The lady's cheek was burning with indignation, for, of all topics, Meg was fallen on the most unlucky; nothing hurt her feelings half so much as hints of her low extraction. Lindsey, though vexed, could not repress a laugh at the proud offence on the one side, and the untameable vulgarity on the other. Meg discerned nothing wrong, and, if she had, would not have regarded it. She went on. "Ah, Meg, woman! quo' he, ye ken little thing about it, quo' he; when the sole of a shoe's turned uppermost, it maks aye but an unbowsome overleather; if ye corn an auld glide-aver weel, she'll soon turn about her heels, and fling i' your face"

Robin's whole visage changed; his eyes were set on Meg, but his brows were screwed down, and his cheeks pursed up in such a manner, that those were scarcely discernible; his mouth had meanwhile assumed the form and likeness of one of the long S's on the belly of a fiddle. Meg still went on. "Dear Rob, says I, man, says I, that disna apply to her ladyship ava, for every thing that she does, an' every thing that she says, shows her to be a douse hamely body; the very way that she rins bizzin through the house, an' fliting on the servants, proves that she maks nae pretensions to high gentility."

Lindsey, who now dreaded some explosion of rag subversive of all decorum, began and rallied Meg, commended her flow of spirits and fresh looks, and said she was very much of a lady herself.

"I wat, laird," said she, "I think aye if a body behaves wi' ease, an' without ony stiffness an' precision, that body never behaves ill; but, to be sure, you grand fock can say an' do a hantle o' things that winna be ta'en aff our hands. For my part, when the great fike rase about you an' Jeany there, I says—says I"——

This was a threatening preface. Lindsey durst not stand the sequel. "I beg your pardon for the present, Miss Peggy," said he; "we shall attend to your observations on this topic after we have prepared the way for it somewhat. I was, and still am convinced, that this young woman received very harsh and unmerited treatment from our two families. I am desirous of making her some reparation, and to patronise her, as well as this boy, if I find her in any degree deserving of it. This protection shall, moreover, be extended to her in a manner that neither suspicion nor blame shall attach to it; and, as we are all implicated in the wrong, I have selected you as judges in this matter.—It is impossible," continued he, addressing himself to Jane, "to be in your company half an hour, and not discern that your education has been much above the sphere of life which you now occupy; but I trust you will find us all disposed to regard you with the eye of friendship, if you will be so

good as relate to us the incidents of your life which have contributed to your coming among us."

"The events of my life, sir," said she, "have been, like the patriarch's days, few and evil, and my intention was, never to have divulged them in this district—not on my own account, but for the sake of their names that are connected with my history, and are now no more. Nevertheless, since you have taken such an interest in my fortunes, it would both be ungrateful and imprudent to decline giving you that satisfaction. Excuse me for the present in withholding my family name, and I will relate to you the incidents of my short life in a very few words.

"My father was an eminent merchant. Whether ever he was a rich one or not I cannot tell, but he certainly was looked upon as such, for his credit and dealings were very extensive. My mother died twelve years ago, leaving my father with no more children than another daughter and myself. I received my education in Edinburgh along with my sister, who was two years older than I. She began to manage my father's household affairs at thirteen years of age, and I went to reside with an aunt in East-Lothian, who had been married to a farmer, but was now a widow, and occupied a farm herself.

"Whether it originated in his not finding any amusement at home, or in consciousness of his affairs getting into confusion, I know not, but our father about this time fell by degrees from attending to his business in a great measure, and sunk into despondency. My sister's letters to me were full of regret; my aunt being in a declining state of health I could not leave her for some months. At last she died, leaving me a legacy of five hundred pounds, when I hastened home, and did all in my power to assist my sister in comforting our father, but he did not long survive, and dying insolvent, we not only lost our protector, but had nothing to depend on save my little legacy and our own industry and exertions. We retired to a small lodging; none of our

friends thought proper to follow us to our retreat; and now, bereaved as we were of our natural protector, we could not help perceiving that we were a friendless and helpless pair. My sister never recovered her spirits; a certain dejection and absence of mind from this time forth began to prey upon her, and it was with real sorrow and concern that I perceived it daily gaining ground, and becoming more and more strongly marked. I tried always to console her as much as I could for our loss, and often, to cheer her, assumed a gaiety that was foreign to my heart; but we being quite solitary, her melancholy always returned upon her with double weight. About this time I first saw a young officer with my sister, who introduced him carelessly to me as *the captain*. She went out with him, and when she returned I asked who he was. "Bless me, Jane," said she, do you not know the Captain?" I was angry at the flippancy of her manner but she gave me no further satisfaction."

At the mention of this officer Lindsey grew restless and impatient, changing his position on the seat every moment.

"Things went on in this manner," continued Jane, "for some time longer, and still my sister grew more heartless and dejected. Her colour grew pale, and her eye heavy, and I could not help feeling seriously alarmed on her account.

"For nine or ten days she went out by herself for an hour or so every day, without informing me where she had been. But one morning, when I arose my sister was gone. I waited until noon before I took any breakfast; but nothing of my sister appearing, I became distracted with dreadful apprehensions. I went about to every place where I thought there was the least chance of hearing any news of her, yet durst I not ask for her openly at any one for fear of the answer I might receive: for, on considering the late dejected state of her mind, I expected nothing else than to hear that she had put an end to her existence. My search was fruitless; night came, and still no word of my sister; I passed it without

sleep; but, alas! the next night, and many others, came and passed over without bringing a trace of her steps, or throwing a gleam of light on her fate. I was now obliged to set on foot a strict and extensive search, and even to have her advertised; yet still all my exertions proved of no avail.

"During this long and dreadful pause of uncertainty I thought there could not be conceived a human being more thoroughly wretched than I was. Only seventeen years of age; the last of all my father's house; left in a lodging by myself; all my neighbours utter strangers to me, and not a friend on earth to whom I could unbosom my griefs; wretched I was, and deemed it impossible to be more so; but I had over-rated my griefs, and was punished for my despondency.

"When some months had passed away, one spring morning, I remember it well! after a gentle rap at the door, the maid entered, and said, *a man* wanted to see me. 'A man!' said I; 'What man wishes to speak to me?'

"'I don't know, mem, he is like a countryman.'

'He was shown in; a pale man, of a dark complexion, and diminutive size. I was certain I had never seen him before, for his features were singularly marked. He asked my name, and seemed at a loss to deliver his message, and there was something in his air and manner that greatly alarmed me. 'So you said your name is so so?' said he again.

"'I did; pray, tell me what is your business with me?'

"'There is a lady at our house, who I suppose wishes to speak with you.'

"'What lady wishes to see me? Where is your house?'

"He named some place on the London road towards Berwick.

"'What lady can possibly be there,' said I, 'that knows any thing of me?'

"He looked at me again—'Pray, mem, have you a sister? Or had you ever any that you know of?'

"This query paralyzed me. I sunk down on the sofa; but as soon as I could speak, I asked how long the lady had been with him?

"'Only since Friday evening last,' said he. 'She was taken ill at the inn on her way to Edinburgh, from whence she was conveyed to my house, for the sake of better and more quiet accommodation; but she has been very ill,—*very* ill, indeed. There is now hope that she will recover, but she is still *very* ill. I hope you are the lady she named when all was given over; at all events, you must go and see.'

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I desired the man to call a post-chaise. We reached the place before even. I entered her apartment, breathless and impatient; but how shall I relate to you the state in which I found her! My heart bleeds to this day, when remembrance presents me with the woful spectacle! She was lying speechless, unable to move a hand or lift an eye, and posting on, with rapid advances, to eternity, having some days before given birth to this dear child on my knee."

At this moment the eyes of all the circle were fixed on Jane, expressing strongly a mixture of love, pity, and admiration. Lindsey could contain himself no longer. He started to his feet—stretched his arms toward her, and, after gasping a little for breath,—"Wh—wh—what!" said he, sighing, "are you not then the *mother* of little George?"

"A poor substitute only for a better, sir; but the only parent he has ever known, or is likely to know."

"And you have voluntarily suffered all these privations, trouble, and shame, for the sake of a poor little orphan, who, it seems, is no nearer akin to you than a nephew? If ever the virtuous principles and qualities of a female mind deserved admiration—But proceed. I am much to blame for interrupting you."

"I never for another moment departed from my sister's bed-side until she breathed her last, which she did in about thirty hours after my arrival. During that time, there was onl once that she seemed to recollect or take

the slightest notice of me, which was a little before her final exit; but then she gave me such a look!—So full of kindness and sorrow, that language could not have expressed her feelings half so forcibly. It was a farewell look, which is engraven on the tablets of my mind, never to be obliterated while that holds intercourse with humanity.

"The shock which my feelings received by the death of the only friend of my heart, with the mysterious circumstances which accompanied it, deprived me for some time of the powers of recollection. My dreams by night, and my reflections during the day, were all so much blent and intermingled, and so wholly of the same tendency, that they became all as a dream together; so that I could not, on a retrospect, discover in the least, nor ever can to this day, what part of my impressions were real, or what were mere phantasy, so strongly were the etchings of fancy impressed on my distempered mind. If the man I mentioned before, who owned the house, had not looked after the necessary preparations for the funeral, I know not how or when it would have been set about by any orders of mine. They soon enticed me away from the body, which they suffered me to visit but seldom, and, it seems, I was perfectly passive. That such a thing as my sister's funeral was approaching, occurred but rarely to my mind, and then, it in a manner surprised me as a piece of unexpected intelligence was wont to do, and it as suddenly slipped away, leaving my imagination again to wander in a maze of inextricable confusion.

"The first thing that brought me to myself was a long fit of incessant weeping, in which I shed abundance of tears. I then manifested an ardent desire to see the child, which I recollect perfectly well. I considered him as the only remembrance left to me of a respectable and well-descended family, and of the dearest friend ever I remembered upon earth. When I first saw him, he was lying on an old woman's knee; and when I stooped to look at him, he, with a start of his whole frame, fixed his young unstable eyes on me, and stretched out his little spread hands toward me, in which position he remained

steadily for a considerable time. This was so marked and uncommon, that all the standers-by took notice of it; and the woman who held him said, 'See! saw ye ever the like o' that? I never saw the like o' that a' my life! It is surely impossible he can ken ye?'

"It was, without doubt, an involuntary motion of the babe, but I could not help viewing it as a movement effected by the Great Spirit of universal nature. I thought I saw the child beseeching me to protect his helpless innocence, and not to abandon him to an injurious world, in which he had not another friend remaining, until he could think and act for himself. I adopted him that moment in my heart as my son—I took him into my arms as a part of myself!—That simple motion of my dear child fixed my resolution with respect to him at once, and that resolution never has been altered nor injured in the smallest part.

"I hired a nurse for him; and, it being term time, gave up my house, and sold all my furniture, save the little that I have still, and retired to a cottage at Slateford, not far from Edinburgh. Here I lived frugally with the nurse and child; and became so fond of him, that no previous period of my life, from the days of childhood, was ever so happy; indeed, my happiness was centred solely in him, and if he was well, all other earthly concerns vanished. I found, however, that after paying the rent of the house, the expenses of the two funerals, and the nurse's wages, that my little stock was reduced nearly one-third; and fearing that it would in a little while be wholly exhausted, I thought the sooner I reconciled myself to hardships the better; so leaving the remainder of my money in the bank as a fund in case of sickness or great necessity, I came and took this small cottage and garden from your farmer. I had no ambition but that of bringing up the child, and educating him, independent of charitable assistance! and I cannot describe to you how happy I felt at the prospect, that the interest of my remaining property, with the small earnings of my own industry, was likely to prove more than an equivalent to my yearly expenses.

I have from the very first acknowledged little George as my own son. I longed for a retirement, where I should never be recognised by any former acquaintance. In such a place I thought my story might gain credit; nor could I think in any degree to stain the name of my dear departed sister by any surmises or reflections that might in future attach to it by telling the story as it was. How I should have felt had he really been my son I cannot judge; but instead of feeling any degradation at being supposed his mother, so wholly is my existence bound up in him, that I could not bear the contrary to be supposed.

"Who his father is, remains a profound, and to me, unaccountable mystery, I never had the slightest suspicion of the rectitude of her behaviour, and cannot understand to this day how she could possibly carry on an amour without suffering me to perceive any signs of it. She had spoke but little to the people with whom I found her; but their impressions were, that she was not married, and I durst not inquire farther; for, rather than have discovered his father to be unworthy, I chose to remain in utter ignorance concerning it, and I could not think favourably of one who had deserted her in such circumstances. There was no man whom I had ever seen that I could in the least suspect, if it was not the young officer that I formerly mentioned, and he was the least likely to be guilty of such an act of any man I ever saw."

Here Lindsey again sprang to his feet. "Good God!" said he, "there is something occurs to my mind —the most extraordinary circumstance—if it be really so. You wished to be excused from giving your surname, but there is a strange coincidence in your concerns with my own, which renders it absolutely necessary that I should be informed of this."

Jane hesitated, and said she could not think of divulging that so as to make it public, but that she would trust his honour, and tell it him in his ear. She then whispered the name M'———y.

"What!" said he aloud, forgetting the injunction of secrecy, "of the late firm M'———y, and Reynolds?"

"The same, sir."

The positions into which he now threw himself, and the extravagant exclamations that he uttered, cannot here be all described. The other three personages in the room all supposed that he was gone out of his reason. After repeating, till quite out of breath, "It is she! it is she! it is the same! it is the same!" and, pressing both her hands in his, he exclaimed, "Eternal Providence! how wonderful are thy ways, and how visible is thy superintendence of human affairs, even in the common vicissitudes of life! but never was it so visible as in this! My dear child," continued he, taking little George in his arms, who looked at him with suspicion and wonder, "by how many fatal and untoward events, all seemingly casual, art thou at last, without the aid of human interference, thrown into the arms of thy natural guardian! and how firmly was my heart knit to thee from the very first moment I saw thee! But thou art my own son, and shalt no more leave me; nor shall your beautiful guardian either, if she will accept of a heart that her virtues have captivated. This house shall henceforth be a home to you both, and all my friends shall be friends to you, for you are my own."

Here the old lady sprang forward, and laying hold of her son by the shoulder, endeavoured to pull him away. "Consider what you are saying, Lindsey, and what you are bringing on yourself, and your name, and your family. You are raving mad—that child can no more be yours than it is mine. Will you explain yourself, or are we to believe that you have indeed lost your reason? I say, where is the consistency in supposing that child can be yours?"

"It is impossible," said Robin.

"I say it's nae sic a thing as unpossible, Rob," quoth Meg. "Haud your tongue, ye ken naething about it—it's just as possible that it may be his as another's—I sal warrant whaever be aught it, it's no comed there by sympathy! Od, if they war to come by sympathy"———

Here Meg was interrupted by Lindsey, who waved

his hand for silence,—a circumstance that has sorely grieved the relater of this tale,—for of all things he would have liked to have had Meg's ideas, at full length, of children being produced by sympathy.

"I beg your pardon," said Lindsey, "I must have appeared extravagant in my rapturous enthusiasm, having forgot but that you knew all the circumstances as well as myself. The whole matter is, however, very soon, and very easily explained."

He then left the room, and all the company gazing upon one another. Jane scarcely blushed on receiving the vehement proffer from Lindsey, for his rhapsody had thrown her into a pleasing and tender delirium of amazement, which kept every other feeling in suspense.

In a few seconds he returned, bringing an open letter in his hand.—"Here is the last letter," said he, "ever I received from my brave and only brother; a short extract from which will serve fully to clear up the whole of this very curious business."

He then read as follows:—"Thus, you see, that for the last fortnight the hardships and perils we have encountered have been many and grievous; but TO-MORROW will be decisive one way or another. I have a strong prepossession that I will not survive the battle; yea, so deeply is the idea impressed on my mind, that with me it amounts to an absolute certainty; therefore, I must confide a secret with you which none in the world know, or in the least think of, save another and myself. I was privately married before I left Scotland, to a young lady, lovely in her person, and amiable in her manners, but without any fortune. We resolved, for reasons that must be obvious to you, to keep our marriage secret, until I entered to the full possession of my estate, and if possible till my return; but now, (don't laugh at me, my dear brother,) being convinced that I shall never return, I entreat you, as a last request, to find her out and afford her protection. It is probable, that by this time she may stand in need of it. Her name is Amelia M'———y, daughter to the late merchant of that name of the firm M'———y and

Reynolds. She left her home with me in private, at my earnest request, though weeping with anguish at leaving a younger sister, a little angel of mercy, whom, like the other, you will find every way worthy of your friendship and protection. The last letter that I had from her was dated from London, the 7th of April, on which day she embarked in the packet for Leith, on her way to join her sister, in whose house, near Bristo-Port, you will probably find her. Farewell, dear brother. Comfort our mother; and O, for my sake, cherish and support my dear wife! We have an awful prospect before us, but we are a handful of brave determined friends, resolved to conquer or die together."

The old lady now snatched little George up in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and shed abundance of tears over him.—"He is indeed my grandson! he is he is!" cried she. "My own dear George's son, and he shall henceforth be cherished as my own."

"And he shall be mine too, mother," added Lindsey; 'and heir of all the land which so rightly belongs to him. And she, who has so disinterestedly adopted and brought up the heir of Earlhall, shall still be his mother, if she will accept of a heart that renders her virtues every homage, and beats in unison with her own to every tone of pity and benevolence."

Jane now blushed deeply, for the generous proposal was just made while the tears of joy were yet trickling over her cheeks on account of the pleasing intelligence she had received of the honour of her regretted sister, and the rank of her child.—She could not answer a word—she looked stedfastly at the carpet, through tears, as if examining how it was wrought—then at a little pearl ring she wore on her finger, and finally fell to adjusting some of little George's clothes. They were all silent—It was a quaker meeting, and might have continued so much longer, had not the spirit fortunately moved Meg.

"By my certy, laird! but ye hae made her a good offer! an' yet she'll pretend to tarrow at takin't! But ye're sure o' her, tak my word for it.—Ye dinna ken women,

Bless ye! the young hizzies mak aye the greatest fike about things that they wish maist to hae. I ken by mysel;—when Andrew Pistolfoot used to come stamplin in to court me i' the dark, I wad hae cried (whispering), 'Get away wi' ye! ye bowled-like shurf!—whar are ye comin pechin an' fuffin to me?' Bless your heart! gin Andrew had run away when I bade him, I wad hae run after him, an' grippit him by the coat-tails, an' brought him back. Little wist I this morning, an' little wist mae than I, that things war to turn out this way, an' that Jeany was to be our young lady! She was little like it that night she gaed away greetin wi' the callant on her back! Dear Rob, man, quo' I to my billy, what had you and my lady to do wi' them? Because her day and yours are ower, do ye think they'll no be courting as lang as the warld stands; an' the less that's said about it the better—I said sae!"

"And you said truly, Meg," rejoined Lindsey. "Now, pray, Miss Jane, tell me what you think of my proposal?"

"Indeed, sir," answered she, "you overpower me. I am every way unworthy of the honour you propose for my acceptance; but as I cannot part with my dear little George, with your leave I will stay with my lady and take care of him."

"Well, I consent that you shall stay with my mother as her companion. A longer acquaintance will confirm that affection, which a concurrence of events has tended so strongly to excite."

It was not many months until this amiable pair were united in the bonds of matrimony, and they are still living, esteemed of all their acquaintances. Barnaby is the laird's own shepherd, and overseer of all his rural affairs, and he does not fail at times to remind his gentle mistress of his dream about the *eagle* and the *corbie*.

THE

SURPASSING ADVENTURES

OF

ALLAN GORDON.

HUMBLY AND MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

It is well known that the ship, Briel of Amsterdam, took up a Scotsman from the ice of the Polar sea, in the year 1764, and set him ashore at Aberdeen, from whence he had sailed seven years before, in the whaler ship, Anne Forbes. His name was Allan Gordon, and his narrative, as taken down by John Duff, schoolmaster at Cabrach, is now in my possession.

I, Allan Gordon, was the son of Adam Gordon, a hind, or farm servant on the banks of the Bogie, and I was born in a small cottage three miles above Huntly. My father learned me to read, but never to write, and when I was eleven years of age, he bound me apprentice to a tailor in Huntly, a little crooked wretch, who, whenever any body offended him, always wreaked out his ill nature on me. I bore with him long, not daring to break my apprenticeship for fear of the fine that would fall on my poor father, although many a thrashed skin I got, and every time my knuckles itched to be at this tailor's ugly face. I was always obliged to *sir* and *master* him, and if by chance I called him by any other name, I got the length of the needle in my flesh instantly.

This was not long to be borne by a lad of any spirit. One time we were sewing on a board together at the manse of Auchindoir, and the minister and his wife were

sitting by the fire in the same apartment. It was Saturday evening, and my master was anxious to have the job done that night, and kept urging me to ply and make long stitches. This last injunction he durst not give openly, but there was an understood term which conveyed his meaning. This was, "sit yond, boy, sit yond." This he kept repeating and repeating that evening, and at every hint, gave me a pradd with his needle, until in a fit of impatience I returned, "the deil's i' the bodie, for I can sit nae farther yond unless I baiss." He gave me such a look! I regarded it not, but laughed, and joked, and crooned, "Cauld kail in Aberdeen, an' sowins in Strathbogie," and, "The Tailor fell o'er the bed, needles an' a'." But the minister said, "Aha, William, so the secret is out regarding the order to your lad always to *sit yond*, therefore, give up, and go your ways home, and come back on Monday morning, for I will not have my clothes or my boy's clothes spoiled by your long stitches." "But tell me this, sir," said my master, who wanted to put the matter off as a joke, "whether do you think long stitches or short sermons are the worst."

"William, I want none of your profane and homely jests," said the parson, "therefore keep them to yourself, and give up my work; I can have another tradesman to finish it."

"Yes you can, sir," said my master, "and so can I go and hear another minister. I have the advantage of you there, for you cannot have a tradesman like me in Aberdeenshire, whereas I can have a far better minister. For I maintain, that in short sermons often repeated, there is greater blame than in long stitches on new ground."

Thus parted the parson of Auchindoir and my master in high chagrin, the consequences of which I was doomed to abide. No sooner were we beyond the glebe lands, than he said with ill feigned civility, "Well, you have behaved yourself like a sensible young man and a gentleman to-night." I was going to say, that I had spoken rashly and unadvisedly, and was sorry for it, but that it was the severe prick with the needle that caused it.

Before I got my answer arranged, he struck me such a blow above the right eye, that made the blood to stream. I chanced to have the lapboard carrying in my right hand, a substantial plane-tree deal more than two feet long, with which I gave him such a knap over the head that I made his skull ring again, and his eyes to stand in back water. "How dare you for your saul, sirrah, lift your hand against your master," said he.

"I'll not be struck like a dog in that manner by the king, or the duke of Gordon," said I, "and far less by a bowled tailor."

This answer put the creature perfectly mad, for he valued himself greatly on his personal appearance, and he flew on me like a tiger. My spirit of resistance was fairly up. I returned blow for blow, and there as desperate a battle ensued as ever was fought. In a few minutes he began to quail, and, though his lip quivered with rage, he was rather frightened, and wanted to call a parley. "Come, come, this will never do," said he, "down on your knees, and beg my pardon."

"I'll be d——d if I will," said I.

"You, sirrah, you'll be d——d if you will! Do you say so to me," said he, in a loud majestic tone, for two masons appeared coming toward us. "Then, sir, know that your life is in my hand, and I will chastise you until you be no more." He threw off his coat and waistcoat, and fell to me like a day's work. I held down my head, and took a tempest of blows on my shoulders and neck. I then ran with my head full drive on the pit of his stomach, which made him stagger and fall backward. I gave him just one fundamental kick, and then turned and laughed aloud. He flew after me in desperate fury, striking both with feet and hands, fighting in glorious style, for the two masons were now close at hand. I could fight none, save as a bullock or ram, but having frequently seen these fight desperately, I followed their example instinctively, and ran always against my dumpy mis-shapen master with my head full drive. He tore out my hair, and cursed and swore most manfully, but I

regarded not these, giving him always the other dunch. and whenever I hit him fairly, whether on the face or breast, I knocked him down. The two mason lads rolled on the green with laughter, for, to make the thing the more ludicrous, whenever I knocked him down with my head, I turned round and flung at him with my heels like a horse, thus in my warfare imitating the beasts only.

I soon mauled him so, that he could not rise, but there he lay, threatening future vengeance, and cursing me most emphatically. He threw first the goose, and then the lapboard at my head, which I eschewed, and then ran up and flung at him like an incensed or vicious horse, giving him some good hard kicks, and then went off and left him. Instead of going home, I went straight to Aberdeen, where I could have procured work as a journeyman, but durst not remain for my late incensed master; so I went on board a Hull coasting vessel, and continued in her five years as a cabin boy and sailor, and by that time, had become quite attached to the nautical life. I went one voyage to New York, and another to Lisbon, but the description of these voyages would only delay the narrative. I now sit down to relate, only I thought it behooved me to tell how a man of Bogieside chanced to become a sailor.

In 1757, I entered on board the Anne Forbes for the Greenland whale fishery. Our captain's name was John Hughes, an Englishman, a drunken, rash, headlong fool, and one with whom it was impossible for any seaman to have the least comfort. As there had been some excellent fish taken the preceding summer in the Spitzbergen seas, we had instructions to proceed thither. Accordingly, we parted with the rest of the whalers off Cape Farewell, and stretched away to the north-east. We had fine weather and an open sea, save that there was a girdle of ice of from ten to thirty miles broad, that belted the whole coast of east Greenland, the mountains of which country were frequently in our view. We sailed between that and Iceland, and about the seventieth degree, came frequently in view of some tremendous

fish, all of which appeared to be journeying rapidly northward. We captured one, and continued our route straight on for a fortnight, although our mate, who was an old experienced hand, represented to our captain, again and again, the danger of penetrating so far into the polar seas; but he was an absurd and obstinate mule, and only laughed the good old man to scorn, pretending that he was making some curious observations on the dipping of the needle, whereas he never dipped the needle at all, it just stood where it was, only it gave over pointing. He then told us we were at the pole, and afterwards that we had sailed round it. He gave us a treat, and plenty to drink on this joyful occasion; but we only laughed in our sleeves at him, for in fact there was no pole nor pillar of any kind to be seen; neither was there any axle-tree or groove, which there behooved to have been, had we been at the pole of the world. There was nothing but a calm open sea, and the sun beating on us all the four-and-twenty hours. There were plenty of fish. We loaded our vessel; but yet the absurd monster would not leave the ground, but continued exulting and filling himself drunk on the merits of his grand discovery, and pretended that he could sail to China as soon as to Spain. For my part I believed then, and believe still, that it was all nonsense, though there was certainly something peculiar in our situation, for the needle had no power, not a grain. It stood where we put it, or kept whirling and wheeling as if it had been dancing a Highland reel.

For two days the mate kept pointing out to the captain some brilliant appearances at a great distance, which he said he suspected were immense floes or fields of ice, and if the wind should chance to rise in that direction, we should to a certainty be enclosed. But captain Hughes answered him with the greatest contempt thus: "Why, you old grovelling ass, you have not half the science of a walrus, nor half the ambition of a lobster. You do not perceive, and not perceiving you cannot estimate, the value of the discovery I have made; a discovery which will hand down my name to all generations, and not only

my name, but the very name of the vessel, and every one on board of her, will go down to posterity. Therefore, tell not me of your floes and your fields, your rainbow colours and cowardly surmises. Am I not resting on the pole of the world, and can run from hence into any of its divisions I choose. I am like a man on the top of an hill, who, if the storm approaches on the one side, can take shelter on the other."

"Why it may, it may a' be true that ye say, captain," said old Abram Johnston, the mate; "I may hae little science an' less ambition. But I hae that muckle science as to perceive that you are detaining us in a very critical and perilous situation, for no earthly purpose that I can see; and my ambition is all to save the ship and cargo of my employers."

"Say, rather, to save your own mean and despicable life," retorted the captain. "I am answerable to my employers for the ship and cargo, not you. And think you not the value of the discovery I have made to be of more value than any ship or cargo that ever sailed the ocean?"

"Perhaps it may, captain," said he, "that point I shall not dispute with you. But if we lose the ship, we lose ourselves and the grand discovery into the bargain."

"There you said true, old foggie!" said the captain, "and it is the first word of sense you have spoken. Come and let us have one bottle together on the head of it. Who knows what you may yet be. You can box the compass. Now tell me which is north and which south?"

"What o'clock is it?" said he.

"Aha, catch me there, old foggie."

"Then in fact, captain, I do not know, for this place is like the New Jerusalem, there is no night here, and no star to be seen, and glad would I be to be out of it."

"Better and better, old Abram. Well, then, we shall sail southward with the first breeze to give you peace of conscience, and I'll take you half a dozen we be the first of the whalers on the coast of Scotland."

The captain filled himself drunk as usual; and in a few hours afterwards, from some unaccountable current, the mate perceived the vessel to be drifting with great rapidity: and not knowing in what direction, he called up the captain. I shall never forget how blue and confounded like he looked that morning; but he instantly commanded all sails to be set; and after he had taken the sun's altitude, he actually knew where we were, put about ship, and sailed in the contrary direction from that in which we had been drifting for the last eight hours. The current was strong against us, with a light breeze on our star-board bow. The ice approached us on all sides, and, what was worst of all, a whitish fog covered us. The captain was now manifestly alarmed, for he kept close on deck, and gave his orders with impatience and surliness, cursing and thrashing us as we had been beasts. I confess I enjoyed his dilemma somewhat, and would almost have run the risk of shipwreck to have seen his big lobster snout cooled on an iceberg, for I hated him most heartily.

When our needle became once more fixed in the same direction, I never was so glad, as I then knew what we were doing and whither sailing.

But sailing was soon out of the question. We were completely involved in broken floating ice, while an interminable field appeared following us behind. In the midst of this confusion, we continued drifting swiftly toward the south-west with reefed sails, sometimes finding a little opening and making some progress. We passed what I took for a huge iceberg; but I heard our captain say it was one of the seven sisters, off the coast of Spitzbergen. That was the last land we were doomed to see. After struggling on for four-and-twenty hours longer, we perceived another field of ice before us, which likewise seemed approaching us, for the floating ice was crushing up before it, and rolling over it. But whether it was floating or fixed I know not; the consequence to us was the same, for the field behind coming on us with great velocity, while we were fixed on the one a-head, I saw

what was likely to be the issue. I ran up to the top-mast, while our captain cursed me and ordered me down; but I regarded him not. In an instant crash went the masts and bulwarks of the goodly Anne Forbes like egg shells. I was swung from the mast by the concussion I know not how far, and landed on one of the fields of ice. I saw the captain and William Peterkin struggling to reach one of the floes; but they were instantly swamped and crushed to pieces. The whole perished in an instant, except myself, and the ship went down; but in less than half an hour, by some extraordinary operation of the ice-berg below the water, she was thrown out on the ice, keel uppermost, a perfect wreck.

There, then, was I left on a field of floating ice on the great polar ocean, without one bite of food. I had nothing in my pocket save an Old Testament of very small dimensions, which my mother gave me when I went to my apprenticeship. It wanted both the prophecies and New Testament, but had the psalms, and with it I had never parted, having lost the fellow of it. I saw at once the necessity of trying to reach the hulk, which was beset with danger, for the broken ice towered up in heaps, and I had no doubt there were great gulfs between them. But life was sweet, and hunger hard to bide, so it behooved me to try. It is impossible to describe the perils I underwent in this attempt; for when climbing over mountains of ice as firm as rocks, I came to other parts which had little more consistency than froth, and there I slumped over head and ears into the sea. But the sea was so terribly compressed by the weight of the ice that it always balked me up again fairly above the ice. Then the ice was so slippery I could get no hold, and I knew if I sunk among the rubbish into the water gradually, I was gone; therefore, when I found that I was going, I jumped in, and then I was sure to come up again with a bolt. At length, when beginning to despair, I reached a splinter of a boat-mast, and then it was wonderful with what safety I proceeded, though on the very point of being totally exhausted with cold, hunger, and fatigue.

But, behold, when at length I reached the wreck. I could not get in. Her keel was right uppermost; but all the other parts were so jammed in among ice, that I could find no ingress, and, moreover, I was completely exhausted, and had nothing to dig with save the mast splinter. The hulk, as far as above the ice, seemed nearly complete and unbroken; but within I could not get. Perceiving a number of things scattered here and there at a little distance, I took my splinter and made toward them in hopes of finding something to allay my hunger and thirst. I suffered far more from the latter; for all the ice which I tasted was salt, and my heart was burning with unquenchable thirst. I found nothing save scraps of sails, cables, boats, and things that had been smashed on deck when the ice closed on us; but by the clearing up of the fog for a little, I perceived a mountain not far from me beyond a level plain of ice. I hastened to it, supposing it to be an island; but when I went it was a tremendous iceberg, so steep and slippery, that I could not climb it; but, to my agreeable astonishment, I found the ice was fresh. I kneeled and blessed my kind Maker for this relief, commended myself to his mercy and pity, in that my perilous situation, and there I sucked and sucked till I could hold no more.

My strength was now renewed, and my eyes enlightened; but the throes of hunger were increased. I went once more among the wreck, looking for something to eat; but in fact with the hopes only of finding some one of my dead companions, on whom I had made up my mind to prey most liberally; but I found none; so that the Almighty preserved me from cannibalism. I however found, among other things, a small boat-hook used for the yawl, and a harpoon fastened to a part of the shattered long-boat. These were prizes not to be despised by a man in such circumstances; so returning to the wreck with the boat-hook, I easily cleared away the ice astern, and reached the cabin window, by which I entered; but found a dreadful cabin, full of ice, and all turned topsy turvey. I made my way to the biscuit

bunker, which, being inverted, I broke up at the bottom, and found it crammed full of biscuit. Although it was steeped in salt water, I thought I never tasted any thing so delicious; so I eat and eat till I grew as thirsty as ever, and was obliged to betake me to my iceberg again; but this time I was so provident as to take as much of it with me as I could carry; and now having some prospect of protracting existence for a while, I felt rather happy and thankful that I alone was saved from such a sudden and dreadful death. I had likewise rather sanguine hopes that the Almighty had something farther to do with me in this world, and might preserve me to mix once more with my fellow creatures, though by what means I could not divine.

There was one phenomenon here which to me was incomprehensible. Perhaps not more than a month before (for there being no nights I could not exactly tell) we had sailed along that sea without once perceiving ice, excepting that which girded Greenland, and now there was nothing to be seen but solid ice all around as far as the eye could reach on the clearest day. Where could this ice have come from? for a part of the day was still very warm. It must have shifted from one side of the polar sea to the other till it rested on some island. If I had not seen this I could not have believed it; but there are currents, tides, and workings of nature or of God in that sea, that man comprehends not.

To return to my narrative; I continued clearing away the rubbish from the cabin, for I could not be idle; and on reaching the captain's secret store closet, I broke it open in hopes of getting something to drink; but the wine bottles were all overturned and smashed, at which I was exceedingly grieved, for I felt a violent inclination to drink of something stronger than ice-water. I got knives and forks, however, a cork-screw, and many other things that would have been of great use—had I had any use for them. At length, below all the rubbish, I came upon a whole cask of spirits unpierced, and certainly never man made a more joyful discovery, not even my late captain,

when he absurdly supposed he had discovered the north pole. My desire was that it might prove ale or porter before opening it, for there was a feeling within me that whispered these were greatly wanted. The cork-screw was instantly put in requisition, out flew the bung, and down went my nose to the hole. It was either rum or brandy, I could not tell which, indeed I believe it was a mixture of the two; so taking the tube of the old ship bellows, I put in the wide end and sucked the small one. The liquor came liberally. Never was there such nectar tasted! But I was little aware of its potency, having never drunk any thing so good before, and besides, my stomach and whole frame was out of order; of course I was overcome in an instant, grew dizzy, and persuaded that the hulk was turning up, I catched at the closet shelves to support myself, but down I went beside my cask, and I remember of laughing and trying with my whole might to rise, but could not; and there I lay till the wheeling of the ship, which run round swifter than an upper millstone, twirled me into a profound sleep.

The most singular thing now befell to me that ever be fell to a man, and I cannot explain how I outlived it. I had actually lain in a trance, for at least a month, in that closet, in utter darkness, the door having been closed, no doubt, by myself, but how or when I knew not. The first thing that brought me to my senses was the discovery that my tube would no longer reach the brandy, and that my supply was cut off for the present. This was a grievous disappointment at the time; but it proved a lucky and providential one, for if my tube had been long enough I had never risen from the ceiling of that inverted closet. I put up my hand by chance, and feeling that my beard had grown to an enormous length, I began to consider where I was, and by degrees was enabled to trace myself all the way from the minister's glebe at Auchendoir to Aberdeen, and then away to the north pole, and back again to my deplorable habitation. My body was all so benumbed that I could not rise, which gave me still more leisure to reflect, and reflection sobered me apace. The

whole of the time I passed in this oblivious state appeared to me, on reflection, as only a few hours, if I say a day and night it would be the most, that was left impressed on my memory. I recollected of taking some merry and liberal sucks; but the intervening time was wholly lost.

Still I lay quiet and dormant, except that I occasionally tried to rub my limbs, to bring them in play. At length I conceived that I heard a great number of people busily engaged and muttering round the vessel. I listened and listened, and became certain of it; and never can I describe the terror that came over me. One would have thought the conviction that I was surrounded with human beings would have brought me joy, as it gave hopes of the possibility of escape. But I assure you the reverse was the case; for my body being in a nervous state, I was seized with the most dreadful horrors. I supposed they were some sort of polar demons, or, at best, savage cannibals; and at length I heard one of them enter the cabin at my hole astern with apparent difficulty, and soon after began a munching at my salt biscuits. I lay long; but at last was seized with irresistible curiosity to see what kind of mortal it was, and how dressed. I therefore rose up and cautiously opened the closet door, and when I looked by, I saw what I supposed was a naked woman escaping out at the cabin window. I was sure I saw her bare feet and toes, and from her form, she appeared altogether without clothes. This in the middle of the frozen ocean was altogether unaccountable; but having now my cabin to myself, I seized my boat-hook in the one hand, and my harpoon in the other, and went cautiously to my cabin hole, for window there was none; it had been knocked out altogether during the ship's temporary dive among the ice. Horrors multiplied upon me! When I peeped from my hole, judge of my feelings on perceiving a whole herd of white polar bears prowling around the ship, and all busy digging and eating. Whether a distant view of the hulk, or the smell of the blubber and carcases of the fish had brought them, was the same to me; there they were, and all busily employed; and it was

amazing what holes these powerful persevering monsters had dug in the ice, and were preying on the fish that had been in the ship, and on the bodies of my late companions. There were two bears within twelve yards of me rugging and riving at the body of my late captain, which I knew to be his from the shreds and patches of his clothes that were strewed about, and a part of his deck hat, such as is worn by English coasters—and there was the end of his grand discovery, poor infatuated wretch! From this fatal catastrophe I have often thought the north pole would never be discovered, or that the discoverer would never return with the tidings, for none could have a freer or opener passage than we had northward, which was soon obstructed in such an extraordinary manner.

Not knowing what experiment to fall on to drive this herd of monsters away, I took a speaking trumpet and shouted through it with all my might, "Avast, brothers!" on which they sprung all up on their hind feet, standing as straight as human creatures; and I am sure there were some of them that stood at least ten feet high. As they were all sleek, fat, and plump, they appeared very like naked human creatures with long brutal heads. Such a fearful sight I never had seen. They listened and stared about them for a space in this position; but showed no inclination to fly, sensible, I suppose, that they were the lords of these regions. They again fell to munching their grateful repast. I tried them with various kinds of sounds; but instead of flying, they began to congregate and draw nearer me, to reconnoitre what it could be, expecting, I was sure, some fresh prey I now began instantly to barricade my only place of entrance, putting the fire-grate into it, which was now of no use, the chimney being turned downward. I then took all the knives and forks I could get, and every sharp instrument, and tied them to the bars with oakum, putting their sharp points outward; and conceiving myself in perfect safety, I retired to my closet, drew off a tin tankard of the grand elixir, took the blankets from the cabin beds, which were hard frozen, and making myself a bed in the closet, I

locked the door inside, took a composing draught, wrapped myself up in my frozen blankets, and, like other polar animals, once more betook me to a state of torpidity.

But let no one think I was utterly abandoned and hopeless. I knew and believed that wherever I was, God was there also, seeing every one of my actions, and hearing every word that I spoke. So before I set my lips to my beloved and intoxicating potion, I sung a great part of the 107th psalm, and was rather proud to hear the white bears gather around the hulk to listen. I then read two chapters in Genesis, and prayed every sentence of prayer kind that I could make out, some of it very ill expressed, but perfectly serious. I then laid me down, after taking a potent draught of spirits, as happy and careless as the king on the throne, and slept until my tankard was out, which I think could not be above two days; and as it required both light and strength to renew it, I was obliged to sober myself before I could effect this. I arose again; but the nights were now setting in, and the bears prowling all about, though rather in a more listless manner, as if gorged. I thought, too, there were not so many of them; but then I could only see in one direction. I eat a good deal of salt biscuit at that time; and I could now reach plenty of hoar frost, which lay nearly two inches thick, to allay my thirst. I am, however, quite certain that I could live for months and years, if not centuries, on good rum and brandy mixed, without tasting any thing else.

I was now quite sure, from the invasion of the bears, that there was a communication from my abode with some country. I knew not which; but I thought it would most likely be with Spitzbergen. I was sure I had passed it far to the southward, and had a particular aversion to returning north. I imagined I was somewhere about the middle of the sea between Greenland and the North Cape; but I was wrong, as will eventually appear. I could not think of parting with my half hogshead of precious spirits in such an inhospitable climate; and I knew there was plenty of stuff of all kinds within the

hulk if I could reach it; and about this period I more than half determined to attempt wintering on the ice. On pondering over the possibility of this, I plainly perceived that the first thing it behooved me to do was to drink in moderation, and the next was to work my way both into the hold and the forecastle, at whatever labour, where it was likely plenty of coals and stores of various sorts would still remain. I did not understand the geography of the ship very well, every thing being reversed, and the companion door down among the ice. This I judged it necessary to gain, and then work my way between the deck and the solid ice below; and many a day's hard labour I spent in vain upon this; for when I at length arrived at the valve of the hold, I found the whole weight of the cargo tumbled over and lying above it, so that to open it was not only impossible, but if it had been practicable, would have been attended with certain suffocation to myself. I marvelled at my stupidity in not perceiving this before; and rather suspect, that what with horror and drinking I had not all my senses about me.

In the course of my excavations, however, I found the captain's wardrobe, consisting of plenty of shirts and clothes; but all steeped with salt water, and frozen. I found his shaving utensils, too, and his flint and prizel for lighting his pipe, the far greatest treasure of all. I reached likewise the coal-bunker, behind the flue, containing a few coals and an old axe for breaking them. Among the rubbish of a boat that had been fastened on deck, I likewise groped out a square sail and some smaller ones, which I had put there below cover with my own hands. I likewise recovered a gallant hatchet, and many other things of value; and notwithstanding my disappointment in not gaining the hold, I was a happy man.

I next made haste to kindle a fire, which I easily effected; but the success was premature. From my inverted grate no smoke finding egress, I was in a short time nearly quite suffocated, and was obliged reluctantly to extinguish my fire. Before doing so, as the ice below the door of the hold, and all about, was loaded with

blubber, I cut a part of my shirt into candle wicks, and making a lamp of a broken bottle, I kindled that, which was of itself a great comfort. My whole wits were now put in requisition how to make a vent. I durst not break open the rigging of my house in the keel. No, no, that would never do. If I had had a hearth of any sort, to prevent my house taking fire, I could have made a fire astern, and a vent of the cabin window; but then I had no hearth, unless I could have reached the gridiron in the forecastle, which at that time seemed impracticable; and besides, if I made a chimney of my only door of access, I could neither get out nor in. Another plan behooved to be contrived; and I did contrive one which I had very nearly effected with great ease, but was too little of a philosopher, till experience made me one. I took a goat skin, which had long been used as a hearth rug in the cabin, and putting that next to the fire, I made a funnel of that and sailcloth along the roof of my inverted cabin, and out at the cabin window. I did it simply by pinning the cloth along the roof on each side, and always as I proceeded I put in a piece of stick, those next the fire being six inches long, and those at the outer end only three, so that I had a nice funnel of a triangular shape. I kindled my fire with a heart full of hope. No! The devil a piping of smoke would go out at the end of my grand flue! I was terribly cast down, and knew not what to do next, till at length it struck me, as I lay on my bed, that perhaps smoke would not descend. I had never seen it do so, and people made their chimneys always on the tops of their houses, never either at the bottom or through the gable like mine. I could not think of breaking up my keel, in which I might yet be obliged to trust myself on the ocean, and therefore I longed ardently to preserve it as a forlorn hope. Fire was now the only thing I wanted to make me exceedingly happy. I wanted it for melting snow or ice, for cooking, and for drying my clothes; but without a smoke-vent I could not use it. So the next day, as an easy experiment, though one of which I had little hope, I carried my flue

up to the heel of the keel, and kindled my fire once more. There was not a vent in all Aberdeen, no, nor in London, drew better. I clapped my hands, and screamed and danced for joy; but bethinking what better behooved me, I kneeled down, and blessed and thanked my kind Maker and Preserver most heartily; and I always reflect on those ardent devotions on the ice of the northern ocean with great delight. I was then only in my 21st year, strong, agile, and so healthy, that I never in my life had had any ailment; and I cannot describe my exultation that night, as I sat by my blazing fire drying my new stock of shirts, bedclothes, and clothes of all sorts. It was a night to be remembered as long as I live, and shall be so most gratefully.

It was plain that winter was now set in. The calls of the swans and geese journeying southward no more reached my ears. A few bears were occasionally prowling about; but they neither troubled me nor I them; and as I now had to use my grate, I merely stuffed up my entrance with a large snowball, which I shaped in it, of wet snow, and suited it, when frozen, to a hairbreadth. It pushed outward; and as I had a piece of cable through it, I pushed it out or drew it in as suited my convenience; but my employment and enjoyment being all within doors, I went out only once a day to gather snow, look about me, &c.

Well, just when the days were beginning to fade altogether, it came one night a terrible storm of wind and snow-drift. I peeped out several times at it, but it was dreadful; so I drew in my snowball, stuffed the hole doubly, and retired to rest, after singing a psalm, reading, and praying. About the middle of the night I was awakened by some noise inside my cabin. I was frightened beyond measure, for I had no conception what it could be. I conceived that the bears had all retired to their dens long ago, and were lying in a state of torpidity; and an absurd terror took hold of me that it was the ghost of captain Hughes. The conviction that I was sleeping in his shirt and bedclothes, and drinking his

beloved beverage nightly, made me feel very uneasy I had likewise seen him perish among the broken ice; and though assistance was out of my power, I had never proffered it; and, finally, I had seen the bears grubbing up his flesh and bones without greatly regretting it. In short, the meeting with my late commander's spirit, at this time, I found would be any thing but agreeable. It came to my closet door and rapped; I held my breath, for I was unable to speak with terror. It tried to wrench open the door, and a terrible effort it made; but it failed for that time. I was by this time on my feet, with a large carving knife in my hand, as sharp as a lance in the point, which I kept always on a shelf beside me; but presently I heard the ghost go away and attack my biscuit bunker. I then knew it was my former visitor, the bear, and kept quiet. She did not stay to eat any; but immediately drew herself out at the window again with much difficulty.

I lay still, though the cold from the open window was terrible; but having nothing wherewith rightly to shut it, I lay still, hoping the danger and spoliation, for that time, was over, and resolved to secure my premises better in future. In about half an hour I heard the creature dragging itself in again. I arose with great quietness, and listened, and heard it take bread from the bunker, and immediately depart. I was now sure that it had come to steal for its winter store, and that it would leave me destitute; for though I knew that there was plenty of provision in the hulk, I could not reach it; so I instantly struck a light, which (having made tinder) I could now do in a moment, and keeping close within my closet, I awaited the return of this foraging monster with a palpitating heart; for whether or not it was from having been bred a tailor, I cannot tell, but I certainly had something rather cowardly and timorous in my nature. In about the same space of time, half an hour namely, I heard the creature enter once more and attack the biscuit. I flung open the closet door, and bolted out, having the light in my left hand, and the long ship carving knife, for

cutting up beef, whales, and porpoises, in my right. This apparition, particularly, I supposed the light, which in all probability the creature had never seen before, frightened it so dreadfully, that it dashed out at the window with more precipitance than prudence; for not taking leisure to put out its forefeet first along with its head, it stuck fast, and could not move. I ran forward, and with my long knife gave the animal two deadly stabs below the fifth rib, toward the heart. The blood gushed out, and nearly filled my cabin; and the creature very soon gave over struggling.

I had no intention of committing this murder on the poor animal. It was wholly an accidental act. When I struck it, it was merely with a sort of vague intention of frightening it that it might not come back; but when I saw it stretching out its limbs in death, and its feet and thighs so like those of a human creature, I could not help feeling as if I had committed some enormous crime. I am ashamed to own this now, but it is the truth; and all that I can say for myself is, that I was bred a tailor, and was often ashamed of that which other men would have been proud of, and proud of that of which they would have been ashamed.

Be that as it may, I left the huge animal sticking in the hole to keep out the cold, and retired to my couch, locking and bolting my closet door, but not to sleep. I was in a quandary, and was afraid of something, I knew not what; but I took a good dram, which warmed and cheered my heart considerably. I lay long in a sort of feverish state without repose; and at length I arose and went to examine my prey. It was stiff, and beginning to grow rigid in the flank; yet, strange to say, I heard it munching the biscuits outside, and making a sort of grumbling noise over them. I was more frightened than ever, and began to think that nature was all reversed in that horrible clime; for how a creature could be dead and frozen in its hinder parts, and munching and eating with its fore parts, was to me quite inconceivable; yet I was sure of it. What does any body think I should have done? Certainly just what I did—I ran once more into my closet, and locked myself in.

This state of things could not last. I could not remain shut up in my cabin without water, by a huge monster half dead and half living; so as I could not push it out, I resolved to pull it in, and abide by the consequences. I did so. The animal was stark dead, and its tongue hanging out at its mouth hard frozen. I was, you may be sure, glad to find it so; yet how to account for my former impressions was above my calculation

I turned my prey on its back, to begin the operation of flaying and cutting up. The animal was a huge she-bear, with milk in her dugs, which had manifestly been newly sucked. If my heart smote me before for what I had done, it smote me ten times more intensely now, when I had taken a mother from her starving offspring; and when I thought of her having been stealing bread to preserve them from famishing amid the storm, I not only shed tears, I wept like a repentant sinner, and begged forgiveness of Heaven.

What could be done? I had taken a life which I could not restore; and thinking it might be a prey sent me by Providence to preserve my own life, I skinned the animal with great difficulty, chipped it into neat square pieces, and spread it on the ice below the inverted deck to freeze. I calculated that I could not have less than twenty stones weight of good wholesome fresh meat. I then cleared out my cabin, washing it all with hot water, and spread the bear's skin on it for a carpet. I then took a modicum of warm punch, went to my bed, and slept most profoundly.

But new adventures still awaited me, even in that solitude, where any one would have thought I was abstracted from every thing that had life. On awaking, I heard a noise at my window, and instantly recognised the sounds as the same which I had heard before when the dead bear was sticking fast in the window. It was a sort of plaintive grumbling. I had fearful misgivings, guessing too truly what it was, and, without hesitation, opened the window. It was a bear cub, just apparently starving to death of hunger and cold, and asking its mother of me with such pitiful whines, looks, and trembling gestures.

as I never in life witnessed. It raised its forefeet to the window, as if entreating to be taken in. I helped it in, and I am sure a more affecting sight never met the eye of mortal man. When it found its parent's skin, it uttered a bleat of joy, and the tears actually streamed from its eyes. It went on uttering the same sort of joyful sounds that a foal does which has been long kept from its dam. It went round and round, and licked the skin for very fondness; but, alas! it was always looking for what it could not get, the mother's exhausted dug. Poor object! When I thought of its having come to the very spot where it had last seen her, and where it had been fed with bread from her dying mouth, I felt as if my heart would break.

At length it seemed to comprehend something of the matter, that a rueful change had taken place; for after long pauses of stupid consideration, its mutters of joy gradually changed into moanings of heart-rending pathos. It showed neither hostility to, nor fear of me; its mother was its home, its guide, and director, and it had no other. So after going several times round, with the most hopeless looks that I ever witnessed, it laid itself down in a round form to die contented; but its groans were not to be borne. I proffered it some biscuit; it looked astonished and rather afraid, having assuredly forgotten, in its agony first of joy and then of sorrow, that there was any other creature present to witness these. It received the first small piece shily and timorously; but the rest it ate so voraciously, that it scarcely took any time to masticate it, and I was afraid it would choke. It had been clearly on the very point of famishing. I knew that was not its natural food, and I had little to spare; but what could I do? I had not the heart to offer it a piece of its parent's flesh, and I had no other.

In casting about in my mind how I was to feed this poor forlorn object, I recollected with joy, that on the ice which I had cleared below the deck of the hold, there were huge heaps of frozen blubber lying. Forthwith I crept away with my old coal axe and a light, and brought

plenty of rigid blubber, which I brake into small pieces, and fed it from my hand, patting it every time, and speaking kindly to it, calling it Nancy, after the only girl I had ever loved, for it was a female; and if ever I witnessed looks of gratitude, it was from that helpless creature, thus cast friendless and destitute on my protection. I patted it and fondled over it; and when it licked my hand in return, my heart bounded with delight. Our friendship was formed with a resolution that it should never be broken on my part.

No one can imagine who has not, like me, been left all alone on a wide, wide sea, the interest that I felt in this young savage of the desert. I have no expression for my feelings otherwise than to say, I loved it. Yes, I felt that I loved it for its misfortunes, for its filial affection, and for thus confiding in me. I fed it slowly and liberally, until I began to dread I was giving it too much, and took the remainder away back out of its reach. I then sat down beside it, gazed fondly on it, patting it all the while, and repeating its name, "poor Nancy, poor Nancy." She licked my hand again, and then rolling herself up once more on her mother's skin, after a few occasional heavy moans, fell sound asleep.

Out of this sleep she did not waken for I know not how long, for I lived a strange sort of life, having lost all reckoning of months, weeks, or days. The only regulator that I had of time was by the length that my beard had grown; and I think the length of this first sleep of hers was at least three days and nights, and she might probably have slept as many months if I had not, with great difficulty, awakened her for the sake of her society, which I could not live without.

In the mean time I was not idle, having now a new motive for exertion; and it was amazing how easily I effected my object when once I fell upon a right plan. I cannot imagine how I should have been so stupid; but the truth is, that never having passed from the cabin either to the hold or forecastle save by the companion door and the deck, so even now, when the ship was turned

with her keel right uppermost, I never had once thought that any other way was practicable, whereas, in the present position of the vessel, it was utterly impracticable. But the road I now discovered was this: In the floor of the forecastle there was a trap-door, communicating with the bilge water, into which we emptied foul water, without being obliged to run up to the ship's side every instant. There was likewise one in the cabin; but that being carpeted, was seldom or never opened. These floors, be it remembered, were now my ceiling, a circumstance which seems, till then, never to have been thoroughly comprehended by me. Thus on pushing aside the latch of the trap-door above, which I easily effected with a table knife, well knowing its simple structure, the door fell toward me, and hung by the hinges. On entering this hatch-hole, I found myself in the keel of the vessel, among the pig-iron, which, having fallen downward, I had a free passage, first into the hold, where I found abundance of coals and casks of fresh water, or rather of fresh ice. and the carcases of five or six whales; so at all events I had plenty of meat for my new companion for many years to come, and plenty of blubber to burn; but all was in a state of perfect rigidity. Over this I passed into the forecastle, and in the larder found a large barrel half full of beef, and another more than half full of pork. These were turned, of course, with their bottoms upmost; but the lids being locked, I had no other thing to do but to turn them the other way, and then they were just as at first. I found, likewise, bacon, mutton, and deer hams, and about half a cask of Highland whisky; so that no man could have a better provisioned house than I had, if its foundation had been upon a rock, save on the ocean ice, which, in the event of any great storm from the south or south-east, was liable to be broken up. I had, however, a strong trust in the mercy of God, who had hitherto preserved and provided for me in such a wonderful manner; and great as my dangers and difficulties have been, my trust was not placed on a bruised reed.

I now went back rejoicing to my sleeping partner,

taking a good whang of solid fish with me, with pipes, snuff, and tobacco, all which I found nicely packed up in boxes. I had found the captain's store before; but now I had the greatest abundance, for every one of our crew had been smokers, and some of them took snuff. I tried to waken Nancy, but tried in vain. She was quite dormant. I lifted her up in my arms, shook her, and boxed her on the ear; but her head hung down. When I boxed her she uttered sometimes a sort of sleepy "humph;" but would not open her eyes. At length I held burning tobacco to her nose, which made her sneeze violently, and wakened her up somewhat. I then held a piece of fish to her nose, which slowly and carelessly she devoured. In a little time her eyes lightened up, and she looked for more; I fed her, and she awakened, and her eyes lighted up; but ever and anon she smelled on the skin, uttering a mournful mutter over it. I wanted her to lie beside me, and carried her into my room, closing the door; but she would not settle nor rest from the skin of her mother. I then arose, and bringing the skin, I spread it above my blankets; she then came in of herself, and lay down on it, uttering the same kind of sounds as before.

My only difficulty now was in keeping her from sleeping, which I could only effect by constant and gentle feeding; for it seems to be inherent in the nature of the great white polar bear only to burrow in their dens and sleep when they can find nothing more of any kind to eat. In short, I got her learned, by degrees, to follow me out and in. When out, she was never weary of rolling among the snow; and she often scraped bitterly at the ice, as if longing to get into the sea. But as she now lay in my bosom, I did not encourage this propensity, especially as she continued to thrive and grow amazingly fast, and was as plump as a small fatted calf. Yes, she lay in my bosom; and though certainly a most uncourtly mate, she being the only one I had, I loved her sincerely, I might almost say, intensely. She never once showed the least disposition toward surliness; but having transferred her love from her mother to me, her

only protector, she was all affection and kindness, seeming to consider me as a friend of her own species. She answered to her name, and came at my bidding; and when we walked out upon the ice, I took her paw in my arm, and learned her to walk upright. A pretty couple certainly we were, I dressed like a gentleman in my late captain's holiday clothes, and she walking arm in arm with me, with her snort steps, her long taper neck, and unfeasible, long head; there certainly never was any thing more ludicrous. I often laughed heartily at the figure we made; and as she tried to imitate me in every thing, so she did in laughing; but her laugh was perfectly irresistible, with the half closed eye, the grin, and the neigh. It was no laugh in reality, and such a caricature of one never was exhibited. There was a fine echo proceeding from some caverns in the huge iceberg which rose immediately in our vicinity. There was something exceedingly romantic in the voice of this spirit of the iceberg; and I often amused myself by shouting to it, and listening to the distinct repetition, which I persuaded myself was louder than my own voice. But how was I amused one day with Nancy, who had been gamboling and rolling on the ice at a great rate, when she all at once, of her own accord, stood up on end, and putting a paw to each side of her mouth, as I was wont to do, she uttered such a tremendous bray to the echo, as was enough to have split its parent iceberg. The shout was returned with increased energy, while Nancy was standing with her nose towards it, listening with the most intense admiration. Then turning round her grinning snout, and perceiving that I had fallen down in a convulsion of laughter, she too threw herself down on the snow, and laughed, kicked, and spurred to admiration. I laughed until I was weak, and then went up to her and caressed her, saying many kind things to her. After that she shouted every day to the echo, until I gave over laughing at it, and then she gave it up.

From the time that I got possession of Nancy and the whole ship, I never spent a winter so uniformly delight-

ful; and long as it was, the only thing I was terrified for was its coming to an end, for then I knew the ice would break up, and God only knew where I might be driven. I never understood aught about the seasons, nor troubled myself calculating about them, which I knew would be to no purpose; for suppose the winter is all one night, yet the fact is, that there is no night at all in these arctic regions, at least on the blazon of white ice where I was. There is no pitch-dark winter night such as I have often seen in Strathbogie. I never went out that it was not quite light, though I knew not one time of the twenty-four hours from another. There was often a white frost fog brooding over the ice, through which I could not see objects at any great distance; still it was quite light where I stood. The darkest time I ever chanced to be out was like a winter twilight in Scotland an hour after the sun goes down. Neither was the cold at all intolerable. Loud stormy winds came but seldom; and if it had not been for my nose, I could have wrought at hard labour in the open air a part of almost every day; but the frost raised such a smarting in my nose, I could not suffer it.

The sun at length made his appearance above the southern horizon; and though I felt no symptoms of instability in the foundation of my abode, I began to have many anxious thoughts, for the snow with which I had covered the hulk to a yard in thickness, began on some days to melt and run down on the one side, forming huge icicles. The first thing I employed myself in, after the appearance of the sun, was to go daily and labour at cutting out a regular stair to the top of the iceberg, in order to make what discoveries I could. This I was not long in effecting, and found it a huge mountain of solid ice, as high as North Berwick Law, but more irregular in its form, having creeks and ravines innumerable. I felt greatly exhilarated on feeling myself on such an elevation; and as for Nancy, she was perfectly mad with delight, for her spirits always rose and fell with mine. She ran round and round the top, making many acute wheels, and cutting the most ludicrous capers, till coming inadvert-

ently on a steep place, she missed her feet, and went to the bottom as swift as an arrow. The hill was so high, and she so white, I could scarcely discern her trying to climb it again; but she could not, until she came round by the stair. Then seeing that I appeared amused at her adventure, she took another scamper, threw herself on her hams, set her fore feet wide, and down she went again. This was an amusement of every day's occurrence, until I gave over being amused with it, and then it was given up. I often persuaded myself that I perceived hills sometimes in one direction, sometimes another; but they were never to be seen again. These were singularly illusive scenes. I could fancy I saw hills and glens, with wreaths of snow here and there, and yet I could never see them in the same direction again. It is a strange unearthly climate thereabouts, and has no congeniality in it with human nature.

At length the swans came north over my head, shouting day and night, and the voice of the wild gander from the breast of the sky was rarely silent. This, I thought, boded bad things for me, for it told plainly that the polar seas, beyond this great land of ice, were open. I therefore judged that if the ice broke up, I was sure to be carried northward, no man knew where, among unknown seas and frozen coasts, and perhaps be frozen to one of the latter, to remain till I suffered a miserable death.

The truth is, that I felt myself a very helpless being I had no compass, and not the least notion where I was. I thought it behooved me, at this time, in order to endeavour the preservation of my own life, to set out in search of some country; but I knew not where to go, or where to find either continent or isle. I had still plenty of victuals, such as they were, both oatmeal, rye, and flour. I had a fowling-piece, and had contrived to dry a box of gunpowder, which had all run into one lump; but when scraped down, fired middling well. I had beef and pork; but for the longing desire I had for fresh meat, I had devoured a good deal of my bear's flesh, though I never let Nancy taste it, nor yet the soup it was boiled in. She

liked the whales better, and lived most sumptuously, better than ever a bear lived before; and I never saw an animal thrive so well. She rolled and tumbled among the snow often for hours at a time.

I climbed the iceberg every tolerable day; and at length formed the resolution of digging a cavern in it, as it was impossible, I thought, that it could sink, nor could it melt for ages. I began, accordingly, with axe and shovel, and high up, I am sure three or four hundreds of feet above the level ice, I opened my cavern. The task was a delightful one. It was very easy, the ice coming off in great splinters. I made great progress; and when I had finished my anteroom, it was like a crystal dome, perfectly brilliant and beautiful. When the sun shone, it had all the colours of the rainbow. I liked the employment, and persevered on till I made several neat apartments, and one with a chimney, which I made with great labour with a bar of pig iron. I gloried in this achievement, feeling as if I were in a castle, where no polar bear or enemy of any kind could approach me without finding out my stair, which, on such a large mountain, was quite improbable. There was one of my apartments allotted for a pantry; and here I carried, with great toil, a part of my provisions, a part of spirits, meal, and, in short, every thing I had; but the carrying of them up that perpendicular stair was a very severe job. I resolved, if I saw the ice breaking up, to trust myself on the iceberg as my best resource, and leave the rest to Providence, which had hitherto been so kind to me.

Had the hulk of the Anne Forbes been situated in the middle of a floe, I would have trusted myself in her with perfect security; but I knew she was on the verge of a fissure, in which she had first been swallowed up, and then, by some extraordinary operation in the meeting of the ice below water, was shortly tossed up again with her keel uppermost.

Now, I must let the friends that read this see exactly how we were situated. When the ship went down, I was at the top of the mast. I was swung off a great dis-

tance to the south. In a short time, by a tremendous convulsion of the meeting of the two fields, the ship was tossed up again. That fissure between the fields, in which the ship was swallowed up, was between me and the ship, as the reader will recollect, and the difficulty I had in crossing it to the wreck. The iceberg arose straight to the north-west, and the base of it only about the distance of a hundred and forty paces; the ice between being all level, while that to the south and south-east was all broken and raised into ridges. This engendered a hope in me that the floe on which the hulk rested was attached to the mountain iceberg. There was likewise a sloping declivity all round the southern base of the mountain, as if part of it had been melted and frozen again; and I therefore considered myself perfectly safe in it from any danger but starvation, and could not but deem it eminently sublime for me to be living in a crystalline palace on this elemental mountain, which, for any thing I knew, might have brooded upon the shores of the polar sea, or traversed its lonely depth for ages.

For the space of two months, I daresay, I spent all my waking hours on the top of this romantic mountain with Nancy, for she was as constant to me as my shadow; but we still continued, at some risk, to sleep in the cabin, it being so much more comfortable than sleeping in a bedroom of ice. Then every morning when I went up to my crystal palace I sung a psalm, read a chapter, and prayed; and every day my hope was strengthened that God would not forsake his poor outcast from humanity, who thus trusted in him. The whole of those two months passed in our common routine manner; so that I do not recollect any thing worth relating.

I can give no dates; but one morning, which I supposed from the height and heat of the sun was about midsummer, on going to the top of the ice mountain and looking round, the whole sea to the northward was clear of ice to within a mile of us, while there was at the same time manifestly a strong current running northward, as I perceived pieces of broken ice, &c., running rapidly in

that direction, and I hourly expected some great revolution. It was to me like the subverting of a kingdom, or the breaking up of a world.

Every thing remained as usual for several days longer, only I and my companion slept in our crystal chamber, and continued carrying necessaries to it the whole day; for I had a wallet with which I loaded Nancy, and she could carry more at a time than I could. But there was one time that would have been about midnight, if there had been such a thing, for the sun was north, that I was awakened from a sound sleep by the tottering motion of the iceberg. I was astonished and frightened, for it was not like the motion of a ship getting under weigh, but that of a cart over great stones. I then became convinced that that huge mass of ice rested on the bottom of the ocean, and I thought it would certainly split into shivers. The motion, however, ceased in the course of a minute, by which time I was up and out on my platform, from whence I saw that the iceberg had moved a small degree round to the west. It had separated from the interminable field of ice on the east, leaving a gap there about a bow-shot over, and on the west that gap not only ran to a point, but south-west from that, the ice of the field was crushed up in a crooked ridge. From this it was quite evident that the bottom of the iceberg rested and swung on some point from which it could not get free.

As the wreck remained on our side of the opening, I hasted down from the mountain to see how matters stood, and view this mighty phenomenon, for so it appeared to me. But it was a far greater phenomenon than any man can conceive, for it is impossible to describe it in any words that I have. The place where I stood, and where the hulk of the Anne Forbes rested, was only on one of the shelves of this mighty mountain. The sea in the opening was as bright as a mirror, nay, it was as pure as ether, and through it I could see the ledgins of this amazing cone spreading away shelve below shelve into the channels of the ocean.

I now understood perfectly well the whole circum-

stances of our wreck. This huge mass had been coming from the north with an under current, carrying all before it. The field of ice that encountered it had been going in an opposite direction with a surface current; then, when the collision took place, this great surface field, heaved up by some of the downward shelves of the mountain, had rushed over the Anne Forbes, smashed her gunwale and masts to atoms, and laid her over. This sudden pressure of the great field had put the iceberg a little off its equilibrium, making the forepart to dip, when the revulsion had tossed the wreck backward on the mountain's own base. Nothing could be more natural or evident; indeed it could not have happened otherwise.

As soon as Nancy saw the water, she rushed into it, and swam about in perfect delight—vanished in below the ice for a space that frightened me for her safety, although I knew it was the nature of that species to fish for their food even in the channels of the ocean. She at length appeared with a fish in her mouth, something like a large hirling. I was glad of it, regarding it as a feast, and caressed and commended her for it. No sooner was she sensible of my approval, than away she flew again to the verge of the opening, peeping along its margin with a most knowing turn up of her cheek. Whenever she dived she brought up a fish of some sort; but that day, I think she only got three. Every day thereafter the fish grew more plenty, the light having brought all the fish in that channel to enjoy its influence; and day after day Nancy had the verge of the opening bedded with fine fish, so that I had a treasure in value far above what I had calculated in that singular animal. These fish were all unknown to me nominally, except the cod; but there were some of them of a very rich flavour. I cleaned them carefully, washed them with salt water, and spread them among ice in the heart of the iceberg, in case of future exigences. These fish, before the end, would have loaded a cart.

I often reflected with wonder and admiration on the extraordinary kindness of Providence to me, that I should

have been left alone in the midst of the frozen ocean without lacking one of the necessaries, comforts, or even luxuries of life. I wanted nothing but the society of my species, which was half and more compensated by that of the most docile and affectionate of all animals. I hope I was duly grateful to my Preserver; I meant to be so, and expressed it as well as I could, always before I lay down to sleep, and immediately after I arose. I was glad that Nancy, who was such an irresistible mimic, did not begin singing psalms with me, for she would have made a very bad business of it; but the poor creature had the good sense never to attempt it. She uniformly lay down with her head on her fore paws, closed her eyes, and looked very devout, without any caricature.

Perceiving the strong foundation on which I rested, I again slept in my old birth in the closet of the cabin; and one morning when I arose (I must call it morning, though there was no night), our beautiful crystal gap of water, I observed, was gone, and we had set off on another polar voyage, and left the interminable field of ice behind us as far as the eye could reach. Soon did I lose sight of it, and then all was again sea, nothing but sea; and that we (by *we*, I mean the iceberg, Nancy, and me) were generally going on an under current, was quite evident from the swiftness with which all other floating substances past us in the contrary direction.

O that I had been a man of science, or that I had had a compass or any kind of instruments with me, that I might have noted down marks that would have kept things in my memory, for write I could not. But of all expeditions, next to that of Noah, I consider this of mine as having been the grandest ever accomplished by man. There was I reposing at my ease, or walking in awful sublimity on the top of a lofty mountain, moving on with irresistible power and splendour. Without star or compass, without sail or rudder, there was I journeying on in the light of a sun that set not, solely in the Almighty's hand, to lead and direct me whithersoever he pleased.

The fowls of heaven occasionally roosted in thousands on my mountain, and regarded me only as a fellow creature. I rejoiced in their presence, and loved to see them so beautiful and so happy; and, moreover, they assured me of the presence of the Deity, for I knew they were all his creatures, a portion of his limitless creation; and as a sparrow could not fall to the ground without his permission and decree, so I knew that all those lovely creatures were living and moving in him; and that I was there in his benign and awful presence, in that sublime tabernacle of the ocean, as immediately as in the grandest temple of worship that the world contained.

I never lacked amusement long at a time, when abroad on that wonderful hill. There was a broad field to walk on all round the ledges of it, except on one place where it rose perpendicular from the sea. On these ledges the uncouth and lazy walruses were frequently to be seen resting and rolling themselves; and the seals would have congregated on it had it not been for Nancy, between whom and them there was a perpetual and bloody warfare carried on, and many of them were forced to give up the ghost to her indomitable spirit and prowess. I was grieved at these encounters, thinking my favourite and only companion would be disabled or slain, for they often went below water, while the sea would become all red with blood. But so keen was she of the sport, I could not restrain her; nor could I make any use of the carcases, for cook it as I would, the meat was bad. Nancy was fonder of it than any other. She did not catch very many fish in the open sea, although constantly on the look-out for them: yet it was very rare that I had not plenty for my table. There were some times that she catched great numbers of herrings of the very finest quality; and there were other days that we fell among great shoals of gilses, or small salmon, as I thought.

For the space of six months, at least, must I have traversed these polar seas without ever knowing where I was. I knew the main points of the heaven for a while, by accounting the point of the sun's highest elevation

above the horizon, south; but at length I lost myself, and this rule proved of no avail. The hulk, which, for a long time at first, had always been astern, became at length the prow, and I knew not where I was going. I several times saw mountains on my larboard bow in the early part of my tour, and twice, in particular, quite distinctly. They were all speckled with snow, and very like the Grampian mountains of Scotland in a day of spring.

At length I saw a headland or island straight before me, and my resistless vessel bearing straight upon it. I was all anxiety, of course; and though I believed I was not in Europe, I was anxious to see what kind of country it was, and was on the top point of the iceberg on the watch. It was very rugged, rocky, and steep, and at least one-third of it covered with snow. I was even so nigh, that I saw a being moving about on the shore, staring at the floating mountain. I saw, or at least believed that it was a woman, while my bosom dilated, and my heart beat hard with joy, at coming once more in contact with my fellow creatures. I thought what countries and continents I was willing to traverse, what seas to cross, and what hardships to endure, to reach my dear Scotland again. I put my two hands to my mouth in place of a speaking trumpet, and hailed the female stranger with my whole strength of lungs. But ere ever I was aware or could prevent it, Nancy did the same, and sent forth such a bray, that made all the rocks of that unknown country ring. That being a voice the most dreadful of all others to these polar inhabitants, the poor frightened native fled with the swiftness of a roe, and vanished among the rocks. I was for the first time provoked and angry at poor Nancy, who having perceived my elevation of spirits, thought it incumbent on her to have the same. I threatened her angrily; but the poor creature first prostrated herself at my feet, and then turning up her four feet, she kicked and writhed as if begging pardon in the most repentant manner; on which I caressed her and said, "Never mind, dear Nancy, only you are never to

do the like again." She never caricatured me all her life again.

I had observed a good while before, that there was a stripe of something on the surface of the sea before me, like a line of broken ice; but I regarded it not, for my glorious vessel plowed through all such like foam-balls. But when I drew nearer, I perceived that it was a current running through a strait, from one ocean to another, and at such a rate as I had never seen a current before. I am sure, at the lowest calculation, that it was running at the rate of sixteen knots an hour. The broken ice, drift-wood, and something like large morsels of moss, were running by me with a swiftness quite incalculable. Still I regarded it not, seated on my invincible mountain. But before I came into this stream by a quarter of a mile, I got into an eddy, which actually rolled my mountain almost completely round. In this gyration some of her projecting under shelves had got into the stream, which sucked her in, and away I went exactly at a right angle from the course I was journeying on before. This stream came through a strait, between steep and rocky mountains, and, by my calculation, was running from the south-west to the north-east; but this is not to be relied on. The current was running at such a rate, that among the floating ice it was white with foam, and roaring like a flooded river. For a space of time that may have amounted to weeks, I ran on with this stream; and at length I landed in another eddy, on a far larger scale, in which I floated round and round I do not know how long, within a diameter of about two miles. Having seen nothing like any of these phenomena the preceding summer, I am persuaded I was then in the northern seas of Asia; and though I saw nothing like a pole, I must have been far beyond it.

All this time among those rapids and whirlpools, I got no fish. I had still plenty preserved in ice; but I began to long for them, fresh out of the water. Nancy never looked for them. From some singular instinct she seemed perfectly to understand that it was in vain. At length I

saw her one day diving very often. I was on the height; and being persuaded that we were off on another tack, I did not descend, but continued on the hill until I went to sleep, making observations, and at length was quite convinced that we were moving straight on at a steady pace, and, as I judged. in a direction between south and south-east, so that I became convinced I should rest or be frozen still on the coast of Siberia, or Nova Zembla. I sailed on and sailed on, in utter uncertainty, but without one symptom of despair in my heart. I sang praises to God, and worshipped him before I went to sleep; and as soon as I awoke, I cast myself entirely on his protection, and was all submission to his will. I still wanted none of the conveniences of life. With Nancy and an open sea, I could never want fish; and I was occasionally laying by what I could spare for the approaching winter. I had been saving my spirits all summer; but I was ashamed on calculating how much I had drunk in less than a twelvemonth. I could not have had less than forty gallons at first, of the very best, which was enough in all conscience for three years; but I had been rather reckless on it at first, which now I sore repented.

I spent a part of every day teaching Nancy to understand and obey every one of my commands; and though not a very apt scholar, she was an attentive one. When she found that she had done any thing that drew forth my approbation, she never forgot that again. She swam for every thing I threw into the sea, carried burdens cheerfully, while her sagacious looks proved an agreeable conversation to me in absence of all others.

I came once more in sight of land, still on my left hand, so that it behooved to be another continent, as I was passing to the north before, and southward now. On the third day I came very near the coast, and saw high rugged shores, tall, precipitate mountains, which reminded me of sugar loaves in a grocer's shop. The narrow valleys between were nearly free of snow, and the perpetual sunshine on the country gave it rather a pleasing and interesting appearance. The current was prodigious. I

was going at such a rate that the mountains appeared changing their relative situations in constant succession. When I next awoke from sleep, I found that I was off at a tangent with another current, and had lost sight of the country for ever.

About this time the fogs began to brood over the face of the ocean, the sun to wear toward the horizon, and from that time forth I saw no more around me, sun, moon, nor stars, but journeyed on I knew not the least whither. During this period Nancy added materially to our stock of fish, many of which I had never seen before. I suppose they were dog-fish, and cat-fish, and sea-wolves, &c.; however, I cleaned them all in the best manner I was able, and laid them up in a state where I was sure of their perfect preservation. Unless when employed with some little thing of this nature, I either lay and dozed, read my bible, which I got mostly by heart, or conversed with Nancy. She was not only a most useful slave, but a social and agreeable companion. The only thing that I regretted, she was growing far too big.

The hulk of the Anne Forbes still continued in the same position without the least alteration; and though I often slept in my crystal cave in summer, I drew into my old cabin as winter approached, for my anteroom at the cavern had been all melted away during the summer months, and it was grown quite imperfect.

The next change I met with was the hearing of a great rushing noise like a tempest, which astonished me not a little, as the frost-fog was sitting as dense and calm as ever. I could not even perceive a movement in it, nor any alteration of the ocean. I climbed the mountain; but there all was dense and calm, and the roaring sound not nearly so palpable to the sense. I descended again, slept, and wakened, and still the sound grew louder and louder. This to me being quite incomprehensible, I was bewildered in undefinable terror, not knowing what phenomenon was next to overtake me. It was in vain that I climbed the hill and came down again, I could see nothing, and still the sound increased. Nancy never regarded it, but watched

for fish always when not asleep; and numbers boiling up in our wake, she did not miss to improve her chances, never, I believe, letting one escape that once came fairly in view.

Not so with me. I was utterly dumfoundered, till at length I resolved to walk round my huge mountain as far as I could get, one side being perpendicular and impassible, and when I reached that, to return. But by the time I got half way round, that was to the prow of the mountain, the mystery was cleared up. The new ice had commenced, and a strong under current bearing this irresistible mass with its broad base previously on it, it was breaking it up with tremendous violence, louder than the loudest thunder. The conflict was so fierce and awful, I was glad to retreat astern in trembling amazement, and commit myself once more unto Him whose mighty arm alone can control the elements.

On my next awaking, the constant thundering sound was changed into loud crashes, like discharges of artillery. I was almost resolved not to go and witness the turmoil, for I was aware how awful it would be; but I am glad that I went and witnessed a scene with which I shall never see any thing again to compare. The ice had thickened to a board, several inches in thickness; but the form of this huge mountain, with its broad shelving base, running in below the ice with the current, heaved up the field into broad crystal flakes, which gradually rising to a perpendicular position to the height of an hundred feet and more, they then fell backward with a crash that made the frozen ocean groan and heave. The attack and resistance continued. Again and again was the great frozen space broken up with crashes not to be equalled by any thing in nature, and therefore incomparable, unless we could conceive the rending of a sphere to pieces.

The ice continuing thus to be rolled up like a scroll before the mountain, was heaped up before it to such a height, that it at length became once more immovably fixed, and all the turmoil was still. Here was another instance that a kind Providence watched over me for

good. Had my valuable hulk of the Anne Forbes been in front of the mountain at this time, it would not only have been smashed to atoms, but covered ten feet deep beneath shoals of ice; while there on the stern, and lee side of the mountain, it stood all unskaithed and snug as ever. I was exceedingly thankful for this.

I had now nothing before me but a life of monotony for six months, and I made up my mind to it. I took a thorough review of all my store, and perceived there was no danger of starvation for a time, but how long I could not calculate, and from the calculation, indeed, my mind revolted; for O it is true that the Almighty once said, "It is not good for man to be alone."

However, as usual, I was not suffered to be long without some incidents of thrilling interest. An intense frost set in, the fog cleared away, the stars appeared in the zenith, and a beautiful blue twilight sky fringed the horizon. It was so light, that I could have perceived objects at a greater distance than in sunshine. I was on the top of the mountain, looking all abroad, and persuaded myself that I saw land right ahead, and at no great distance. My heart palpitated with anxiety, joy, and fear, and I could scarcely sleep or eat, but kept constantly on the watch at every bright interval, and still the form of the hills continued the same; so I became assured they were not clouds, such as often had deceived me.

While sitting contemplating this scene with the deepest interest, judge of my excitation when the report of a gun reached my ears, and, as I conceived, from the same direction; at least I was sure it was not far from it, either to the one side or the other. I took it for a signal gun from some ship; but what it was, or whence it came, must ever remain a mystery to me. There is no doubt that the interminable field of level ice would conduct the sound unimpaired from an immense distance; but to my ears it sounded as quite nigh, not more than two miles. I hasted from the height, seized my fowling piece and some of my powder, little otherwise than a stone in hardness and consistency, and as fast as I could scrape it

down, I charged, and, again ascending the height, fired. After my third shot, the salutation was returned with a roar louder than before. I tried as well as I could to imitate the signal of distress; but judging that there was no time to be lost after my first signal had been answered, I hasted down once more, packed up some powder and shot, victuals, and a bottle of spirits, and posted off in the direction whence I deemed the sounds proceeded and the land lay.

I had to take a circle to eschew the heaps of broken ice before me, which put me a little off my aim; but before I went away, I had lighted a lamp in the cavern, which I knew would burn for a long time, and which could not be seen from any point save one, being that from which the sound proceeded, and, as I thought, due south. The wind was perfectly calm, the cold intense, and a thick hoar frost covered the ice to the depth of about three inches. Yet, though at that time the sky was perfectly clear, and the stars visible in the zenith, the hoar frost, or rime, as it is called in Scotland, was falling very thick, the aurora borealis made it nearly as bright as day, and the scene was truly beautiful, the silvery rime that quivered in the atmosphere being all spangled with pale rainbows, much more beautiful than a lunar one. Although the falling rime was so light as not to be perceptible to feeling, yet my budget and hat were soon loaded with it.

Well, I kept looking back to my light, and firing my piece all the way, posting on with what speed I was able; but a life of almost complete idleness had rendered me soft and lumpish, and instead of being frozen by the cold, I felt myself getting much too warm, and then I took a sirpling of rum-brandy and a lick of snow alternately. I lost sight of my lamp, and then had no other guide save to look behind me at my track, and see that I kept always on a straight line. No answer being made to my signals all this time, I found I had embarked on a voyage of great uncertainty; but at length I fairly discovered a hill right before me, something like Arthur's seat, and, as I

thought, other subjacent ones, so, laying other hopes and uncertainties aside, I made straight for that.

I was calculating that by this time I had travelled from sixteen to twenty miles, from the length of time I had taken and the fatigue I felt; and while still making straight for the hills, which I thought were not above half that distance from me, I perceived Nancy a long way to the right, seeming greatly interested about something, and as if following a track. I turned in the same direction, and to my joyful astonishment, found the traces of a company amounting to from thirty to forty individuals, all journeying on the same path straight for the land. I had some scruples at following and joining so large a body of savages, who might be cannibals for ought I knew, and might flay and eat Nancy and me, even without the ceremony of letting out the life blood. I knew not what country I was in, whether in Europe, Asia, or America. I had a sort of conviction, that after going the round of all the transverse currents of the polar ocean, I was again fixed on the same ground, and against the same field of ice that had opposed me the preceding year; but as I had no data to go upon to ascertain this, it must be viewed for the present as mere conjecture. Yet this conjecture, vague as it was, encouraged me to proceed, as I knew to a certainty, the year before, from the mountains I had seen on my tour, that I had been off the coast of Greenland, where I had heard there were colonies of Christians.

Well, on I went on the track of this colony of sincere and simple Christians, as I weened they must be returning from their summer stations of hunting and fishing to their winter abodes, with their families and spoils. The traces of their steps were partially filled up with the falling rime; yet still I could perceive that there was a mixture of large and small footsteps, of full grown and young people; and thus encouraged, I posted on for many miles. I had for a good while imagined that the interest Nancy was taking in the pursuit was greater than could well be accounted for. She was constantly stand-

ing and walking on end, holding out her long nose as if scenting something of mighty concern to her, and turning first up the one ear and then the other, as if perceiving something through the gloom. At length I came upon some marks that were rather equivocal, on which I stood still to consider a little. I went on. A man hotly engaged in any pursuit does not like to turn from it all at once. I stooped down, and took the light hoar frost carefully from several of the footmarks. O, they were the steps of human beings, there was no doubt of it. There were the five toes, the ball of the foot, and the heel, all as apparent as the sun at noonday. But then I thought again, that that inapt simile might have been suggested by divine Providence; for, in the first place, there was no sun and no noonday there; and, moreover, how was it possible the people of that country could travel over ice and snow barefooted? That *certainly* was impracticable; for their toes would be all frost-bitten, and their journeying quickly at an end. Still I went blindly on, hardly knowing what I was doing, thinking, or where going, till I perceived that Nancy had run off and left me on the track; and then straining my sight forward, I perceived on a rising ground, that must have been a shore, a whole herd of white bears, all turned with their faces towards me, waiting her approach with the news. I saw some of them standing upright, larger than the largest giants; and certainly I never got such a fright since I was born of my mother. I durst not run for fear of being pursued by the whole herd, and torn to pieces. I durst not call on my favourite and best friend, for fear of being discovered, in case I was still undiscovered; and as I dared not either advance or retreat, I squatted down on the ice, and wished myself under it.

There I lay for a considerable space, peeping over my hands like a setter on a dead point, and my heart beating against the ice with audible thumps, till at length the monsters came all off in a body toward me. There was no more time for me to lie praying there, so I sprang to my feet, and ran. Yes, I ran with a swiftness which the

extreme of terror only could have impelled me to effect. I flew without looking behind me, and actually thought I was outspeeding the best polar bear, till a certain noise that I heard behind me compelled me to look over my shoulder, when I perceived two bears in close pursuit of me. I flung my wallet of provisions, and my remaining bottle of rum, from me, and held on, having then nothing but my gun, which was loaded, and my long dirk. The two bears seemed to be quarrelling; but whether quarrelling or junketting I had not time to distinguish, till they came to my wallet, at which they paused, and tearing the wallet, they soon devoured my victuals. I then, with the most extravagant joy, perceived that the lesser one of the twain was Nancy, and my terror greatly was abated; for I thought, with her and my loaded gun, and long knife, I was a match for this single monster at any rate.

Still I durst not call on Nancy; but being quite outspent with running, I paused to gather breath, and look at the two. The large wild monster took up the bottle of rum, smelled it, and turned it over, seeming greatly taken with it; when Nancy, with perfect *sang froid*, snatched it from him, drew the cork with her teeth, and setting the bottle to her mouth, took apparently a long pull of the spirits, and then handed it to her travelling companion. He took the bottle, set it to his mouth, and, as I thought, drank about the half of it. To describe his motions and looks, at that stage of his progress, is impossible. He held up his nose at an angle of forty-five, shot out his long red tongue and licked his chops, and ever and anon cast the most eloquent looks to Nancy. He seemed both delighted and astonished, and would not part with the bottle again. although Nancy tried to attain it by every wile and quirk she could invent. No, he would not part with it; but wheeling always round with his back to her, took another pull, till he finished it; and many a turn up he gave the empty bottle before he threw it away in a rage, because it would not produce any more.

He then fell a dancing and bobbing on his hams most

potently; and never was drunkenness better portrayed. He nodded his head from side to side, and cut capers innumerable, while Nancy, exhilarated by the novelty of the scene, stood straight up on her hind feet, and waltzed around him. He would needs do the same; but then, at every whisk and every embrace she gave him, he tumbled over at full length, till, finally, after several ineffectual efforts to rise, he groaned, stretched out his limbs, and lay still. I had easily foreseen what the consequences would be, knowing the potency of my liquor from experience; so I kept my station, determined to kill the monster as soon as he grew incapable of defence.

Nancy manifestly anticipated this. She came running to me, fawned, and led the way back again; and to show me that he was incapable of moving, she scraped him with her foot, and then jumped upon him; but all that she could elicit was a groan. I had my gun loaded with two balls; but for all that, when I saw the inordinate size and strength of the monster, I took fright, and durst not fire. I paced his length as he lay stretched. I declare, with perfect seriousness, he was within a foot of four yards, and his body as thick as a two years' old bull. I durst not shoot for my life, though I had the muzzle of the gun twice at his ear, for I knew not what such a monster might do in a last struggle. One blow of his paw, or one craunch with his teeth, would have finished my course; so upon the whole, I thought my safest plan was to leave him asleep, and make my escape; which I did. I have often thought it was a cowardly action; but I did it, and lived to repent it.

My situation was now any thing but enviable. I had fled with such precipitancy, that I had lost all traces of my path back to my castle. My own track would have been a sort of guide to me; but I knew not where to find it. Besides, I had neither meat nor drink, and was still uncertain about the pursuit of the bears after me. I had no dependence save on Nancy, who was so much taken up with the drunken monster we had left behind, that I could scarce make her attend to any thing else.

Although it is very unnatural to suppose it, I am certain she wanted me to kill him; for when I left him whole and sound, her looks of disappointment were quite manifest. After travelling several miles with me in gloomy discontent, she returned and hastened back again; and as she and I had been accustomed to kill every thing that came in our way, I had no doubt that she was gone back to worry a monster three times as large and strong as herself.

I was now in a most woful case, having lost my only guide, who I knew could have led me home as easily as I could have gone from Huntly to the carse of Strathbogie. I was hungry, I was thirsty, and overcome with sleep and fatigue, yet was still speeding on I knew not whither. I had only one stay wherein to trust; but it was the best, and one that never yet had failed me, even in perils of shipwreck and death. I kneeled on the snow-covered ice, and prayed to God to direct and save me. I did this shortly, for I was afraid of falling asleep, in which case I was gone; but the moment I rose, I found myself strengthened and revived. More than that; when I rose I was a little jumbled about the line I behooved to pursue; and examining the one I had come, I had a strong impression it was not the right one. This irresistible impulse was, I am certain, impressed upon my heart by a divine Providence; for though I almost went off at a tangent to the right, I had not journeyed an hour ere I came on my own backward track, which, though a little filled up with hoar frost, was still visible. I never was more happy at any relief than this; and I did not fail to testify my grateful thanks to heaven for the happy deliverance. O let never mortal man despair, for he may depend on this, that whether in the noisy crowd or on the lonely waste, he is in the hands of the Almighty, who can direct or leave him to himself as he sees meet. For me, in all my perils, and they have been many, I have ever trusted in the Lord, and have never trusted in vain.

I now hied me on with a cheerfulness and eagerness

that were too much for my ability, hungry and fatigued as I was; but I knew where I was going, and had hopes that I was near my secure but solitary home. The want of Nancy preyed heavily on my heart. No man alive could miss a partner more than I did, for I found I could not subsist without her. If I had had her that night to have spoken to and leaned upon, I felt how happy I would have been, and how helpless I was without her. I grew exceedingly fatigued, and began to eat snow incessantly. This did me ill, for my joints lost their power, and sleep quite overcame me; and though I knew that to lie down on the ice was death, I felt an irresistible inclination to do it. I actually laid me down, though I knew it was the sleep of death; but a better resolution aroused me. I stood on my knees, and leaned my head and arm on the muzzle of my gun, thus getting some momentary sleeps, and then, whenever I was getting too sound asleep with the benumbing frost, I fell over, which wakened me.

These temporary restings refreshed me. I could walk three or four hundred yards after them at first with considerable agility; but then I could not give over eating snow, and my stages continued to become shorter and shorter. My track was still visible, and that was all; and I now came to some broken ice, which raised my spirits, as I remembered of none save that plowed up by the prow of my ice-mountain. At that very time I heard a sort of noise coming along the ice; but although it was very light for that region, I could see nothing, owing to the frost, rime, and the dazzling whiteness. I heard it approaching still, like the galloping of horses, accompanied occasionally with a growling murmur. I made all the speed I could; but, alas! I fear I made but poor progress, for my strength was gone. At length, hearing the sounds close behind me, I looked back, and beheld a bear coming on me full speed. It was soon kneeling at my feet, and licking my hand. It was Nancy bleeding. She instantly turned about, set up her angry birses, and went slowly and doubtfully back, as determined on an unequal battle. After straining my sight through the rime, I

perceived a gigantic bear standing on end, like a tall obelisk covered with snow. Any one may guess how my heart fainted within me; but I cocked my gun and tried to run on. My power was exhausted; I could do no more. Nancy tried to oppose the monster by throwing herself always in before him; but she durst not apparently seize him. He was a male, and partly a gentleman, for he would not bite or tear her; but he sometimes gave her a cuff with his paw to make her keep out of his way. I tried several times to take aim at him, but found it impossible without shooting Nancy; so that all I could do was to run on, until fairly exhausted, I fell flat on my face. The strife continued, and approached close to my heels, and instantly I found myself grasped, and one of the bears above me. I could make no exertion; but I soon discovered that it was poor Nancy trying to cover me with her own body from the dreadful death that awaited me. The monster struggled to reach my neck, while my defender clung to me so closely that I was nearly strangled. His strength was overpowering; he forced his head in below her, and I felt first his cold nose and then his warm lips close to my throat. I called out, "Seize him!" the words that I used for baiting on Nancy, and which she always promptly obeyed, on which she gave him such a snap, that not only made him desist, but growl like a bull. Still he would neither lay mouth nor paw upon her, one of those rare and beautiful instances of the sublimity of natural instinct, of which there are so many among the brutal creation.

The monster growled, and went round and round, and at length made his attack at the same point again; and in trying to reach my neck, he seized me by the left arm, close below the shoulder. I called out furiously to Nancy, who that moment seized the gigantic monster by the throat with her teeth and paws at the same moment. He flew away from me, and swung her round and round like a clout, bellowing fearfully; but quit her gripe she would not. He seized her with his paws, hugged her, and threw her down; but all this while never made a motion

to tear her. He squeezed her so strait that I saw the white of her eyes begin to turn up. I then, with all the speed and precision my wounded arm would admit of, held the muzzle of the gun to his ear and fired; and yet, owing to the violent motion he made, none of the two bullets went through the brain, but one at the root of the jaw, and the other between that and the eye. The shot took away the power of doing any hurt with his mouth, but his paws continued to embrace Nancy with a deadly grasp, she still keeping a fast hold of his throat. I then stabbed him to the heart again and again: and though the blood streamed through the snow as if a sluice had been opened, it was amazing how tenacious the monster was of life. But at length he slackened his hold, and rolled over and over on the ice. Still he was not dead; but as soon as Nancy got free, I embraced her, and feeble and overworn almost to death, with her at my side to lean upon, I made my escape to my old hulk, the welcomest sight I had ever seen.

I barricaded my entrance-window, fed Nancy, eat some raw frozen fish myself, drank a little rum-brandy, and then took a short and troubled sleep; but before I did any of these save the first, I kneeled down and thanked my kind Maker and Preserver for this most wonderful deliverance. I then kindled a good fire of coals and driftwood, of which I had collected great store during summer; and having plenty of ice in the hold, I warmed a pot of water, bathed and dressed my arm, which was sore lacerated; I then washed and bathed Nancy all over. Her shoulders were a little lacerated and swelled from the grasps of the monster's paws; but saving that, there was no wound upon her. I dried her with a cloth, combed her, and made her as clean as a bride; and though she licked my hand and my wound, and was as kind and gentle as ever, I could not help observing, with pain and a share of terror, that there was a gloomy gleam in her eye which I had never witnessed before. Her look was quite altered. It was heavy, sullen, and drowsy; but when she looked up, there was something like a glare of

madness in it. This was the most distressing circumstance of all to me; and though I suspected it was from the heat of irritation to which she had been driven by the deadly combat with one of her own species, and one that had followed her too for love, still it was the same to me, who was obliged to abide by the consequences.

We had slept in the same bed ever since we met; but gladly would I have dispensed with her company that night. Still I had not the heart to separate her from me per force, as she sat nid-nodding and casting imploring looks for me to go to bed; so we went into the closet together, as usual, although I was not at all at my ease. Nancy was in the same state; she tossed, and tumbled, and groaned, whereas she was wont to lie as quiet as a lamb. At length she laid her left paw over me, above the clothes, and seemed to fall sound asleep; but in about ten minutes after she gave me such a hug, that it had nearly deprived me of breath. I made no motion, no resistance, but suffered patiently, though in agony both of body and mind; and I acted wisely, for in a short while after her hold relaxed, and she again tossed herself over, and fell asleep.

I then rose as quietly as I could, stole out to the cabin, and locked the door, and making myself up a bed in my late captain's hammock, I slept apart, though ill at ease I heard no more noise or disturbance, all remaining quiet; so I lay and rested myself I know not how long. When I next arose, urged by hunger, I peeped in to Nancy, after much fear and solicitude, thinking she was dead. She had taken the round form, and was lying with her limbs folded, and her nose in below her flank. I at once perceived, that with the late exertion and a hearty meal, she was falling into the torpid state; and that the hug of the preceding night (which I am always disposed to call the time allotted for sleep) had been the result of a disturbed dream about her late combat; so I heaped clothes above her, of which I had plenty, and left her to her repose; and if I calculated any thing aright from the

sleeps I took, each one of which I estimated as a night, she lay snug in that state for three months.

I visited her once or twice every day; and though I could not distinguish her breathing, nor feel the play of her lungs, the dull heat of her body continued the same, which assured me she was not dead, but sleeping. That was a wearisome time for me, and save the skinning and cutting up of my great white bear, absolutely void of adventures. He was as fat as a fed bullock, and his flesh tasted very much like that of a he-goat; having been completely blooded, it was white and clean, and a great treat. He had as much tallow as loaded me for one jaunt; and I judged his carcass to be about thirty stones, Aberdeen weight.

It proved a severe winter, much stormier than the last: and there was one morning I perceived that my smoke would not vent, and, behold, on opening up my window, I found myself covered up with snow to a depth of which I could form no calculation. It had been a great snow-drift, and the hulk having been on the lee side of the mountain, I was completely covered in. I soon, however, opened up a vent for the smoke, and then I had a snug warm abode for the remainder of the winter.

I read much on my bible during this lonely season, and got a great part of it by heart. By that, I mean the historical parts. I could name to myself all the kings of Israel and Judah, how long each of them reigned, and all the battles they lost or won. I could go over the judges of Israel, in the same way, with the twelve tribes and the numbers of each. I had, besides, particular favourites, and could recite every word concerning them. Benjamin was my favourite tribe for spirit and bravery, and Jonathan my favourite character of the whole scripture catalogue.

But if I read much, I thought more of my singular destiny and condition, and what it behooved me to do. Was I to try once more to reach the abodes of humanity, see my own species face to face, and enjoy that social intercourse for which the human heart and affections are so peculiarly framed? Or was I to remain there where I

was, and traverse the arctic regions on an iceberg all the days of my life, subjected, without remede, to all the caprices of the elements, the storms, and the currents of the ocean? After balancing these things in my mind for months, I could not decide which to fix on. My present life was one of such romance, that if I could have been certified that at any future period I should escape to give a relation of it, I would have chosen to remain for the present. I was far from being unhappy, and I had no dread of a shipwreck, believing my floating mountain impregnable against all shocks, currents, or tornados. I had, moreover, a companion, which was really of more value to me than any one of my own species could have been in such circumstances, as well as more attached and subservient; and, altogether, I considered that I had more real enjoyment than the one half of mankind. There was only one thing that distressed me; should I chance, by accident or disease, to be deprived of Nancy, then I would be left helpless and stayless, and likely perish of hunger. This was a terrible prospect; so by the time the sun began to show his disk above the horizon, I had half and more resolved to make a pilgrimage over the ice in search of some inhabited country.

My next great concern was to waken Nancy; but that for a long time I found quite impracticable. She continued not only sound asleep, but perfectly rigid. At length, by blowing tobacco smoke into her nose, I awakened her. She fell into a violent fit of sneezing; and then I took care not to let her fall asleep again. She was perfectly weak and tangle,* her limbs being scarcely able to bear her weight; and when she first went out to roll among the snow, her favourite exercise, she could not turn herself round. But she increased in strength and spirits not only every day, but every hour, and was soon as frisky, as gentle, and kind as ever. I am almost ashamed to acknowledge how much I enjoyed the society of this devoted and delightful creature; for though she could not speak, there was a language in her eye that told

* Lank.

every thing, and she knew every word that I said to her. I looked on her as a treasure sent me by Heaven in a most wonderful way, and really loved her.

My thoughts were now employed night and day about my journey; for though I knew the ice would not break up for a long time, I thought it best, now that I had daylight all the twenty-four hours, to perform my journey before there was even a chance of the ice breaking up; accordingly, I made preparations for many days, washing, drying, cooking, and packing up. It is needless to enumerate all the miscellaneous things that I thought necessary to take with me; but, in short, I loaded myself and Nancy heavily, very heavily, knowing that our loads would constantly be turning lighter, and then I left my old comfortable cabin, and my mountain of ice, with many bitter tears, all uncertain whether or not I should ever see it again, or any other home in this world. I never had wept so sore all my life as I did on setting out that time, while Nancy went rock rocking with her load, and ever and anon casting the most piteous looks at my face.

Away we jogged in this manner, holding our course, as nearly as I could guess, to the south south-west. The mountains towards which I had journeyed before were quite visible; but I called that land, in my own mind, The Bear Island; and believing it inhabited by a whole colony of bears, I left it on the left hand, and held on. It seemed to be a long rugged island, stretching from west to east, but not very wide from north to south, for, as nearly as I could judge, I had passed it in the space of three days.

But new adventures still awaited me, and, all at once, I met with one of the utmost consequence. Having, as I said, just passed the south-west corner of this country, which I had named, in my own mind, The Bear Island, I unexpectedly came upon the traces of three men and a number of dogs. Their footmarks were so large that I believed them to be giants, and, at first, knew not what to do; but perceiving that their steps were not longer than my own, I was convinced they wore

snow shoes, took courage, and determined to follow them; which I did, and in a few hours reached the shore. There I came to a spot where the men had rested, and fed themselves and their dogs, and my heart lightened with joy. I now knew not what to do, but, in order to overtake them, it was necessary to leave my luggage, or the greater part of it. But what I was to do with Nancy, that puzzled me worst of all. She was an indiscriminate destroyer, and I knew all the dogs would suffer first, and, in all probability, the men next; so that, in fact, with her I was not fit to approach the walks of humanity. Something behooved to be done; so I made a muzzle for her of strong cord, and taking a bottle of Highland whisky with me, and some provisions, I set out on the track of the three men, and followed most eagerly; but all that I could do, I could not restrain Nancy from leaving me on the scent of their track. I durst not let her go muzzled, else they would worry her, and kill her at once, and she was the whole of my world's inheritance. I durst not let her go unmuzzled, lest she might devour them all; so I was obliged to fasten on the muzzle, put a cord to it, and lead her. She liked this very ill, and even tried to get loose by pulling the muzzle off with her paws; but my commands restrained her, although she continued to look at me with apparent astonishment and dejection. I said all the kind things to her that I could, told her she was still my own dear Nancy; but added many a time, "O you must not, must not." She cowered in subjection, and walked peaceably by my side.

I soon came to a place where the three men had all separated. I followed the steps of the middle one; but these were so irregular, up hill and down hill, that it was a most fatiguing task; and, besides, all the snow on the south sides of the hills was becoming softened with the sun, and there were here and there small black patches from which the snow had melted altogether. These I found to be mostly rocks or precipices. I was obliged to rest often, and slept several times in the sun; but I always fastened Nancy to my arm, for fear of her making her escape.

After I had travelled about fourteen or fifteen hours, I came to a place where the three men had all met again, rested, and refreshed themselves; and there was a great deal of blood upon the snow, from which I concluded they were hunters, and had killed some game; and, moreover, I perceived, from some herbaceous garbage scattered about, that they had been feeding their dogs on the nombles of a deer. Here I took a short sleep and some refreshment, there being a spring gushing out of a rock like a mill-lead, and likewise fed Nancy, who was always going scenting among the blood and offal. At length she fixed upon a spot between two rocks, and fell a scraping, where I soon discovered a store of venison, covered over with snow, which was trampled firm over and all about it. From this I perceived that this spring was the rendezvous of the hunters, and to meet with them I had only to remain where I was. With what anxiety of heart did I pass these few hours, all uncertain as I was whether I stood on the shores of Asia, Europe, or America; or whether I would fall among savage cannibals or civilized christians. Sometimes I laid me down, seeking in vain for some repose; and sometimes stalked about, looking all around me.

Perhaps I did not wait there many hours, but they seemed to me like as many days, such a feverish anxiety had taken possession of my mind. It was at length relieved by the approach of six strong dogs coming all up hill, baying upon me in the most furious manner. This was a trying situation, as I was desirous of neither suffering skaith nor giving offence. But an expedient struck me in a moment, one which I had often amused myself with in youth, and never knew it fail, not even with a chained mastiff. I drew my coat tails over my head, stooped, and ran forward to meet them. The scheme succeeded like a charm; for after uttering a few short barks of terror, they all turned tail and fled as the devil had been chasing them. These canine hunters had left their masters a little astern, in order to have a rummage among their precious fragments, when they were thus

discomfited, and chased back faster than they had advanced.

The astonishment and terror of their masters may well be conceived when they thus met their dauntless assistants retreating with looks of such wild dismay. They knew there were no herd of bears yet awake on the island, and they could form no conception of any thing else save some supernatural being of horrid presence. The flying dogs vanished over a sharp ridge of the hill; and as I conceived myself still only waging war with them, I hasted over after them in the same attitude. I was clothed in my late captain's Sunday, or best suit, and had the tails of my superfine blue coat drawn over my head, which was bowed nearly as low as my knees, and my hat I held out from me with my left hand, and led Nancy with the right. In this mode was I first introduced to my new associates, and that too without knowing it, till hearing the frightened bark of the dogs once more close below me in the ravine, I peeped through the cleft of my coat, and perceived masters and dogs flying amain, the latter leading the way, barking in downright terror, and the men cocking their heads and brattling after them. I instantly assumed my natural shape, and hallooed out after them to stop and take a friend with them. They turned round, gaping and staring, but durst not wait the encounter; and although they called something in return, which I believed was my own native tongue, yet as I approached, they turned and fled once more. The seeing of a human creature coming on them in the company of a white bear, the only creature of which they stood in perpetual dread, was too much for their comprehension. But the terror of the dogs was that which most of all convinced them that I was not an earthly creature; so they took to their heels, and I had no other shift but to pursue.

This made matters still worse; for their snow shoes kept them above the snow, whereas every step that I took I sunk at least half a foot, the surface being thawed on all the south sides of the hills. I lost ground, of course, terribly, and was obliged to give up the pursuit and return

At the place where they took first to flight, they had dropped a bear's hide and some wallets of bear's flesh and grease. On these I made seizure, and carrying them piecemeal to the spring, deposited them with the rest of their spoil. Assured, then, that they would come back to that place, if not through hunger, at least for the fruits of their severe labour, I hid myself among some rocks hard by, from which the sun had melted the snow, to watch their motions.

They were long in returning, at least I thought so, for I slept twice with Nancy in my bosom. Having become inured to the climate, and having, likewise, a bearskin jacket, and drawers next my flesh, I could now sleep any where without inconvenience or danger I was at length awakened by Nancy struggling to get away, and on coming to my senses, I heard people speaking ; and on peeping over the rock, I saw the three men standing over their prey, in earnest conversation, and apparently astonished at finding all their prey carefully deposited together. The dogs still kept at a due distance, the only thing I saw which kept them still jealous. An effort behooved to be made. I drew myself up to the verge of the cliff over which I was peeping, and at once, on my knees, implored them, for Jesus Christ's sake, to take me under their protection. They knew the name, and each of them took off his fur cap and kneeled on his right knee. Whenever Nancy appeared on the cliff, the dogs once more took to their heels. The men were just about to follow, when I called out again, naming the same sacred name with great emphasis. They paused, and pointed to the bear, saying something. I held up the cord to show them that she was muzzled and chained ; and ordering her, she cowered at my feet, and kissed my hand. In all my life I never saw three such statues of astonishment as these three men were on seeing this. They gaped and stared on one another, spoke a few words, and then prostrated themselves on the snow, taking me for a divine being. I saw this manifestly, and resolved to keep up a sort of dignity, as far as I was able, for my

own behoof. They lay on their bellies wallowing in the snow, until I came to them, when, perceiving one of them with gray hairs, I lifted him up first to his knees, and laying my hand on his crown, I blessed him in the name of the Holy Trinity. He seemed to understand something of the import of the blessing, for he embraced my knees. I blessed the other two in the same manner, and then lifting up my eyes and hands to heaven, I prayed fervently that God would bless and sanctify our meeting, and our communion and fellowship with one another while it continued. I then showed them my half bible, and made them look on it; but they shook their heads, and did not comprehend the meaning of it. But when I named Moses, and David, and Solomon, and Jesus Christ, they held up their hands in admiration, named them after me, and then took the book, kissed it, and pressed it to their bosoms. We were now friends; and they seemed, from the deference they paid me, to consider themselves as my sworn subjects. I then took out my brandy bottle, and a small crystal glass without the shaft, that I carried in my pocket, and filling it, I drank to their good healths, and then gave each of them a glass, which they all emptied. They then smacked their lips, and stared at one another in astonishment, till one of the young men, feeling its salutary effects on his cold stomach, screamed and jumped for joy.

We were now friends, and sat down to eat together, I of some potted bear's flesh, which I carried, and they of some haberdine and raw flesh. We then packed up for our departure, they having secured as much food as they could convey, although they took care to carry no bones. They gave the dogs these for their share, after having sliced the flesh neatly off them, which they stuffed into sealskin bags, and then yoking the dogs to these in pairs, they trailed them with great swiftness over the snow. While the dogs were gnawing at their bones, one of the largest and fiercest flew at Nancy, who was muzzled; but with one blow of her paw, she made him tumble heels over head, roaring like a bull. One of the men bent his

bow, and was going to shoot the dog; but I interfered and made signs for them to muzzle the dogs, which they did, and then we journeyed together in peace; I likewise having Nancy well loaded with their provision, which they admired exceedingly.

My great anxiety now was, to learn what country I was in; but it was long before I could understand this. I was sure I had fallen among Christians, but where I knew not. I was very ignorant of the polar countries; and though I knew some of their names, I knew nothing of their inhabitants. When these three men spoke to one another at a little distance from me, I could not believe my senses that they were not speaking broad Aberdeen, or rather Shetland Scots, the tone and manner were so exactly the same; and yet, when they spoke to me, I could not understand them, though convinced it was a dialect of the same language. The only country which I could name that seemed to impress them, or that they understood, was Norroway. At the name of that country which they repeated, calling it Norgeway, I observed that they sometimes crossed their hands and looked up to heaven. I believed then that I was on an island, somewhere off the coast of Norroway, and that these three men had come from that country to hunt. I made them repeat the name of the place where we were again and again, and the name they gave it sounded to me like "Jean Main's Land." Having never heard of such a place, I remained in the dark.

When we came to my luggage the sun being warm, we rested long, and slept; and the men let me understand that we had to provide for a long journey. Accordingly, we set out on the ice once more, and the dogs easing us greatly of our baggage, we travelled at a great rate; yet, as nearly as I could guess, we journeyed for a space of time equal to three days and three nights, without a change of scene, straight along the level surface, the dogs knowing the road perfectly well, and always running on before us. I at length beheld the open sea, and marvelled greatly thinking our journey was now coming to

a very abrupt and woful termination. The men, however, seemed nothing daunted, but, as far as I could judge, were getting rather into better spirits, and were occasionally pointing out some place, of which I saw nothing but a blue calm sea, basking in endless sunshine for the present. We at length came to two canoes and a boat, lying on the ice near to the verge of the open sea. The boat was for carrying the dogs and one man, and the canoes for a man each. The latter were covered with sealskin, which belted round the occupier's waist that no water could touch him, neither could the canoe sink. I had never seen one before, and wondered that men could go into an open sea in such trifling little things that one might carry below his arm. There was a good deal of demur how Nancy and I were to be accommodated among the dogs; but as the dogs were perfectly obedient, each of the men took two dogs below the leather of his canoe, and I was deposited in the bottom of the small boat made of skin, driftwood, and bones of fishes; and there, with Nancy in my bosom, I was forbid to move for fear of oversetting the frail bark. The sea was as smooth as a mirror; and I am convinced that we glided over it with great celerity. The canoes kept ahead, but they were always hailing one another in a cheering strain; and at length I perceived mountains spotted with snow straight before us. We had been journeying, as well as sailing, nearly south-west; and how to reconcile this country with Norway I could not divine. Yet I had hopes that it was Norway, and that I was among the native simple Christians of that country, and would soon find a conveyance from the southern parts of it to my dear native country.

We at length arrived on another coast, and were met upon the shore by twelve young people, which turned out to be women, though I could not distinguish at the time to which sex they belonged. The grayheaded man first kissed them all, and then harangued them, introducing me to them, on which every one of them came to me, the eldest first, and apparently all the rest in succession.

according to their ages, kneeled to me, embraced my knees, and received my blessing and a kiss; and, in fact, never was poor forlorn stranger made more welcome. The two eldest women gave me each a hand, and with six on each side, the youngest outermost, they conducted me to their habitation, the elderly hunter walking before us, and the two younger behind us; and at the entrance to their habitation we were received by an old man, with hair and a beard as white as the driven snow. He was the patriarch of the little colony, and their priest; and I was instructed, by signs and words, to kneel and receive his blessing, which I did, and was then conducted in, and welcomed by many tokens of veneration.

It was a strange place. The outer apartments were built and vaulted with snow; but, besides these, there was a long natural cavern stretching under the rocks, that seemed once to have been a seam of limestone from roots of large stalactites that appeared on its roof; but time, and thaws after frosts, had wasted it away. There were, beside this, many irregular side apartments, in one of which my bed was made, which was a good one; and there Nancy and I were left to our repose, and a more sound sleep I never enjoyed.

The colony consisted of thirty-one women and ten men, including the aged father; the rest of the men had perished at sea, or in bear-hunting. Beside these there were seven children, two of whom only were boys: so that a stout healthy young man, such as I was, certainly was as high a boon as heaven could have sent them in one individual, though a whaler's whole crew would doubtless have been more welcome. There were other three men arrived at the settlement that night, who brought a seal and some sea lions for the general good; but all were alike kind and civil to me.

I have not yet told in what country I was, for I did not know myself until a good while after the period of which I am writing. But it may be as well to let the reader know, that I was in Old Greenland, and among a remnant of a colony of Norwegians, a race of simple

primitive Christians, whose progenitors had occupied that inclement shore for centuries, and once, by their account, amounted to many thousands; but, strange to say, if these people's accounts were at all to be credited, fell by degrees a prey to the irresistible invasions of the great polar bears. All their traditional stories were about these ferocious animals, and such stories for horror never characterized the legends of a country. They were described as having made frequent inroads in the month of October in such force, that no single settlement could cope with them, nor yet escape to seek help from others. And when once they beleaguered a settlement or tribe, they never left it while there was a bone of the inhabitants remaining. All their songs and ballads related to those heart-rending scenes of ravage and blood; and they had a prophecy among them, and a firm belief, that the bears were one day to devour the last of them.

The people were much like ourselves, but of lower stature than Scotsmen; and their fur dresses made them appear as square creatures, very near as broad as long. The women had mild simple faces, all of one weather-beaten hue, very like the women of Lewis and Harris. I was so delighted to be among females of my own species once more, that I thought some of the young ones the most bewitching creatures in the world. It was amazing how soon we understood one another's language, for we conversed without ceasing; and I had soon taken up the laudable resolution of marrying three of them. I tried several of them on that point; but all that I could make out of any of them was, that I would be allowed but one; and though I say it who should not, there were plenty of competitors for that distinction. But persuading myself that I perceived symptoms of there having been some departures from this rule in the community, I applied to the old father for satisfaction on this head, who informed me, that as Christians we were only allowed one wife; but owing to the depressed state of the colony, and the great shortcoming of men, every man was allowed one or two handmaidens, like the patriarchs of old, that every

woman among them might have the chance of becoming a mother, if desirous to be so. But it was very customary for their women to decline all advances save by lawful marriage; and, in that respect, they were virtuous to a failing, and to the great detriment of the colony.

I felt that in my heart I had no such scruples, and that I should like very well to act the part of old Jacob over again; and I judged such scruples in a woman quite unnatural in a state of society such as this, in which she was sequestered from all others of her species; so having made a choice of three, I determined on marrying one of them, and keeping the other two for mistresses. And in making my choice of a wife, I did rather an ungenerous thing, for I took her who I thought was most indifferent about me, and I chose her that I might make sure of the others afterwards, who were rather overfond.

But there was one great obstacle to my enjoyment, which I could not see a possibility of overcoming, and that was the jealousy of Nancy. I knew she would not leave my apartment while I slept, and I knew as well she would not suffer another to lie in my arms in her presence. I felt that I was so much subjected to her, that I could not have answered for the life of a girl whom I was caressing, no not for a day; for though Nancy had been close muzzled, she could have killed her rival with her paws in a few minutes. I often saw the gleam of jealousy and proud offence in her eye, and dreaded the final consequences; but these poor innocent maidens perceived nothing of the kind. Moreover, Nancy soon became a favourite with the whole tribe, owing to her expertness in fishing, which was altogether unrivalled, and held out a prospect of greater plenty to the clan than it had ever experienced. Her success was so astonishing, that in narrow creeks she would often catch more in one day than all the fishermen of the tribe could do in ten. In fact she was worth us all for laying in a stock of provisions; and to think of injuring, parting with, or even offending Nancy, would have been a dereliction from nature. She had been the preserver of my life and the supporter of it, and never was affection more

ardent or disinterested than hers was for me; it was therefore that I felt a reluctance in forfeiting it, by exciting her jealousy. Accordingly, I resolved on taking a stolen kiss with one or all of my charmers, and put off my nuptials until the winter months, when Nancy would be asleep, and we confined to our cabins.

In the mean time, we were busy preparing for that period of rest, devotion, and festivity, and our success, especially in fishing, was consonant to our utmost wishes. There is a curious phenomenon which I conceive to be peculiar to this country. It is, that all along the coast the sea is open for seven or eight months of the year, while farther out at sea, where there are chains and ridges of rocks and islands, the ice frequently remains unbroken through the whole year. And what is more, there are no regular tides, these degenerating all into irregular currents, which seem to be affected by the prevalence of certain winds, but not the least by the tides. There is a regular ebb and swell, and sometimes a very high swell, but no turn of the tide and alternate current as on the shores of Britain. I have often wondered that the tides were not perfectly understood. I have understood them since ever I went to sea, when merely a boy; at least I believed I understood them, which was the same thing to me. I believe in my theory still, and the study of this northern or frozen ocean has completely confirmed me in it.

It is astonishing that neither natural philosophers nor accomplished navigators, of which there have been so many, ever perceived that the earth, in its diurnal motion, rolled with a swing from north to south, and *vice versa*, every five hours and so many minutes, and that this swing was caused by the influence of the moon upon our planet, which, at full moons, is stronger, and at certain other full moons acts with double force; and this at once accounts for all the phenomena of the tides, which, ere they reach the equator, being opposed by others, run all into currents, and ere they reach the poles, the same. And, moreover, this lunary swing of the earth accounts

for the tides rolling past the mouths of the cross seas, such as the Baltic and the Mediterranean, whose only tides are a gentle alternate swell from shore to shore occasioned by this swing. The thing is so apparent, that no man sailing on the British seas can help perceiving it. I remember that there was one year I was on board the Hawk of Liverpool, which brought a deal of uncustomed wine and spirits for Glasgow and the towns on the Clyde. We durst not enter the outer frith, where a strict watch was kept, but stretching away to the west, we came at length into a creek in Argyleshire, called Loch-Tarbet, where we carried all our smuggled goods across a narrow neck of land. Here, to my astonishment, I found that it was high tide on the one side of the isthmus, and ebb at the other, and scarce a bow-shot between them. The cause was manifest. Here was an estuary, taking Loch-fine and the frith, an hundred miles and more in length; before this was filled full by the one swing, the tide had turned, and the ebb below it brought it roaring and foaming backward; and this continued, I was told, the whole year round, flood tide on the one side, and ebb on the other. Not being able to describe this power that the moon has over the diurnal motion of the earth scientifically, I merely mention it to put men of science and experience on a right basis, because, without adopting it, they will never account logically for the tides and currents of the ocean.

The only extra expedition which we had this summer was one to the hulk of the Anne Forbes, my old habitation, of which I was very fond. I had described to them the riches that I left there in oil, spirits, iron, &c. These two last were so highly estimated, that the desire for the expedition grew irresistible. Accordingly all things were prepared for the adventure; but as canoes were the only vessels chiefly used, we had a terrible business before we got our dogs and sledges across the open sea, and placed fairly on the ice. One woman and one dog were drowned in this expedition across, and we were very near losing two men besides; but the greatest exertions imaginable were

made for their preservation, a man's life being a thing of high estimation there. We at length set out with eight light sledges, drawn by one-and-thirty powerful dogs, and the whole conducted by four men, of which number I was one, while poor Nancy accompanied us on foot. We had likewise a light canoe lashed on one of the sledges, for fear of meeting with open fissures in the ice. The snow having been mostly from the ice, it was blue and keen, and once the dogs were fairly set a going, they ran on with amazing swiftness. I never saw any journeying half so quick; for there was an emulation among the animals who to be foremost, the whole journey was actually one pitched race after another; so that, with the delay of only one sleep, we arrived at my glorious crystalline mountain, beaming in the sun with prismatic and dazzling brightness. But still, before we reached it, the chasm in the ice separating it from the main field had begun, and it was only by going round to where we saw the ice crushed up, that we succeeded in getting on to the mountain and the wreck. I found every thing as I had left it, and still plenty of stuff useful for the colony. Had we had fifty sledges we could have loaded them all; but so intensely fond were my three associates of iron, that they would have loaded almost wholly with it. We still found plenty to eat and drink, and plenty for our dogs, so we were in no hurry in loading and departing; but here we were guilty of an oversight fraught with great danger, for the mountain, already affected by the great under current, was just in the act of wheeling and moving off.

All was now bustle and confusion, in order to get as much removed on to the firm ice as possible, before the final separation took place; and we did succeed in bringing a very miscellaneous cargo, though not half so much as we wished; and at length the great mass went off with a roll, that made a concussion in the ocean that would have swallowed up a whaler of the largest size. Two men and several dogs were still by the wreck when the iceberg separated; but they were on the other end from

the great turmoil. The men threw themselves into the sea, leaving the canoe behind them, and then calling on the dogs, they all followed, and we got them safe on the ice, and away went the splendid meteor mountain once more on its voyage round the polar regions. A more glorious sight I never beheld in nature than this. The steep side of the hill being toward us, it reflected the rays of the southern sun in a thousand dazzling hues, too brilliant for the eye to look on. It was an illuminated phenomenon fading gradually from our astonished view on the far surface of the ocean. That was the last sight I saw of my old and sublime habitation; and as it was still increasing by the alternate rains and frosts of autumn, I have no doubt that it is roving about among these interminable shoals and currents to this day, unseen by all of existence save the walrus and the wild swan, and haply the whale from his window of foam.

We now loaded with all diligence, and returned home; and during our stay Nancy, as on the former year, had furnished us with an immense heap of excellent fresh fish, which were a great treat to us, and formed a good part of the carriage of two sledges. We brought also the remainder of the spirits, bags of blubber, bear's flesh, iron, and a great number of miscellaneous articles. I likewise loaded Nancy, and every man carried some loading, as our progress was now necessarily slow. There was nothing remarkable happened on our return, save a great confusion in getting our goods from the ice to the land. The men and dogs returned for the remainder; but I had no heart to go again, so another returned in my stead, and I went home with the baggage.

After this we had a grand fishing expedition, about a hundred miles to the northward, in which we took tents and the greater part of the women with us, as also canoes and all our homely fishing tackle of nets and lines, spears and clubs. We had excellent sport and fair success; but our lodging accommodation was very bad, for we lay in tiers above each other, and the abundance of bad breaths from foul feeding was disagreeable to me. I would rather

have lain beside poor Nancy by herself than in this mixed multitude; but here she was very cumbersome to me, for not being able to get in at my side, she often lay with her head across me, and she was grown so heavy, I could scarcely bear her. I once awakened in a state of absolute suffocation, and found her lying straight across my face. She was still, however, the queen fisher, and catered for us most abundantly; but she would not suffer any one to lift the fish that she caught but me. She was fond of salmon, and when she fell in with them would eat till I was often afraid she would kill herself.

At length the thin ice began to cover the creeks, and we were obliged to return to our winter settlement, which was now well stored with every production of that inclement coast. Fish was our great staple; but we had part of rein-deer and bear's flesh beside. As soon as the snow came on, we fortified our dwelling by triple walls of half melted snow, which afterwards freezing, grew as firm as adamant. It is amazing how much drift-wood comes annually to that coast and all along the edges of the ice. Of this we had a considerable hoard; but we trusted much to the blubber both for light and heating our water. We merely thawed our meat, we seldom boiled it; and some crumped it up frozen as it was. I even had grown that I preferred the fish in a raw state.

The sun went down, and our long night at length commenced. Nancy fell asleep, so I left her my apartment to herself, covered her well up, and took another bosom partner, Lefa, a young maiden about her prime. The old father Herard joined our hands, prayed over us, made us kiss, and then pronounced us married persons, with a benediction on us, which, as far as I could understand, was very nearly the same as that generally used in Scotland. I had reserved a part of my Highland whiskey for my wedding, and a merrier night I believe never was in Greenland. They know nothing about ardent spirits there, and are naturally a sedate, simple set of people. I speak of this tribe, a remnant of an old Christian community, for any other human being I never saw so long as I was there.

What a strange life we led during the dreary and darksome winter months! We were actually little better than the bears lying in a torpid state. The air being closed out as far as possible, we were drowsy, insipid, and almost incapable of moving. I am sure that after I was married I was not twelve hours out of my bed for three weeks. It was very difficult to get out to the open air, the entrance was so shut up with fagots of sea-weed and furze; and unless one went at the hour of public egress, when the shell was sounded, to get out was next to impossible. We had plenty of meat, but we could not eat it. We had neither air nor exercise; and the three months in the depth of winter passed over like a drumly confused dream. They pretended always to keep the Sabbath, though I daresay as distant as could be from the real first day of the week. They however kept a portion of their time; and on that day I uniformly sung a psalm, and read and prayed with them. As for old father Herard he prayed every day; and as I came soon to understand it, a very original prayer it was, different altogether from any in use in my native country. He prayed always for "the life of men and the death of fish," and "that angels of God might pitch their tents near our happy home, to guard and defend us against the great enemies of human nature, *the white bears!*" Many other sentences beside had allusion to them; and, moreover, he prayed for "the blessed and happy communion between the sexes of their tribe, that all their maidens might become mothers, and bear men children like the young of the dolphin in abundance, healthy as the eagle, and strong as the bear of the lands of snow." For strange to say, they accounted their own country a terrestrial paradise, although the bleakest and last abode of living men.

The spring months at length returned, and daylight appeared, bracing our nerves and cheering our hearts. But now a great and irretrievable misfortune befell me, and one which I fear led to the most dismal of consequences. With the spring, Nancy awoke, and, as soon as her lethargy wore off, was kind and affectionate as ever; but when the poor

creature found that she was debarred from sleeping by me, and watching over me in the night, her unhappiness was extreme. Her moans by night disturbed the whole community and kept them waking. There was, moreover, a gleam of jealousy in her eye toward some of the women which frightened me, for I was afraid some one of them might be torn to pieces, her whole savage nature being apparently roused up to brutal revenge, though she luckily could not recognise at that time on whom her vengeance was to fall. I caressed her more than usual during the day, but when she always found that she was expelled from me at night, her chagrin increased to utter misery. I was now in a sad dilemma. I could not leave my wife, to sleep with a huge white she-bear; and yet I had resolved to do it rather than drive her to desperation. Several of the men advised it, she being the great support of the colony by her profound art in fishing; but I put it off from day to day, well knowing that she would never suffer one to lie on the same bed with her and me; and so, after she had spent a part of one night in such groans, as if each were to be her last, in the morning she was missing.

Great was the alarm and intense the sorrow at the loss of Nancy; but as the snow was by that time beginning to soften on the surface, we could trace her foot marks from the door of our retreat, and we set out in pursuit. We found that she had taken to the ice at once, there being still no opening in it, and had made straight toward the Bear Island, where she met her first lover, whom, for my sake, she cruelly murdered. There were two men went with me. We soon lost the track by reason of a shower of wet snow that had fallen; but we followed to the mountains, where I called her name from hill to hill, but all to no purpose; so we were obliged to return home, weary and broken-hearted. We had a tichel of dogs with us, and from their marking on a snow wreath, we digged and killed one sleeping bear with great difficulty, as she awoke partially before we got her wounded. Had it not been for the dogs, weak as she was, she would probably have torn us all to pieces. With this prey we

returned; but a very poor prey it was, the flesh of the bear being very bad at that season.

I felt now that I was reduced below the greater part of the men of the colony, whereas before I was rather viewed as their chief, next at least to the patriarch; but my indefatigable provider was gone to mix with her own species, taking the pattern from me, who had deserted her for mine, and I was left untutored and uninitiated to the strenuous means necessary to be used for existence in that inclement shore, from whence I had slender hopes of ever making my escape. It is impossible for me to describe how inconsolable I felt for the loss of this invaluable animal. No man could have felt the loss of any worldly substance so much; for when I thought of her boundless affection and kindness, the tears always rushed to my eyes. I was like a heart-broken being, taking no interest in our hunting and fishing expeditions, save the providing for mere animal existence; and I found that I had actually been happier traversing the frozen ocean on my iceberg, with one faithful and obliging animal for my companion, than I was now with an amiable wife.

The rest of the time that I remained here was a mere blank in existence, and to recount every action minutely would be a weariness to the spirit of man, and far more so to that of woman. It was a repetition of the same scenes over and over again; of dozing, and tanning leather all winter beneath the snow; making nets, spears, and canoes, all the spring; and fishing and hunting all summer and autumn; and thus we went on from year to year.

But in 1764, just as we were repairing our snow ramparts around our cavern, on rising one morning we found ourselves invaded by a horde of white bears, and our ice-roof penetrated in two places. The colony now consisted of about sixty men, women, and children; but only one-third of these were efficient men, capable of standing any deadly struggle. True, the women assisted in all employments, however dangerous; but in a bloody battle with a brutal horde, they were not to be counted on. Such a

scene of consternation I never witnessed, and may never Christian view such another as was that time among the simple inhabitants of our lonely abode. There was nothing but weeping and wailing, and every one lamenting the day that he or she was born. I tried to comfort them; but comfort was out of the question. Man and woman continued to aver, that these animals never yet invaded a settlement in that country without devouring every bone of its inhabitants before they left it. Then the horrid descriptions followed, drawing pictures of what the bears had done, what they would do. They represented them as liking best to eat the children alive; and that, in order to enjoy such a meal with perfect zest, they always held children down with one paw, and began at the feet, and eat upward, and that the poor things would be crying and trying to creep away even when the monsters had proceeded leisurely with their meal nearly as far as the heart. In short, the people were all seized with a mania of terror and it was agreed, without a dissentient voice save my own, that they would barricade the cavern that no bear should be able to enter, and sleep all together in death, which the want of air would soon procure to them insensibly.

This resolution was hailed with joy, and even the old patriarch approved of it. I alone withstood it with all my eloquence and with all my energy, declaring, that if no one would join me, I would stand in the breach myself, and defend our women, our children, and our provisions, to the last drop of my blood; but if they would all join me nobly, and exert themselves in the same sacred cause, I would answer with my life for the ultimate success of our defence. "The bears cannot keep their eyes open now," I added, "for more than a week or two In less than a month they will be all sound asleep, and lying torpid beneath the snow. Why, then, throw away our lives without an effort to preserve them? And worst of all, if we immure ourselves up in our inner cave, and smother ourselves to death, do we not every one of us, save the babies, commit suicide; and with our blood upon

our own hands, how shall we ever appear before our Maker, or expect mercy at his hands, who durst not trust to it here below?"

This argument prevailed with the simple Christians, who could not bear the thought of losing their immortal souls. But they assured me that, let us do what we would, the herd would not leave a bone of us, for what they never had done, they would not now begin. Nevertheless, if I would be the responsible captain, and take the whole charge of the defence, they would take an oath to stand by me to the last in defence of the lives that God had given them. This they did, man and woman, in the most solemn manner, kneeling, laying both their hands on the bible, and then kissing it.

I then undertook the defence of the settlement, not only with high hopes, but perfect assurance. Never was there a commander undertook the defence of a fortress, however strong, who was as confident of wearing out his enemy as I was; and I really accounted the danger rather a slight one. We had plenty of spears, both of bone and iron, some bows, and arrows in abundance; but these last could only wound the bears, not kill them. Of powder and lead we had only a few charges remaining. Had we had plenty of that, some of our men were such excellent marksmen that we might have shot the whole herd one by one; but, alas! that resource was no more. We had, moreover, to do with an enemy which every defeat, every life taken, and every wound given, only tended to exasperate, and to determine them the more on our total subversion.

Our cave under the rocks I deemed quite impregnable; but then there was no water in it, and snow would not keep within it if unmelted; so that we were obliged to keep possession of a part of our snow fortress, which was no easy matter, for the strength of these animals, and the power they have in their paws is so prodigious, that when left at liberty to work, they could dig almost through any thing. They soon had our snow roof riddled by several windows, although, whenever we were apprized of

their attacks, we could drive them off with our long sharp spears. In fact they did not seem peculiarly voracious or outrageous; a united shout from us, joined to the baying of dogs, made them always scamper off, and keep at a good distance for a space afterwards.

The frost now set in with all its usual intensity, the weather grew calm and clear, and we thought, if we could drive the bears from our habitation, they would soon be seized by a hopeless apathy, dig holes for themselves, and fall into the torpid state. Besides, from any late glimpses we had got of them, the herd seemed not nearly so numerous; so we concluded they had separated, and we would needs become the assailants in our turn.

Accordingly, early one morning of the then short day, we sallied out on the bears, not only every one who could bear arms, but every one who could bear a red clout for a flag, for which colour the bears were said to be frightened. Man, woman, maid, and stripling, sallied out, with all our dogs and all our sounding shells; and such a deafening noise I believe never was raised in old Greenland. The bears durst not once stand before it, they fled before us in a body, and we pursued with cheerful hearts, shouting on the dogs in the van, the men next, and the women last. But before we were aware our ears were saluted by some piercing shrieks behind, and on turning round, we perceived with horror, which may easily be conceived, that another powerful body of bears had attacked our rear, and having already seized on a number of the women, they had them carrying here and there clasped in their paws, and then stretching them on the snow, they embraced them to death, and sucked their blood. We ran to the rescue, and attacking such of the bears as had not yet seized a victim, we drove them back. But, alas, our efforts were powerless and vain! for we were instantly attacked again behind by those we had been chasing, and there being more of the bears than of us, our case was desperate; for a man was no more in the paws of one of these monsters than a babe is in the hands of a man. The women were all seized first, particularly

the young ones, prostrated, and devoured. The short stifled shrieks of these hapless wretches, and the apparent joy and triumph of the bears over their prey, will haunt me to my dying day. I fought with blind fury and desperation, and a few of the Greenlanders still stood by me; but many prostrated themselves on the ground, whether to implore mercy from Heaven or of the bears I could not tell; but there was no mercy shown to them.

I was at length seized by an immense powerful bear round the arms and the breast, and borne off with great rapidity; but I neither cried nor prayed. I struck with my heels, and tried to wound with my weapons; but my arms were held so strait, they were void of power. The huge animal never once stopped until it had me at the door of our now nearly desolate habitation, where it set me down uninjured, kneeled at my feet, and licked my hand. "Nancy! My dear, dear Nancy, have we two met again?" cried I, embracing her. "Then we shall never part again in this world."

The generous animal whined and whimpered her joy, grovelled on the snow, and licked my feet, my knees, and my hands. I was now sure of protection, this being a friend in need, whose prowess in my defence had never been baffled; and I was so overjoyed to meet with her again, and at having found protection when I expected every moment to be torn in pieces, that I was never weary of caressing her, and saying kind and endearing words, every one of which she seemed well to remember.

The cries of death, and the growls of voluptuous joy continued to come from the slaughter-field, and some grovelling sounds seemed approaching nearer, on which Nancy seized me by the robe, and drew me into the recess, where she and I had had our abode for a season; and leaving me to my repose, she returned and kept watch in the inner door of our tent.

I heard no more, and I think I had a drumly and dreadful sleep, from which I was awakened by Nancy pulling once more at my clothes. I saw she wanted something with me; but for a long time I could not con-

ceive what she wanted. I brought her meat, but she would not taste it, and I could not read her looks nor her whimperings; till at length she seized a sealskin wallet, and laid it on her back. I then knew at once that she wanted me to load her with provisions and fly, which I effected with all speed; and we issued from the cave, Nancy leading the way with great caution. All was quiet. The bears were gorged, and fallen into their repose; and I believe a fitter time could not have been chosen to make my escape. There were several children and two old frail people in the cavern when I left it, wholly unprotected. Some of those children were my own, or supposed to be so; and when I came away, I heard one weeping and calling for its mother. But what could I do? I could do nothing but shed tears, and leave them to that mercy which I prayed and hoped might yet be extended to save them.

Away then I went once more to push my fortune I knew not where, with Nancy trotting loaded by my side. She led me straight to the sea side, to the very spot at which she and I had first landed in Greenland, and there she threw my load from her back, kneeled, licked my hand, and then scampered off at full speed to share the prey with her associates.

There were plenty of canoes lying at the spot, and some fishing boats; but choosing the best canoe I could find as the safest vessel, I stowed my victuals in about my feet and legs, bound the doughty sealskin cover around my breast, and away I set on my perilous voyage. The sea was still open all along the coast, and I plied my voyage night and day along a weather shore, going merely to land occasionally to take a short sleep. I got some distant views of Iceland, but could not get near it for ice; so I held on my course until fairly hemmed in with ice, that I could get no farther. I then drew my canoe ashore, and climbed a hill, from which I saw the open sea at no great distance, and several ships all apparently bearing southward. Many an anxious day had I spent in my life, but never one so fraught with anxiety as this. I posted

on, running without intermission in the direction of the ships; but before I reached the verge of the ice, they were all gone beyond hail. I set me down, and cried one while, and prayed another; but in less than twelve hours the Briel of Amsterdam hove in view, beating up, and as in one of her tacks she came close to me, I was taken on board, and safely landed in Scotland.

A

TALE OF PENTLAND.

Wodrow mentions the following story, but in a manner so confused and indefinite, that it is impossible to comprehend either the connexion of the incidents with one another, or what inference he wishes to draw from them. The facts seem to have been these. Mr John Haliday having been in hiding on the hills, after the battle of Pentland, became impatient to hear news concerning the suffering of his brethren who had been in arms, and in particular if there were any troops scouring the district in which he had found shelter. Accordingly, he left his hiding-place in the evening, and travelled towards the valley until about midnight; when, coming to the house of Gabriel Johnstone, and perceiving a light, he determined on entering, as he knew him to be a devout man, and one much concerned about the sufferings of the church of Scotland.

Mr Haliday, however, approached the house with great caution, for he rather wondered why there should be a light there at midnight, while at the same time he neither heard psalms singing nor the accents of prayer. So, casting off his heavy shoes, for fear of making a noise, he stole softly up to the little window from whence the light beamed, and peeped in, where he saw, not Johnstone, but another man, whom he did not know, in the very act of cutting a soldier's throat, while Johnstone's daughter, a comely girl, about twenty years of age, was standing deliberately by, and holding the candle to him.

Haliday was seized with an inexpressible terror; for the

floor was all blood, and the man was struggling in the agonies of death, and from his dress he appeared to have been a cavalier of some distinction. So completely was the covenanter overcome with horror, that he turned and fled from the house with all his might; resolved to have no participation in the crime, and deeply grieved that he should have witnessed such an act of depravity, as a private deliberate murder, perpetrated at such an hour, and in such a place, by any who professed to be adherents to the reformed religion of the Scottish church. So much had Haliday been confounded, that he even forgot to lift his shoes, but fled without them; and he had not run above half a bowshot before he came upon two men hasting to the house of Gabriel Johnstone. As soon as they perceived him running towards them they fled, and he pursued them, for when he saw them so ready to take alarm, he was sure they were some of the persecuted race, and tried eagerly to overtake them, exerting his utmost speed, and calling on them to stop. All this only made them run the faster, and when they came to a fealdike they separated, and ran different ways, and he soon thereafter lost sight of them both.

This house, where Johnstone lived, is said to have been in a lonely concealed dell, not far from West Linton, in what direction I do not know, but it was towards that village that Haliday fled, not knowing whither he went, till he came to the houses. Having no acquaintances here whom he durst venture to call up, and the morning having set in frosty, he began to conceive that it was absolutely necessary for him to return to the house of Gabriel Johnstone, and try to regain his shoes, as he little knew when or where it might be in his power to get another pair. Accordingly he hasted back by a nearer path, and coming to the place before it was day, found his shoes. At the same time he heard a fierce contention within the house, but as there seemed to be a watch he durst not approach it, but again made his escape.

Having brought some victuals along with him, he did not return to his hiding-place that day, which was in a

wild height, south of Biggar, but remained in the moss of Craigengaur ; and as soon as it grew dark descended again into the valley, determined to have some communication with his species, whatever it might cost. Again he perceived a light at a distance, where he thought no light should have been. But he went toward it, and as he approached, he heard the melody of psalm-singing issuing from the place, and floating far on the still breeze of the night. The covenanter's spirits were cheered, he had never heard any thing so sweet ; no, not when enjoying the gospel strains in peace, and in their fullest fruition. It was to him the feast of the soul, and rang through his ears like a hymn of paradise. He flew as on hinds' feet to the spot, and found the reverend and devout Mr Livingston, in the act of divine worship, in an old void barn on the lands of Slipperfield, with a great number of serious and pious people, who were all much affected both by his prayers and discourse.

After the worship was ended, Haliday made up to the minister, among many others, to congratulate him on the splendour of his discourse, and implore "a further supply of the same milk of redeeming grace, with which they found their souls nourished, cherished, and exalted." Indeed, it is quite consistent with human nature to suppose, that the whole of the circumstances under which this small community of Christians met, could not miss rendering their devotions impressive. They were a proscribed race, and were meeting at the penalty of their lives ; their dome of worship a waste house in the wilderness, and the season, the dead hour of the night, had of themselves tints of sublimity which could not fail to make impressions on the souls of the worshippers. The good man complied with their request, and appointed another meeting at the same place, on a future night.

Haliday having been formerly well acquainted with the preacher, convoyed him on his way home, where they condoled with one another on the hardness of their lots ; and Haliday told him of the scene he had witnessed at the house of Gabriel Johnstone. The heart of the good

minister was wrung with grief, and he deplored the madness and malice of the people who had committed an act that would bring down tenfold vengeance on the heads of the whole persecuted race. At length it was resolved between them, that as soon as it was day, they would go and reconnoitre; and if they found the case of the aggravated nature they suspected, they would themselves be the first to expose it, and give the perpetrators up to justice.

Accordingly, next morning they took another man into the secret, a William Rankin, one of Mr Livingston's elders, and the three went away to Johnstone's house, to investigate the case of the cavalier's murder; but there was a guard of three armed men opposed them, and neither promises, nor threatenings, nor all the minister's eloquence, could induce them to give way one inch. They said they could not conceive what they were seeking there, and as they suspected they came for no good purpose, they were determined that they should not enter. It was in vain that Mr Livingston informed them of his name and sacred calling, and his friendship for the owner of the house, and the cause which he had espoused; the men continued obstinate; and when he asked to speak a word to Gabriel Johnstone himself, they shook their heads, and said, "he would never see him again." The men then advised the intruders to take themselves off without any more delay, lest a worse thing should befall them; and as they continued to motion them away, with the most impatient gestures, the kind divine and his associates thought meet to retire, and leave the matter as it was; and thus was this mysterious affair hushed up in silence and darkness for that time, no tongue having been heard to mention it further than as above recited. The three armed men were all unknown to the others, but Haliday observed, that one of them was the very youth whom he saw cutting off the soldier's head with a knife.

The rage and cruelty of the popish party seemed to gather new virulence every day, influencing all the counsels of the king; and the persecution of the non-confor-

mists was proportionably severe. One new act of council was issued after another, all tending to root the covenanters out of Scotland, but it had only the effect of making their tenets still dearer to them. The longed-for night of the meeting in the old hay-barn at length arrived, and it was attended by a still greater number than that on the preceding. A more motley group can hardly be conceived than appeared in the barn that night, and the lamps being weak and dim, rendered the appearance of the assembly still more striking. It was, however, observed, that about the middle of the service, a number of fellows came in with broad slouch bonnets, and watch coats or cloaks about them, who placed themselves in equal divisions at the two doors, and remained without uncovering their heads, two of them being busily engaged in taking notes. Before Mr Livingston began the last prayer however, he desired the men to uncover, which they did, and the service went on to the end, but no sooner had the minister pronounced the word *Amen*, than the group of late comers threw off their cloaks, and drawing out swords and pistols, their commander, one General Drummond, charged the whole congregation, in the king's name, to surrender.

A scene of the utmost confusion ensued; the lights being extinguished, many of the young men burst through the roof of the old barn in every direction, and though many shots were fired at them in the dark, great numbers escaped; but Mr Livingston, and other eleven, were retained prisoners and conveyed to Edinburgh, where they were examined before the council, and cast into prison; among the prisoners was Mr Haliday, and the identical young man whom he had seen in the act of murdering the cavalier, and who turned out to be a Mr John Lindsay, from Edinburgh, who had been at the battle of Pentland, and in hiding afterwards.

Great was the lamentation for the loss of Mr Livingston, who was so highly esteemed by his hearers: the short extracts from his sermons in the barn, that were produced against him on his trial, prove him to have been a man endowed with talents somewhat above the greater part of

his contemporaries. His text that night, it appears, had been taken from Genesis: "And God saw the wickedness of man that it was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." One of the quoted passages runs thus:

"And while we have thus ample experience of the *effects* of sin, we have also abundance of examples set before us of sin itself, yea, in its most hideous aspect; for behold how it abounds among us all, but chiefly among the rulers and nobles of the land! Dare I mention to you those crimes of theirs which cause the sun of heaven to blush and hide his head as ashamed of the sight of their abominations? Dare I mention to you the extent of their blasphemies against that God who made them, and the Saviour who died to redeem them? Their cursing, and swearing, Sabbath-breaking, chambering, and wantonness; and, above all, their trampling upon the blood of the covenant, and pouring out the blood of saints and martyrs like water on the face of the earth. Because of those the land mourneth, and by these, multitudes, which no man can number, are plunging their souls into irretrievable and eternal ruin. But some say, O these are honourable men! Amiable, upright, and good moral men —though no great professors of religion. But I say, my brethren, alack and well-a-day for their uprightness and honour! which, if ever they come to be tried by the test of the Divine law, and by the example of him who was holiness itself, will be found miserably short-coming. So true it is that the kings of the earth have combined to plot against the Lord and his anointed. Let us, therefore, join together in breaking their bands and casting their cords from us. As for myself, as a member of this poor persecuted Church of Scotland, and an unworthy minister of it, I hereby call upon you all, in the name of God, to set your faces, your hearts, and your hands against all such acts, which are or shall be passed, against the covenanted work of reformation in this kingdom; that we here declare ourselves free of the guilt of them, and pray that God may put this in record in heaven."

These words having been sworn to, and Mr Livingston not denying them, a sharp debate arose in the council what punishment to award. The king's advocate urged the utility of sending him forthwith to the gallows; but some friends in the council got his sentence commuted to banishment; and he was accordingly banished the kingdom. Six more, against whom nothing could be proven, farther than their having been present at a conventicle, were sentenced to imprisonment for two months; among this number Haliday was one. The other five were condemned to be executed at the cross of Edinburgh, on the 14th of December following; and among this last unhappy number was Mr John Lindsay.

Haliday now tried all the means he could devise to gain an interview with Lindsay, to have some explanation of the extraordinary scene he had witnessed in the cottage at midnight, for it had made a fearful impression upon his mind, and he never could get rid of it for a moment; having still in his mind's eye a beautiful country maiden standing with a pleased face, holding a candle, and Lindsay in the mean time at his horrid task. His endeavours, however, were all in vain, for they were in different prisons, and the jailor paid no attention to his requests. But there was a gentleman in the privy council, that year, whose name, I think, was Gilmour, to whose candour Haliday conceived, that both he and some of his associates owed their lives. To this gentleman, therefore, he applied by letter, requesting a private interview with him, as he had a singular instance of barbarity to communicate, which it would be well to inquire into while the possibility of doing so remained, for the access to it would soon be sealed for ever. The gentleman attended immediately, and Haliday revealed to him the circumstances previously mentioned, stating that the murderer now lay in the Tolbooth jail, under sentence of death.

Gilmour appeared much interested, as well as astonished at the narrative, and taking out a note-book, he looked over some dates, and then observed; "This

date of yours, tallies exactly with one of my own, relating to an incident of the same sort, but the circumstances narrated are so different, that I must conceive, either that you are mistaken, or that you are trumping up this story to screen some other guilty person or persons."

Haliday disclaimed all such motives, and persevered in his attestations. Gilmour then took him along with him to the Tolbooth prison, where the two were admitted to a private interview with the prisoner, and there charged him with the crime of murder in such a place and on such a night; but he denied the whole with disdain. Haliday told him that it was in vain for him to deny it, for he beheld him in the very act of perpetrating the murder with his own eyes, while Gabriel Johnstone's daughter stood deliberately and held the candle to him.

"Hold your tongue, fellow!" said Lindsay, disdainfully, "for you know not what you are saying. What a cowardly dog you must be by your own account! If you saw me murdering a gentleman cavalier, why did you not rush in to his assistance?"

"I could not have saved the gentleman then," said Haliday, "and I thought it not meet to intermeddle in such a scene of blood."

"It was as well for you that you did not," said Lindsay.

"Then you acknowledge being in the cottage of the dell that night?" said Gilmour.

"And if I was, what is that to you? Or what is it now to me, or any person? I *was* there on the night specified; but I am ashamed of the part I there acted, and am now well requited for it. Yes, requited as I ought to be, so let it rest; for not one syllable of the transaction shall any one hear from me."

Thus they were obliged to leave the prisoner, and forthwith Gilmour led Haliday up a stair to a lodging in the Parliament Square, where they found a gentleman lying sick in bed, to whom Mr Gilmour said, after inquiring after his health, "Brother Robert, I conceive that we two have found out the young man who saved your life at the cottage among the mountains."

"I would give the half that I possess that this were true," said the sick gentleman, "who or where is he?"

"If I am right in my conjecture," said the privy councillor, "he is lying in the Tolbooth jail, there under sentence of death, and has but a few days to live. But tell me, brother, could you know him, or have you any recollection of his appearance?"

"Alas! I have none!" said the other, mournfully, "for I was insensible, through the loss of blood, the whole time I was under his protection; and if I ever heard his name I have lost it: the whole of that period being a total blank in my memory. But he must be a hero of the first rank; and therefore, O my dear brother, save him whatever his crime may be."

"His life is justly forfeited to the laws of his country, brother," said Gilmour, "and he must die with the rest."

"He shall not die with the rest if I should die for him," cried the sick man, vehemently, "I will move heaven and earth before my brave deliverer shall die like a felon."

"Calm yourself, brother; and trust that part to me," said Gilmour, "I think my influence saved the life of this gentleman, as well as the lives of some others, and it was all on account of the feeling of respect I had for the party, one of whom, or, rather I should say two of whom, acted such a noble and distinguished part toward you. But pray undeceive this gentleman by narrating the facts to him, in which he cannot miss to be interested." The sick man, whose name it seems, if I remember aright, was Captain Robert Gilmour, of the volunteers, then proceeded as follows:—

"There having been high rewards offered for the apprehension of some south-country gentlemen, whose correspondence with Mr Welch, and some other of the fanatics, had been intercepted, I took advantage of information I obtained, regarding the place of their retreat, and set out, certain of apprehending two of them at least.

"Accordingly I went off one morning about the beginning of November, with only five followers, well armed and mounted. We left Gilmerton long before it was

light, and having a trusty guide, rode straight to their hiding-place, where we did not arrive till towards the evening, when we started them. They were seven in number, and were armed with swords and bludgeons: but, being apprized of our approach, they fled from us, and took shelter in a morass, into which it was impossible to follow them on horseback. But perceiving three men more, on another hill, I thought there was no time to lose; so giving one of my men our horses to hold, the rest of us advanced into the morass with drawn swords and loaded horse pistols. I called to them to surrender, but they stood upon their guard, determined on resistance; and just while we were involved to the knees in the mire of the morass, they broke in upon us, pell-mell, and for about two minutes the engagement was very sharp. There was an old man struck me a terrible blow with a bludgeon, and was just about to repeat it when I brought him down with a shot from my pistol. A young fellow then ran at me with his sword, and as I still stuck in the moss, I could not ward the blow, so that he got a fair stroke at my neck, meaning, without doubt, to cut off my head; and he would have done it had his sword been sharp. As it was, he cut it to the bone, and opened one of the jugular veins. I fell, but my men firing a volley in their faces, at that moment, they fled. It seems we did the same, without loss of time; for I must now take my narrative from the report of others, as I remember no more that passed. My men bore me on their arms to our horses, and then mounted and fled; trying all that they could to stanch the bleeding of my wound. But perceiving a party coming running down a hill, as with the intent of cutting off their retreat, and losing all hopes of saving my life, they carried me into a cottage in a wild lonely retreat, commended me to the care of the inmates, and, after telling them my name, and in what manner I had received my death wound, they thought proper to provide for their own safety, and so escaped.

"The only inmates of that lonely house, at least at that present time, were a lover and his mistress, both inter-

communed whigs; and when my men left me on the floor, the blood, which they had hitherto restrained in part, burst out afresh and deluged the floor. The young man said it was best to put me out of my pain, but the girl wept and prayed him rather to render me some assistance. 'Oh Johnny, man, how can ye speak that gate?' cried she, 'suppose he be our mortal enemy, he is ay ane o' God's creatures, an' has a soul to be saved as well as either you or me; an' a soldier is obliged to do as he is bidden. Now Johnny, ye ken ye war learned to be a doctor o' physic, wad ye no rather try to stop the blooding and save the young officer's life, as either kill him, or let him blood to death on our floor, when the blame o' the murder might fa' on us?'

"'Now, the blessing of heaven light on your head, my dear Sally!' said the lover, 'for you have spoken the very sentiments of my heart; and, since it is your desire, though we should both rue it, I here vow to you that I will not only endeavour to save his life, but I will defend it against our own party to the last drop of my blood.'

"He then began, and in spite of my feeble struggles, who knew not either what I was doing or suffering, sewed up the hideous gash in my throat and neck, tying every stitch by itself; and the house not being able to produce a pair of scissars, it seems that he cut off all the odds and ends of the stitching with a large sharp gully knife, and it was likely to have been during the operation that this gentleman chanced to look in at the window. He then bathed the wound for an hour with cloths dipped in cold water, dressed it with plaster of wood-betony, and put me to bed, expressing to his sweetheart the most vivid hopes of my recovery.

"These operations were scarcely finished, when the maid's two brothers came home from their hiding-place; and it seems they would have been there much sooner had not this gentleman given them chase in the contrary direction. They, seeing the floor all covered with blood, inquired the cause with wild trepidation of manner. Their sister was the first to inform them of what had happened;

on which both the young men gripped to their weapons, and the eldest, Samuel, cried out with the vehemence of a maniac, 'Blessed be the righteous avenger of blood! Hoo! Is it then true that the Lord hath delivered our greatest enemy into our hands!' 'Hold, hold, dearest brother!' cried the maid, spreading out her arms before him, 'Would you kill a helpless young man, lying in a state of insensibility? What, although the Almighty hath put his life in your hand, will he not require the blood of you, shed in such a base and cowardly way?'

"'Hold your peace, foolish girl,' cried he, in the same furious strain, 'I tell you if he had a thousand lives I would sacrifice them all this moment! Wo be to this old rusty and fizenless sword, that did not sever his head from his body, when I had a fair chance in the open field! Nevertheless he shall die; for you do not yet know that he hath, within these few hours, murdered our father, whose blood is yet warm around him on the bleak height.'

"'Oh! merciful heaven! killed our father!" screamed the girl, and flinging herself down on the resting-chair, she fainted away. The two brothers regarded not, but with their bared weapons, made towards the closet, intent on my blood, and both vowing I should die if I had a thousand lives. The stranger interfered, and thrust himself into the closet door before them, swearing that, before they committed so cowardly a murder, they should first make their way through his body. A long scene of expostulation and bitter altercation then ensued, which it is needless to recapitulate; both parties refusing to yield. Samuel at the last got into an ungovernable rage, and raising his weapon, he said, furiously, 'How dare you, sir, mar my righteous vengeance when my father's blood calls to me from the dreary heights? Or how dictate to me in my own house? Either stand aside this moment, or thy blood be upon thine own head!'

"'I'll dictate to the devil, if he will not hearken to reason,' said the young surgeon, 'therefore strike at your peril.'

"Samuel retreated one step to have full sway for his

weapon, and the fury depicted on his countenance proved his determination. But in a moment, his gallant opponent closed with him, and holding up his wrist with his left hand, he with the right bestowed on him a blow with such energy, that he fell flat on the floor, among the soldier's blood. The youngest then ran on their antagonist with his sword, and wounded him, but the next moment he was lying beside his brother. He then disarmed them both, and still not thinking himself quite safe with them, he tied both their hands behind their backs, and had then time to pay attention to the young woman, who was inconsolable for the loss of her father, yet deprecated the idea of murdering the wounded man. As soon as her brothers came fairly to their senses, she and her lover began and expostulated with them, at great length, on the impropriety and unmanliness of the attempt, until they became all of one mind, and the two brothers agreed to join in the defence of the wounded gentleman, from all of their own party, until he was rescued by his friends, which they did. But it was the maid's simple eloquence that finally prevailed with the fierce covenanters, in whom a spirit of retaliation seemed inherent.

"'O my dear brothers,' said she, weeping, 'calm yourselves, and think like men and like Christians. There has been enough o' blood shed for a'e day, and if ye wad cut him a' to inches it coudna restore our father to life again. Na, na, it coudna bring back the soul that has departed frae this weary scene o' sin, sorrow, and suffering; and if ye wad but mind the maxims o' our blessed Saviour ye wadna let revenge rankle in your hearts that gate. An' o'er an' aboon a', it appears that the young officer was only doing what he conceived to be his bounden duty, and at the moment was actually acting in defence of his own life. Since it is the will of the Almighty to lay these grievous sufferings on our covenanted church, why not suffer patiently, along with your brethren, in obedience to that will; for it is na like to be a private act of cruelty or revenge that is to prove favourable to our forlorn cause.'

"When my brothers came at last, with a number of my men, and took me away, the only thing I remember seeing in the house was the corpse of the old man whom I had shot, and the beautiful girl standing weeping over the body; and certainly my heart smote me in such a manner that I would not experience the same feeling again for the highest of this world's benefits. That comely young maiden, and her brave intrepid lover, it would be the utmost ingratitude in me, or in any of my family, ever to forget; for it is scarcely possible that a man can ever be again in the same circumstances as I was, having been preserved from death in the house of the man whom my hand had just deprived of life."

Just as he ended, the sick-nurse peeped in, which she had done several times before, and said, "will your honour soon be disengaged d'ye think? for ye see because there's a lass wanting till speak till ye."

"A lass, nurse? what lass can have any business with me? what is she like?"

"Oo 'deed, sir, the lass is weel enough, for that part o't, but she may be nae better than she should be for a' that; ye ken, I's no answer for that, for ye see because *tike* is an ill mark: but she has been aften up, speering after ye, an' gude troth she's fairly in nettle-earnest now, for she winna gang awa till she see your honour."

The nurse being desired to show her in, a comely girl entered, with a timid step, and seemed ready to faint with trepidation. She had a mantle on, and a hood that covered much of her face. The privy Councillor spoke to her, desiring her to come forward, and say her errand; on which she said that "she only wanted a preevat word wi' the captain, if he was that weel as to speak to ane." He looked over the bed, and desired her to say on, for that gentleman was his brother, from whom he kept no secrets. After a hard struggle with her diffidence, but, on the other hand, prompted by the urgency of the case, she at last got out, "I'm unco glad to see you sae weel comed round again, though I daresay ye'll maybe no ken wha I am. But it was me that nursed ye, an' took care

o' ye, in our house, when your head was amaist cuttit off."

There was not another word required to draw forth the most ardent expressions of kindness from the two brothers; on which the poor girl took courage, and, after several showers of tears she said, with many bitter sobs, "There's a poor lad wha, in my humble opinion, saved your life; an' wha is just gaun to be hanged the day after the morn. I wad unco fain beg your honour's interest to get his life spared."

"Say not another word, my dear, good girl," said the Councillor, "for though I hardly know how I can intercede for a rebel who has taken up arms against the government, yet for your sake, and his, my best interest shall be exerted."

"Oh, ye maun just say, sir, that the poor whigs were driven to desperation, and that this young man was misled by others in the fervour and enthusiasm of youth. What else can ye say? but ye're good! oh, ye're very good! and on my knees I beg that ye winna lose ony time, for indeed there is nae time to lose!"

The Councillor lifted her kindly by both hands, and desired her to stay with his brother's nurse till his return, on which he went away to the president, and in half an hour returned with a respite for the convict, John Lindsay, for three days, which he gave to the girl, along with an order for her admittance to the prisoner. She thanked him with the tears in her eyes, but added, "Oh, sir, will he and I then be obliged to part for ever at the end of three days?"

"Keep up your heart, and encourage your lover," said he, "and meet me here again, on Thursday, at this same hour, for, till the council meet, nothing further than this can be obtained."

It may well be conceived how much the poor forlorn prisoner was astonished, when his own beloved Sally entered to him, with the reprieve in her hand, and how much his whole soul dilated when, on the Thursday following, she presented him with a free pardon. They

were afterwards married ; when the Gilmours took them under their protection. Lindsay became a highly qualified surgeon, and the descendants of this intrepid youth occupy respectable situations in Edinburgh to this present day.

EWAN M'GABHAR.

In my peregrinations through the North highlands I came upon a large and romantic lake, in the country of the M'Kenzies, called Loch Mari, or St Mary's Loch, the same designation with that of my own beloved lake, but originating in a different language. It is one of the most romantic places in the world; speckled with beautiful islets, and overhung by tremendous mountains, some of them quite spiral and white as snow. I spent a number of days about this enchanting lake, sailing, fishing, and shooting gulls, with the M'Kenzies of Ardlair, and M'Intire of Lutterewe. With this latter gentleman I made a day's excursion towards the north part of the Lutterewe estate, and certainly was highly gratified; for such groups of grandeur, horror, and sublimity, I have never yet seen. Sequestered dells, surrounded by inaccessible cliffs; vistas of grim, vast, and yawning caverns, were every where opening upon us, so that we were soon entangled in a wilderness of wonders, out of which none but a well experienced guide could have extricated us.

At length he said he would show me the greatest curiosity of all; and led me a long way to the south-west, to see a remarkable cavern. It was a place of horrid grandeur, and most difficult of access, and is called Uadha-na Kigh, or the King's Son's Cave. I asked at Mr M'Intire how it came to receive that dignified title. "I will tell you that," said he, "once we have got our dinner eaten and our whisky drunk;" and I saw by the quick and silent way in which he despatched his meal, that he weened he had recollected a theme which would please and interest me; for a more obliging little fellow never breathed than John

M'Intire. Before I had half done eating, he returned thanks very shortly in Gaelic, and thus began:—

"Well, do you know, sir, that you are now sitting in a place where some of the most remarkable events have happened that ever took place since the world was made? Do you remember the steading grown green with age which I bade you pay particular attention to?" I answered that I did, and would never forget it. "Well, in that sequestered home there lived, some time long ago, a young man and his mother, whose subsistence depended chiefly on hunting and fishing; but they had also a few goats, and among others, a large and most valuable one, called Earba. She was the colour of a hind, a dim chestnut, and almost invisible; and tradition says she gave more than any cow. She was a pet and well fed, and some of those animals will give more milk than could well be believed by a Sassenach. Well, but all at once Earba begins to give less and less milk, to the great consternation of old Oighrig, who fed and better fed her favourite to no purpose. She complained to her son Kenet of the astounding circumstance, but he only laughed at her, and said she was not very easily pleased of the quantity of milk, that she had not fed poor Earba well enough, or the good creature had perhaps been unwell.

"'The next day, when Kenet came in from the hills," his mother says, 'I tell you, Kenet, something must be done about Earba, else we may all starve. I declare she has not given me a green-horn spoonful of milk this morning.'

"That is very extraordinary, mother, said Kenet, but how can I help it?'

"'Why, the truth is, Kenet, that I am sure the fairies milk her; or else she has picked up some poor motherless fawn, for it is a kindly creature; and that either some fairy or this motherless fawn suck her evening and morning. For, do you know, Kenet, that though she comes evening and morning for her meals, yet she gives me nothing in return for them. Besides, she shows a sort of impatience to get away, and does not lick my hand as she

was wont to do: and then she takes always one path, up through the middle of these rocks, and I hear her often bleating as she ascends; — but, plague on her, nobody can keep sight of her.'

" ' It is very singular, indeed,' says Kenet; ' we must tether her.'

" ' No, no, son Kenet, I cannot consent to that. Were we to put a rope about poor Earba's neck and tether her, it would break her heart, and she would never come home to us again. I'll tell you what you must do, Kenet, you must watch her the whole day, and never let her know that you see her, for it is a cunning beast; and if she knows that you see her, she will not go near her fairy or her fawn, but wait till it be dark and then give us the slip.'

" Kenet promised that he would; and early next morning went and hid himself among the rocks that overhung his cottage, to cheat Earba. He also took a lump of dried salmon with him, that he might not be hungry for a whole day, determined to find out Earba's secret. Nevertheless, for all his precaution, she cheated him; she went by paths on which he could not follow her, and before he got round by passable parts of the rock he had lost sight of her; and, when once lost sight of, it was almost impossible to discover her again, owing to her invisible colour. She actually appeared often to vanish, when scarcely a bow-shot off, among the rocks.

" ' It will be as well for us to keep on good terms with you, Earba,' said Kenet to himself; ' for if it should come into your head to absent yourself, long would it be before we found you again. But I'll be about with you! for I'll watch till you return, and see where you come from, for you will pay us a visit for your meal.'

" Kenet watched and watched; but he might as well have watched for a spirit. The first sight that he saw of her she was with his mother on the green at the cottage-door. Kenet was terribly chagrined at being thus outwitted; and more so when he returned to his mother and learned that Earba had not given a green-horn spoonful of milk, having been newly sucked.

"They could ill subsist without Earba's milk: further exertion was necessary; so Kenet went higher up among the rocks next day. He saw her pass by him, but again lost her. He went farther and farther on the track till at the last he saw her enter this very cavern. Kenet, quite overjoyed, came posting to the foot of the rock there, where we began to climb, and called out, in his native tongue, 'Hilloa, dear Earba! are you in? Come out! come out!' Earba came forward, and looked over at him from this very spot, uttering a kindly bleat, and then posted down the rock to her owner. 'What have you got in there,' dear Earba? I must see what you have got in there. Earba looked up in his face with a countenance of the utmost distress. He began to climb, Earba mounted the rock like lightning before him, and placed herself there on the verge, and with a decided inveteracy defended the mouth of the cave. She popped her master on the forehead as it reared above the verge, gently at first; but when he tried to force himself up she smote him hard, letting him know that there he should not come; and as he had no footing he was obliged to retreat.

"As soon as he got fairly down upon the greensward there beneath, she came at his call, and accompanied him on his way home, but left him. Her secret was now discovered, and she did not choose to trust herself any more in the power of her owners. What was to be done? Their darling and chief support was lost to them, and that by a sort of mystery which they could not comprehend. They slept none all that night, consulting what was best to be done; and at length came to the resolution to go together and storm the cave. Kenet hesitated; but the curiosity of his mother prevailed, though she attributed it all to necessity. So, after stuffing her lap with all the herbs and good things that Earba loved, the two sallied out at dawn, and reached this cave by sunrising. They had resolved to take Earba by surprise; but a woman's tongue, even in a whisper, long as it is, proved not longer than a goat's ears. Before they were half-way up, by different routes, the one coming by that step there, and

the other by this one here, Earba appeared on the verge with looks of great uneasiness. She answered to her name by a shrill bleat; but when Oighrig held out kail-blades to her, and the finest herbs, she would not taste them, but stood there tramping with her foot and whistling through her nostrils, determined to resist all encroachments on her premises to the death.

"But instinct is unfairly opposed to reason: by throwing a noose over her horns, and holding down her head, Kenet succeeded in mounting to this platform where we sit. Till that instant all had been quiet; but, when the goat fell a struggling and bleating, there issued from that dark corner there a beautiful little child, creeping with great velocity, and crying out 'mam-mam, mam-mam."

"'Sirre gleidh Dia more!' roared Kenet, and half threw himself over that precipice, not taking two steps on the whole. Oighrig still held by the rope that kept down Earba's head; and abusing her son for his cowardice in no very measured terms, ordered him to come and hold Earba, and she would enter the cave herself. 'Sithiche, sithiche! le mair Dia!' shouted Kenet, and made signs for his mother to run for her life.

"'What, you fool!' cried Oighrig, in her native tongue, 'and do you think a fairy would be so unreasonable as to wreak any vengeance on us for claiming our own? Come and hold down the rope here, and keep that perverse beast in order, and I'll face the fairy.'

"Kenet took a long grip of the rope at the bottom of the rock, and Earba, finding that he now had it in his power to pull her headlong over, stood quiet, still bleating always in answer to the child's 'mam-mam.' But when Oighrig succeeded in getting up here, where my foot is placed there the goat was standing with her head held down, and there on that spot, was the loveliest boy sucking her that ever the eye of woman beheld; so Oighrig said, and so I believe she thought. She started back as she saw, and held up her hands at such an extraordinary sight, crying out—'Did not I tell you, Earba, that you were sucked by the fairies?'

"Oighrig, I believe, never told her any such thing; but, though convinced in her own mind that the lovely child was a fairy, there is something in woman's feeling heart that clings to a fellow-creature in extremity. It is out of her power to abandon such a being, whatever privations she may suffer in her efforts to mitigate human suffering. But let a helpless infant once come in her way, then all the sympathies of her generous nature overflow, as with a spring-tide. A lovely boy sucking a goat in a cave of the wilderness, was more than poor Oighrig's heart could stand—she flew to him, snatched him up in her arms, and shed a flood of tears over him, exclaiming—'Be you a fairy, or be you a fiend, you shall lie in my bosom and have good Earba for your nurse still Blessings on you, poor and kind-hearted Earba, for preserving the life of this dear child!' 'Anam bhur ceaduich comhnuich neamhuidh.'*

"The child held out his hands to Earba, wept, and continued to cry out 'mam-mam,' while poor Earba answered every cry with a bleat. Oighrig caressed the child and blessed him, and promised him that he should lie in her bosom and be fed with Earba's milk, and ride upon her back on a pretty level green. The boy would not be comforted nor soothed, but screamed to be at Earba; and so Oighrig set him down, when he instantly clasped his little arms round the animal's neck and laid his cheek to hers; she muttered sounds of kindness over him and licked his hands. Kenet now ascended into the cave, but was in utter terror for the fairy, and kept wildly aloof, threatening, at the same time, to fling the creature headlong over the rocks.

"'But you shall first fling the mother that bore you over the rocks,' cried Oighrig. 'Would you take the life

* I am not sure if this is the very expression used by Mr M'Intire, not being a Gaelic scholar, but it is something like it; for he used in his narrative some strong short Gaelic sentences, which he swore would not translate, and I believe it. One time I was with a party of gentlemen in Balquhidder, and after dinner, the reverend clergyman of the parish told us a story of a Balquhidder lad and a young game cock. It was no story at all. I wondered at it. "It is impossible to tell it in English," said he, and told it shortly in Gaelic, with a triumphant look. The effect was like electricity. The Highland gentlemen rolled upon the floor and laughed at it.

that God has preserved by a miracle, or dash an innocent babe to pieces that a brute beast has taken pity on and saved?'

"'Do you think that being would dash to pieces?' said Kenet. 'A fairy dash to pieces! You may throw him over there, he will light on a bed of down. You may throw him into the flame, he will mount up into the air like a living spark, and laugh at you. You may throw him into the sea, he will swim like a marrot. Do you not see his green dress, his flaxen hair, and light blue eyes? —a fairy, as I breathe!'

"'He is no such thing, hind, but as good flesh and blood as you;' 'and a great deal better,' cried a voice from that darksome den, right behind Kenet, who almost jumped out of his skin with fright. And instantly there rushed forth a comely girl to the heart of the stage here as we may call it. Her air was wild, her apparel torn, and famine painted in her youthful features, which, nevertheless, bore decisive traces of youth and beauty. 'The child is mine!' cried she. 'The dear babe is mine! in wo and in weakness have I watched over him; and journeyed both by sea and land to save his dear life, until now that my strength is exhausted, and had it not been for this dear creature, which I wiled and bribed into the cave for our assistance, we should both long ago have perished of want.'

"'Your child, dear heart!' said Oighrig. 'If he had been your child, would you not have nursed him yourself, and not set him out to nurse on a poor old woman's goat, which is her principal dependence? Your son, indeed! Now, I wish I were as sure of living in heaven as that you never had a child in your life.'

"The girl blushed exceedingly, and hid her face and wept. But the sight of this youthful and half-famished beauty wrought a great change in Kenet's mind with regard to the child of the fairies. He now perceived a glimmer of human nature to beam through the mystery, or rather through the eyes of a lovely female, which often convey powerful arguments to the hearts of young men.

"'Come, come now, mother, don't be going too strictly into your researches; for though you be exceedingly wise in your own conceit, yet you may be mistaken. Many a mother has had a child who could not nurse it, and so young a one as she is may well be excused. One thing only is certain at present, and that is, that the helpless couple must go home with us, for we cannot leave them to perish here.'

"'And that is most certain, indeed,' said Oighrig, wiping her eyes; 'and God be blessing you for a dear lad for first making the proposal; for if you had left them here I would have staid with them. And now I know that when mercy, and kindness, and necessity require it, you will hunt double and fish double, and we shall liv- more sumptuously than ever we did before.'

"'Ay, and that I will, mother. And now, M'Gabhar (son of the goat), come you on my back, and we'll march in grand battle array home.'

"Kenet had now got a new stimulus. His success in hunting and fishing astonished even old Oighrig herself, who daily declared, that if Kenet had ten of a family it would be all the same to him, for he would maintain them all, and more. The girl's name was Flora; and she told them that the boy's Christian name was Ewan, but she would not say the patronymic name of either, so the boy got the name of M'Gabhar until his dying day.

"They lived as happily together as ever a little group did in such a wilderness; Earba got kids of her own, and Ewan herded and fed them, with a daily acknowledgment of their fraternity. Flora grew as plump as a doe in autumn, and far, far too lovely for the peace of poor Kenet's heart. From the moment that he first saw her in the cavern here, when she came out of that dark hole, with her ragged array and dishevelled locks, there was a spontaneous leaning of affection towards her, which at once disarmed him of his rancour against the child of the fairies: but now, when well fed and living at ease, and in the full blow of her beauty, Kenet found himself fairly her slave. Though he had never spoken of love to her,

there were, nevertheless, a kindness and suavity of manner expressed towards him, in all their field-labours and daily transactions, which made him hope and believe that the affection between them was mutual. But before entering on such a serious concern as a life-rent lease of Flora, he, like a dutiful son, thought proper to consult his mother about it.

"'Do you think Flora is really the mother of little Ewan? because, if she is, it is not fair to call him M'Gabhar—he should be called M'Aillaidh (son of the beautiful). Tell me truly what you think of this, mother.'

"'Do I think that you are the mother of the boy, son Kenet? That would not be a very natural thought for me to take up, would it? Then you are just as much the mother of the boy as maighdean Flora is. Do you think I have lived so long in the world and not know oigh neochirramach from bean muither? Just as well as you know a red deer from a goat, Kenet; and you may take my word for it that Flora is a virgin as pure as on the day that she was born.'

"'I rejoice to hear you say so, my dear old mother; for I am going to take Flora for a wife to me. and I should not have much liked to take another man's wife, or his mistress, in that capacity.'

"'You take Flora for a wife, son Kenet! You may as well think of taking the queen of heaven for a wife, which is the moon. Cannot you perceive that Flora is a great-born lady, and doubtless the daughter of a king; and for a poor young forester to think of marrying a king's daughter is a vain thought. That sword and mantle, which she preserves with such care for the boy, and which were his father's, show that *he* is at least the son of a king; and I have no doubt that she is his sister, who has fled with the boy from some great and imminent danger—for she has told me that both their lives depend on the strictest concealment. Let us therefore be kind to them and protect them in close concealment, and our fortunes, by and by, will be made. But, as I said before, you may

as well expect that the moon will stoop down to be your wife as that Flora will; so never bring your kind heart into any trouble about that.'

"This was a cutting speech to Kenet, and made his spirit sink within him, for he had calculated on the beauty as his own, thrown as she was on his special protection. But he bowed to his mother's insinuation, and remained respectful and attentive, sighing for love in secret, and cherishing the dangerous passion more and more, but never made mention of it to Flora. Young Ewan grew apace, was a healthy and hardy boy, of a proud, positive disposition; and though clad in the homeliest mountain array, had an eye, a form, and an expression of features, which could never be mistaken for a peasant's child; for over all this country the two classes are a distinct species.

"They were surprised and greatly deranged one day by the great Lord Downan, the chief, coming to their cottage with his train; nor did they ever see him till he alighted at the door; and Kenet being one of his own foresters, he entered without ceremony, and jocosely blamed him for not being out with them at the hunt. Kenet excused himself in an embarrassed, confused way, as not knowing of it; but Lord Downan, casting his eyes on the beautiful and blushing Flora—'Ah, Kenet! I excuse you, I excuse you,' exclaimed he; 'I did not know you had brought a wife home to Corry-dion; and, upon my word, Kenet, a prettier one never tripped over the hills of Lutterewe. How comes it that I knew nothing of this?'

"'Oh, you do not know the half that is done among your mountains and forests, my lord,' said Kenet.

"'But I ought to have known, and to have been at the wedding, too, you know, Kenet;' said Lord Downan. 'You have not recognised your chief's right there. But, pray tell me where you got that flower; for I am sure she was not a Kenetdale maiden, else my eye would have caught her before now.'

"'No; I got her not so far from home,' said Kenet, terribly perplexed, and changing colours.

"'I perceive there is some secret here, Kenet,' said

Downan; 'but with your chief there ought to be none. Tell me, then, where you found this maiden, for I do not think she is of my vassals; and I have a peculiar reason for wishing to know where you got her, and who she is.'

"'I got her on your own lands, my lord. She is of your own clan, for any thing I know to the contrary; and you know my wife must be your vassal.'

"'Your wife, Kenet? No, that gem cannot be your wife; she was formed for the chamber of a lord or a king.'

"'Then, where is this boy come from, my lord, if she is not my wife?'

"'Not from you. It is a mystery, I perceive that well enough; a runaway story—a matter of deep concealment; but I'll probe it, as it may concern myself perhaps too nearly: and, to make sure of coming to the real truth, I shall take the maiden along with me; so you may make ready, my pretty dear, for your immediate journey to Downan castle.'

"'O no, no, my good lord and chief, do not speak of a thing so unjust and cruel. If you take her, you shall take me, too; for you shall never part Flora and I.'

"'Flora! Flora!' cried Lord Downan; 'that is no name of our clan; no, but a polite one among our enemies. Why won't you tell me the truth, hind? I charge you to do it, then, before I sever your head from your body at one stroke.'

"Kenet trembled, for he had nothing to tell, and knew not what to say; but Flora sprung forward, and kneeling, with tears in her eyes, she implored him to leave her with her poor husband and child, for that her life was bound up in them; and for him to take the wife of a poor forester of his own to his lordly halls would bring disgrace upon himself, and ruin her own peace of mind for ever.'

"Lord Downan raised his eyes with astonishment. 'I cannot comprehend this!' exclaimed he. 'Your address proves it to me beyond a doubt that you are of the best blood of the land, or of some other land, for your tongue

differs from ours. But the avowal, from your own lips, that you are the wife of my own young forester, confounds me. Yet I do not believe it; women are deceitful. Go with me, Flora, I will be kind to you; and whatever has been your fate, you may confide in my honour.'

"Then all the little group set up a lamentation; and Kenet, in the plenitude of his misery, exclaimed, 'And poor little M'Gabhar, what will become of you!'

"At the name, Lord Downan started again to his feet. M'Gabhar! What is the meaning of that name?' cried he. 'There is something ominous to our family and name in that patronymic; for there is a legend of a thousand years which bears that—

> 'The son of the goat shall triumphantly bear
> The mountain on flame and the horns of the deer—
> From forest of Loyne to the hill of Ben-Croshen—
> From mountain to vale, and from ocean to ocean.'

Thou art a stem worthy to be looked after, little blue-eyed M'Gabhar; the first, I am sure, who ever bore the name. So thou and thy lovely protectress shall both go with me.'

"'I will not go, my lord, that is peremptory,' said Flora. 'If you take me, you shall force me; and if you proffer force, I'll die before I yield. So take your choice—to leave me at peace, or kill both me and my dear boy.'

"'I yield for the present,' said Lord Downan, 'for forcibly on a woman shall my hand never be laid. But, Kenet, I trust the beautiful pair with you, and keep them safe till my return, as you shall answer with your head. I will make inquiries, and see them soon again; and, lovely Flora, whatever your secret may be, you may depend on my honour. I make a present to you of the best stag of my quarry, to help your fare, and hope soon to place you in a situation that better becomes your rank and condition; and then kissing her, he bade her adieu; but left a bold kinsman with them as a guard upon both, being a little jealous of their future movements.

"Their situation was now most critical, and Flora's distress extreme; yet she showed no signs of it before Hector, Lord Downan's friend, who accompanied Kenet to the fishing and hunting, and both were equally well received when they came home, and kindly treated. The circumstance of having been acknowledged as the husband of Flora by her own lips, had raised the poor fellow's spirits, so that, for all their jeopardy, he perhaps never was so happy. But one evening when they came home, all the three were a-missing. Kenet called here and called there; and then, with troubled looks, said, 'they will be out milking the goats and will be home anon. God grant they may not have wandered among the rocks.'

"'Is this not some stratagem, Kenet?' said Hector: 'for it appears strange to me that two women and a boy should desert by themselves, without any to protect them; therefore, take you care and do not you desert too, else the best shaft that I have shall overtake you.'

"'As I live and breathe,' said Kenet, 'any intention of desertion was utterly unknown to me; and, therefore, I am certain, that if they are gone, they must have been carried off by force. We will search to-morrow, and if we find them not we will both haste to my lord for assistance. If my wife, my child, and my parent, are lost, what is to become of me!'

"The two young men went to no bed, nor slept they any that night. They went often to the door and called, but they were only mocked by a hundred echoes from the rocks that surrounded them. Even Earba answered not to her name; and that was the first circumstance which made Kenet supect some deep-laid and desperate plot.

"Next morning they were standing ready at break of day to begin the search. Kenet had strong hopes that he should find them once more here in Tol-au-Kigh; but Hector was sulky and ill-humoured, suspecting that he was duped, and likewise that his neck might suffer on account of his remissness.

"Kenet knew that no living man was aware of the

cave, and there were many hundreds of yawning openings among the rocks much liker a cave than it, he was therefore very cautious how he approached it in view of Hector; but found means in the course of the day, to make a signal, which was answered, and then he knew all was right. The only remaining difficulty now was to get quit of Hector; but that proved easier than was apprehended, for he vanished that very day on the hill, and hasted home with the news to his lord, convinced that he was duped, and that the party had planned an escape to another country.

"What to do the party knew not. They could not abide in the cave, for Kenet durst not go out either to fish or to hunt, and they were terrified for the sloth-hounds; so they decamped that night and went down to the shore, where they hid themselves, and waited the appearance of some boat to take them from Lord Downan's dominions, that being their chief concern for the present, Flora having imbibed a terror for that family which was to the rest quite unaccountable. Earba followed them with her two remaining kids, she being still as much attached to Ewan as any of them.

"The next day, towards evening, a vessel approached as from the coast of Sky, and came into Pool-ewe, where she cast anchor, and a boat came towards the shore. Kenet and Flora went down, hand in hand, to ask for a passage to the islands, old Oighrig remaining on the top of the promontory, with the boy, the goats, and the stuff, until the two returned to help her to remove them. But never, till the barge's prow was within half a stone-cast of the land, did Kenet and Flora know or suspect that this was a party of Lord Downan's men, sent for the express purpose of preventing their escape; while another party, with the sloth-hounds, were behind them. The two took to their heels and fled like two deers taken by surprise; but the roughness of the ground entangled the maiden; they were soon overtaken, seized, and carried to he vessel, with loud rejoicings of the crew for their instant success; but, oh! what a grievous scene it was to

the two captives, as well as to Oighrig and little Ewan, to be separated from them, and know not to what quarter of the world they were taken. Flora's distress it is impossible to describe; she wept incessantly, and called on the name of the boy; and had Lord Downan been there, he, doubtless, would have caused his men to return for Oighrig and the boy; but as their lord's great anxiety seemed to be the attainment of the young lady and his disingenuous forester, the men returned with their prize, looking for nothing further.

"Oighrig, altogether forlorn and destitute, wist not what to do. She thought of returning to her cot, but, with her baggage, was not able; neither had she any mode of subsistence when there. All places were now alike to her, only she wished to sail or to travel southward after her son and darling Flora. Some of her poor clansmen on the shore protected her and her little store, consisting of three goats, three baskets, and a small locked chest or cage, in which were the boy's sword, mantle, and some jewels, for several days; and at length they spoke a vessel, which promised to take them to Castle Downan, where Oighrig was sure she would hear some news of her son, either good or bad. But, whether by chance or design, certain it is they took the hapless pair into the country of a great chief, plunderer, and freebooter, called Colin Gillespick."

"Oighrig and Ewan, with their little store, were taken by the captain of the vessel and deposited in one of his out-houses, with their three goats; but before he left them he searched all their baggage; and what was his astonishment when he found the scarlet velvet mantle of state, all fringed and bound with pure gold, and the sword with a handle of gold and ivory, and some mystic characters on it! The captain then adjured Oighrig to tell him who this boy was; and she for herself having no secret to keep, told him all—that he was the king's son, and that she found him in a cave with that same old goat nursing him.

"The man was amazed, as may well be supposed. He

made straight to his chief, Colin More, with the story and the trophies, who was no less amazed than he; and being certain that he had a great prize in his power, he lost no time in providing liberally for the boy. He placed Oighrig in a little hut beside his castle, provided well for her goats, and gave her a cow; and Ewan he took into his own family, and brought him up with his own sons in all the liberal and warlike arts, with liberty to visit his old protectress daily.

"But, as the proverb goes, 'blood is thicker than water.' Oighrig grew restless and impatient to learn something of the fate of her own son Kenet; and finding that the great Colin disapproved of it, for fear of the secret of the illustrious boy being discovered to a rival chief who appeared to have prior claims, the poor old matron decamped by herself; and what became of her, or whether she reached Castle Downan or not, tradition has brought down no record.

"But young Ewan, in the mean time, grew in strength and in favour with all. There was none who could match him in warlike exercises, though these were practised every day at the castle of Colin.

"A great and bloody war now commenced between Colin More and the king of the country that should have been Ewan's own, of which he knew nothing. Lord Downan was joined with Colin More in this great enterprise, which they hoped to accomplish easily, a queen (lady) only being at the head of the enemy's affairs. They took one whole kingdom from her, which they plundered and burned (probably Mull); and then, proceeding to the main kingdom with a fleet under which the ocean groaned, they went into a long bay which winded twenty miles into the country, and there they landed 20,000 men, who immediately began to burn and plunder, without opposition.

"At night, the chiefs and a few followers went to their ships for the night, as a safe and comfortable retreat. Their army was encamped at from ten to twenty miles distance, having seen no appearance of a foe. But before daybreak the chiefs and their attendants got a disagreeable

wakening by the lady's captains, who had come quietly up the loch by night, and enclosed the fleet of their enemies with few on board to defend it. The conquest was easy. They boarded, and took every man of them prisoners, not above twenty being slain in a fruitless attempt at defence. Colin More was taken, with two of his sons and Ewan M'Gabhar. Lord Downan also, and three of his brothers, with sixty gentlemen besides, were made prisoners. The land forces were attacked at the same time, and, though taken by surprise, they defended themselves stoutly, retreating towards their ships. Most of their captains were slain; and when the retreaters reached the head of the bay, expecting encouragement and aid from their chiefs, they were saluted with the hurras of their enemies. They had no more power; they were pursued and slaughtered like sheep, and those who escaped were hunted from day to day, till few of all that puissant army were left alive.

"When the orders came from the Scottish court for the prosecution of this war, and the great clans began to arise, Ewan was all fire and eagerness for the glorious enterprise, having got the command of a thousand men. During the bustle one morning, a highlander came to him, and proffered himself as his page: he was of middle age, rather small of stature, and not like a form calculated for the battle-field, which Ewan told him by way of rejection. But every subsequent day the young hero found this page in waiting, and ready to assist with every thing, whether called or not; so that he soon contrived to establish himself in the good graces of his master, who felt his services and manner peculiarly agreeable to him, and finally he gave him the charge of making up his baggage and attending to it.

"The nobles and chiefs were conducted prisoners before that gallant and ruthless queen. They found her seated on high beneath a canopy of ermine, supported by great numbers of her chiefs and kinsmen. She rose, and made a long and vehement speech to them, accusing them as the slaves of a tyrant, and of having persecuted, hunted,

and destroyed every remnant of her royal race; but she said that now the judgment of heaven had overtaken them, and her word was, Vengeance for vengeance!

"She then gave orders that the next morning, beginning at nine of the clock, the whole of the prisoners should be brought again into her presence, and hanged by sevens at a time, beginning with the youngest, that the fathers might have the pleasure of beholding the dying throes of their sons, and that the old men should be reserved for the last.

"Her guards and executioners were then ordered to begin, who, selecting the seven youngest, led them across the court to make their obeisance to the queen before they were hung up. No sooner had they made their appearance than the queen's hands began to move slowly upwards, her colour went and came, her bosom palpitated, her lips quivered, and at length she shrieked out, 'O God of heaven! what do I see? Stop the execution—stop!' and down she fell in a swoon. Her maids came to her assistance, and now a hundred shouts rent the air—'A M'Olaw More! a M'Olaw More!' (a son of Olaw the Great)—and instantly all the queen's chiefs and kinsmen were kneeling around one of the condemned prisoners. This was a tall, goodly, and graceful youth, who approached at the head of the other six, clothed in his father's scarlet robe of state, and his ancient sword of state by his side. It was Ewan. There was no mistaking his identity by any one who had seen his father in the days of his prosperity and glory. His mother's heart at once acknowledged her son; and ere our young hero could comprehend what was in the wind, his hands were loosed, and he was borne on the arms of kinsmen, seated on his father throne, and acknowledged as sole lord and governor of the country; while the shouts of 'A M'Olaw More!' still increased, till all the rocks round the castle of Dunskaigh rang, and the firmament was rent.

"This great noise and hubbub brought the queen to herself, who again mounted the temporary throne. 'Give place, young stranger!' cried she: 'I yield not the throne

of my husband's ancient house on the shallow ground of a mere personal likeness, with those of a pilfered robe and sword. That you are my husband's son my own heart tells me; but my own son you cannot be, for my child, my beloved Ewan, was foully murdered in his bed by hired ruffians and conspirators, whom I had blindly trusted; and with his innocent life the last lineal heir of the great M'Olaw perished. Therefore declare your lineage and your name, or dare not to approach this honoured and dangerous seat!' And, saying this, she again seated herself on the regal chair.

"'Madam, I was hurried, I know not why, from the foot of the gallows to that dignified chair,' said he, 'to which I claim no pretensions. I am called Ewan M'Gabhar. Of my lineage I know nothing, nor is there any one here who can prove it. My lot has been a strange one; but I know, from one who has long been lost, that this robe and that sword were my father's.'

"The assembled crowd once more began to shout, 'A M'Olaw More!' But the queen ordered silence, and declared that though her senses convinced her of the truth that the youth was a son of M'Olaw, yet unless he was *her own son*, he could not be the heir of his father, and no illegitimate should ever sway that ancient sceptre.'

"A lady clothed in dark silk was now admitted, who, kneeling at the queen's knee, said, in a vehement voice, so loud that all the vassals might hear, 'Madam, I appear as an important witness here to-day: I am Flora—your own youngest sister Flora! and that gallant youth who stands by your side is your own son Ewan, the only surviving son of the great M'Olaw.'

"The queen then embraced her son and sister alternately, and placed Ewan on his father's throne amid the most extravagant shouts of approbation. Flora then related, in their hearing, how that love had whispered to her that the conspirators were in the castle who had undertaken, for a great bribe, to murder at night that last remaining stem of a dangerous house; and how she gave up her bed to the wife and child of one of the conspirators, whose

cruel deaths satisfied the ruffians and procured them their reward, while at the same time it prevented any pursuit or subsequent search after Flora and her precious charge; though of that circumstance she remained long ignorant, which kept her in great alarm. The rest of her story has already been related, saving the last scene. When she heard that Ewan was going to engage in that unnatural and exterminating war against his mother and kinsmen, she left her husband and family, and, in the habit of a page, had accompanied her young hero on the enterprise. She had taken care to bring the precious proofs along with her, and, as a page, her own hands had arrayed him in the very mode in which his father was wont to wear them, certain of the effect.

"Ewan's first act of authority was to go and loose all his condemned associates with his own hands. Their joy and astonishment may well be conceived. He entertained them gallantly at his castle for many days, and there a friendly league was framed, which has preserved the peace and tranquillity of those realms to this day. Ewan afterwards married Mary, Lord Downan's youngest daughter, and by his bravery and policy greatly increased the dominions of that potent house; so that the old prophecy relating to the 'son of the goat' was literally fulfilled."

THE END.